THE FRONTIER BEYOND THE MOON, by John Lear

Saturday Review

January 18, 1969 35¢

EDUCATION

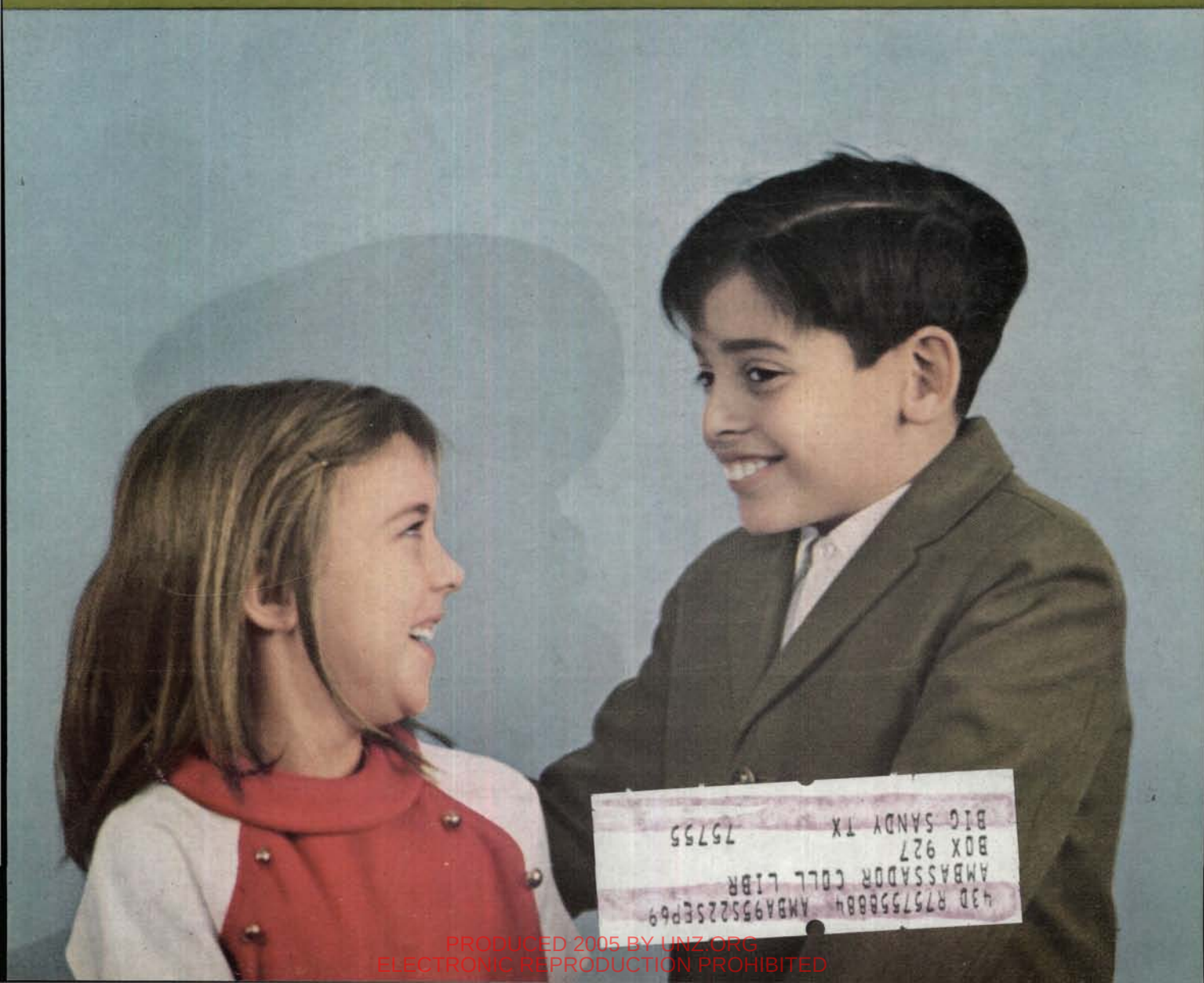
CONFLICT OF GENERATIONS

By Lewis S. Feuer

THE HIDDEN SOURCES OF NEGRO HISTORY

By C. Vann Woodward

What children learn, and what they become, depend largely on how they feel about themselves. (See Education.)



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The blood of Daniel Boone, Davey Crockett, and Andrew Jackson flows in this boy's veins. But we've tagged him a loser.

Education is more than a local concern.

For when we lose a kid in Appalachia, we lose a national resource.

And the talent which might have been brought to bear on our national problems is lost because of a regional problem.

What holds true for a mountain man's son in West Virginia is just as true for the child of the Chicago ghetto.

How long will we waste the most precious raw material this republic possesses?

How long *can* we waste the most precious raw material this republic possesses?

Good schools with good teachers and good facilities build good citizens.

And that's the stuff of which democracy is made.

Sources for information contained in this message on request.

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Read about a plan to send Marianne Moore to the moon.

"The journey into space is, or should be, a sublime experience. The selection of astronauts ought not to be confined to men in the military or in technology. Why not poets, philosophers, or theologians who have demonstrated their capacity to think creatively and who have some convictions about the nature of man? A space ship requires true perspective. This is nothing that can be imparted in a course on astronautics; it comes with the responsible development of intellect and insight. A respect for the human spirit may be even more important than a knowledge of centrifugal force. For when the astronaut returns to earth his message should be more than an excited series of remarks on a fabulous journey. The returning messenger should have the ability to impart a sense of great new connections that may transform life as we have known it."

This is a sample of the adventures in ideas you will find in "Present Tense: An American Editor's Odyssey."

The book, of course, is not just about outer space. It is about the joy of living and the possibilities of life—but also about the fact that life on this earth has suddenly become precarious. ($7.95)

"Present Tense: An American Editor's Odyssey"
by Norman Cousins, Editor of Saturday Review.
McGraw-Hill Book Company. Now at bookstores.

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Saturday Review

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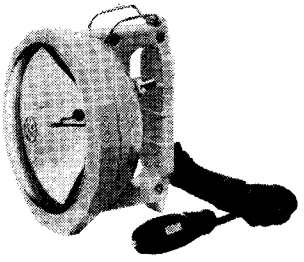

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Suggestion for the Chicago P.D. (and Others)

Send the police to Buckingham
To go to Guardsmen's School.
They'll learn harassment at its peak—
How to face Tourists every week.
And still to keep one's cool.

—Virginia Brasier.

Open Season

I KEEP HAVING this nightmare. I dream I'm on an island with nothing to eat but canned corned beef. I turn the key and the little metal strip starts getting narrower. And narrower. I turn it slower—and slower—and it gets narrower—and narrower—and snap! This isn't so bad as nightmares go. The only trouble is the same thing happens when I'm awake.

With sardines it works the other way. As you roll up the lid it keeps getting bigger and bigger until it swallows the key. Fortunately, sardines are small and slippery, so you can get most of them out anyway.

The greatest friend the packaging industry has is the sporting instinct of the American people. If you can't improve a product, make it harder to get at. If this sounds like an exaggeration have you tried unwrapping a new shirt lately? How about a lampshade? Okay then.

Take something as simple as a bag. I'm talking about the big ones that hold things such as dog food and lawn conditioner and so on. They are fastened across the top with some braided strings under which is a note saying that if you will pull the red string, or the green string, the whole top will open like magic. If you believe that, you will believe anything. Your best bet is to put the bag in a wash tub and cut it in half like a watermelon.

Milk cartons come in several styles, the most challenging being the one that comes to a peak. For the purposes of this exercise I am going to ask you to think of it as a little roof. What you're supposed to do is separate the sides so it splits along the rooftree, allowing the gable to come out and form a spout. You will find, however, that they have glued the gable to the inside of the roof and it has to be torn loose, leaving you with a crooked spout or no spout. This is particularly true of buttermilk cartons. To many people buttermilk can be unsettling at its best, and when it spurts out the side, running down the glass and across the countertop and into the drawer it is anything but at its best.

To a layman the philosophy of packaging is a mystery. Light bulbs and eggs are enclosed in some of the flimsiest cardboard modern science can produce. You can crush an egg carton by putting your mail on it. On the other hand, a steel chisel designed for cutting metal comes protected by shatterproof plastic. This plastic-bubble-on-cardboard design is popular for this sort of purchase. When you want to open one, don't waste your time on the plastic—you can't dent it. Try to hack or peel away the cardboard from the back. And don't throw away any of those curled up scraps because they contain the instructions and the guarantee.

Or take aspirin. You have a choice of the handy tin or the economy bottle. The tin is designed on the "press here" or reverse-mousetrap principle. It's convenient for carrying in your pocket and if you press hard enough on the red dot the thing will spring open scattering aspirin all over the bar or wherever. The bottle has a top that comes off easy enough, but then you find a layer of cotton that has been tamped in like the wadding in a shotgun shell. Getting it out is going to require special equipment, and my experience has been that when you really need aspirin, it's no time to tool around with tweezers.

Vitamins are tricky too. You manage to tear off the outside covering and you think you're home free. You're not. There's still a heavy duty plastic cover that keeps you from getting at the cap. Anybody who can get this off without help doesn't need vitamins.

The powdered-sugar and macaroni people favor the thumbnail opening. At the top of the package there is a semicircle with simulated perforations around the edge. Underneath, they have printed a little joke which says, "Press thumbnail here." Unless you have the thumbnail of a Fu Manchu, all you're going to do is cave in the side of the box—and there goes the old ball game. Better plan something else for supper. For the simple fact is that for any kind of opening purpose the thumbnail has become obsolete.

Toilet paper presents a special problem. First you've got your four rolls sealed in plastic, tight as a bongo drum. That you can handle. Now you've got a single roll, wrapped or unwrapped, but again no problem. The tricky part comes because the manufacturer has carefully camouflaged the place where the paper comes to an end. If you can't find it, slide something under the outside layer—a nail file is fine—and tear it across. If you are lucky you will now be able to unroll the paper as desired. Unfortunately, I find more and more these days that the second layer is glued to the third, and so on.

Food processors have a special knack for raising false hopes in their customers. Ready-sliced cheese, for instance—this sounds great. Open the package and slap together half a dozen sandwiches in a couple of minutes. Now it's true that they do slice the cheese just as they say. But what they don't tell you is that after they slice it they send it through a laminating mill where it is pressed back together like plywood. I guess that's not such a good comparison because the last time I bought plywood it got left in the rain and when I wanted to use it the layers had come apart like—well, I started to say like cheese, but I can see that's not going to clarify anything.

They also put out cheese wrapped in ordinary tinfoil. Don't let this fool you—nothing is ever as simple as it sounds. After it's wrapped they send it through a special crinkling machine which permanently blends the cheese with the wrapper. And if you've never bitten down on a piece of foil with a metal filling, you don't know what snappy cheese is.

Where is it going to end? The time may come when our cities with their tall buildings and broad avenues will be empty. Our fur-clad descendants will be crouched over fires, gnawing on roots and bones while the fruits of our civilization lie all about them—only a thumbnail away. —Will Stanton.

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Announcing the

MARSHALL McLUHAN

Dew-Line Newsletter

A startling, shocking Early Warning System for our era of instant change!

THIS IS AN INVITATION to join a select group of business, academic and government leaders who are about to receive what must be the most startling newsletter ever printed.

We originally intended to call it, "The Marshall McLuhan Newsletter".

Dr. McLuhan, however, suggested that we title it, "The Marshall McLuhan Bad-News Letter".

And because of the fact that this entirely different kind of Newsletter will be a startling, shocking, monthly early warning system for our era of instant change, we have suggested the title, "The McLuhan Dew Line".

Call it what you will, this entirely different kind of Newsletter will not be confined to the newsletter format at all—but will also come to you in the form of records, courses, sensory retraining kits, and even advance releases of chapters from Dr. McLuhan's newest books.

It is written for the man (or woman) of responsibility —who cannot afford to be wrong in his evaluation of the present, or prediction of the future. It is designed to reveal, and analyse, the vast underground transforming forces you must deal with in the dazzlingly different world of tomorrow.

Here's why—

Which Of These Danger Signals Have You Already Interpreted Falsely? Which Of These Technological Break-Throughs Are Completely Hidden From Your View?

Let's get specific for a moment. Throughout history, *most people have obsessively viewed new developments merely as extensions of old, worn-out and now-useless concepts* (what Dr. McLuhan calls "living in a rear-view mirror")—*and therefore never really saw or understood them at all.*

For example, the railway engine was at first called the "Iron Horse". The automobile was called the "Horseless Carriage". The radio was known as the "Wireless". *And the men and women who so mistitled and so misunderstood them, woke up to their true opportunities only DECADES after those with clear vision had seized and exploited them.*

How about you? Here is a brief sample of the most vital developments of our day—filled with both immense danger and previously undreamed-of potential. *You do not really understand them unless you can answer the questions after each title.* If these questions seem puzzling or even paradoxical to you, beware. *The present has turned a corner when you were not looking, and you have been dangerously left behind!*

1. *The Teen-age drop out*—*What exactly turns middle*-class children into hippies? What are these long-haired youngsters really trying to tell us? Why may the next development be the *Executive* drop-out?

2. *The Ghetto Rebellion*—Why is its primary cause—not poverty and not lack of education—but television? Why does Stokely Carmichael understand more about the power vortex of our time than almost any other American political leader?

3. *Medial Illiteracy, and its cure*—Why do Negro youngsters in Watts say "Why should I interrupt my education to go to school?" Why did I.B.M. spend thousands of dollars with Dr. McLuhan to devise a "Sensory Profile" of their executives? Why have advertising agencies become the most effective educational institutions in our society?

4. *The replacement of our cities*—by *the super-urbs of the future.* What is the real future of the automobile in tomorrow's America? What is the stay-at-home commuter, and how will he change our entire conception of work? *Where are executive drop-outs, sensory re-education, and super-urbs taking America tomorrow? And what are the consequences for you?*

IN FUTURE NEWSLETTERS DR. McLUHAN WILL DISCUSS:

The Computer data-bank as the dissolution of private life.
The satellite as the end of Nature.
Galaxies as art forms.
The artist as the antennae of the race.
The substitution of man-made environments for biological evolution.
The end of the visual organization of knowledge and experience.
Song as slowed down speech. Instrumentation as speeded up speech.
Pot and LSD as chemical simulation of our electric environment.
Why the message will be dropped in favor of the effect.
The disappearance not only of writing but of speech.
The end of the split between Business and Culture.
The end of History via the computer.
Jokes and Humor as the infallible test of grievance areas in a society.
Games and Sports as live models of existing procedures in Business.
Why the "backward" countries will inevitably dominate the western world.
War as the effort to recover an *old* image of identity and purpose.
Why our first TV war has ended the boundaries between civilian and military life.
Why the prayer-mat shall replace the Cadillac.
Violence as the quest for identity.
NASA as an obsolete program.
The Future of Convalescence. (Anesthesia applied not only to surgery but to total recovery.)
The Computer as the LSD of the Business World.
War as Education. Education as War. Clothing as Weaponry. (Fashion as The Bore War.)
Why there is a return of horoscopy in the electric age.
The end of the Stock Exchange via the computer.

And much more. Read them yourself—at our risk.

DR. MARSHALL McLUHAN

WHAT THE NATION'S LEADING AUTHORITIES SAY ABOUT HIM

"Just possibly, the new environment that McLuhan discusses should be studied as carefully as the oxygen system in the Apollo spaceship. Just possibly, understanding McLuhan may help insure that earth's environment sustains rather than destroys its crew." **NEWSWEEK.**

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"...sudden insights that can, for a moment or two, light up a confused landscape and show the odd order underlying seeming chaos... his theories are big enough and bold enough to mobilize the revolution he is examining... his most casual thoughts are often full of the excitement of discovery." **Richard Schickel in HARPER'S.**

"Other observers have been content to repeat criticisms of industrial society that were formulated a century ago, as if civilization had been steadily emptied out since the advent of the power Loom... McLuhan has dared to seek the cure in the disease..." **Harold Rosenberg in THE NEW YORKER.**

"He can only be considered a stimulating thinker on a scale quite similar to Freud and Einstein." **Critic Gerald Stearn.**

The Goal Of This Extraordinary Newsletter: To Take The Most Startling And Productive Social Theory Of Our Time— AND APPLY IT TO CONCRETE PROBLEMS, AND THE OPPORTUNITIES WHICH THEIR SOLUTIONS PRESENT.

We must emphasize this core fact again: if these terms sound like science-fiction to you, there is an excellent reason. Dr. McLuhan is dealing—as no other man in our time—*with social phenomena so new it does not even today have a commonly-accepted name.*

"It is the business of the future to be dangerous", said Alfred North Whitehead. And this danger can only be overcome by men who are willing to look at the present nakedly and boldly, and deal with it on its own unique terms, and not those of the more comfortable past.

There has never been a period in the history of the world that has been quite so frightening, or so fluid. Everything is changing: businesses, occupations, opportunities, the very definition of what it means to be a leader, a husband, a human being. *Only those who have the ability to detect change the instant it happens... understand its trend and its consequences... realize not only its dangers but its opportunities... will survive.*

This means dealing, not only with the significant, but the unpleasant. It means facing today's problems squarely, *and controlling them before they can destroy us.*

This is the purpose of the Marshall McLuhan Newsletter. Because of its flexibility, it can be placed in your hands in as little as 72 hours after Dr. McLuhan has written it. It not only has the potential, therefore, of detecting changes the minute they occur—but following them, monitoring them, checking their feed-back to evaluation potential and consequences at every stage. This is not (like a book) merely a snapshot of the present; it is a radar-fix on its every movement.

One Last Promise: This Will Be A Newsletter Unlike Any Other You Have Ever Seen. It Will Use Multi-Media To Deliver Its Message. It Is Designed, Not Only To Give You Facts, But A Whole New Set Of Sensory Equipment.

In other words, what you are trying at our risk, if you send in the coupon, is a complete departure in communications. It is a way of receiving every month, *packaged insight.* The package that carries it may be a four-page letter one month. It maye be a 12-inch l.p. the next. It may be a series of slides... two or three yet-to-be-published chapters from one of Dr. McLuhan's new books... or a sensory profile quiz... or a do-it-yourself kit for converting a visual way of seeing the world into a tactile.

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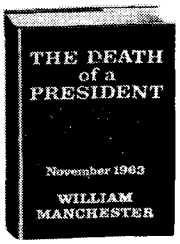

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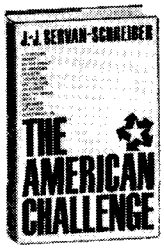

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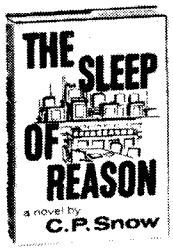

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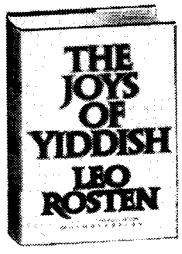

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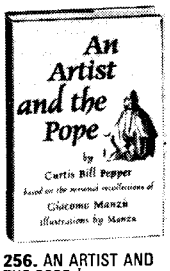

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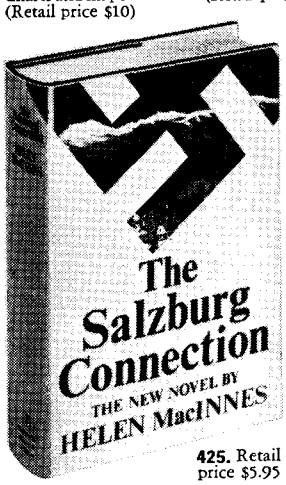

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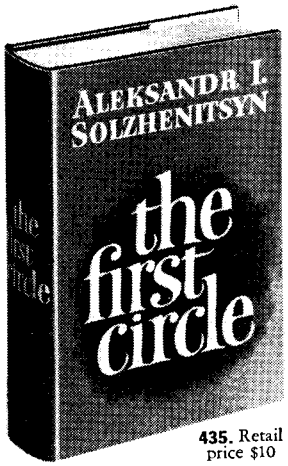

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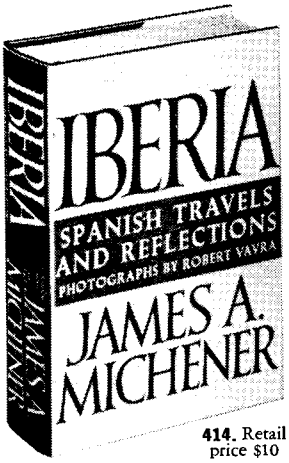

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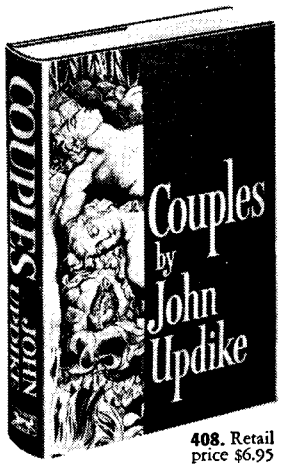
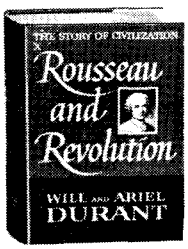


408. Retail price $6.95



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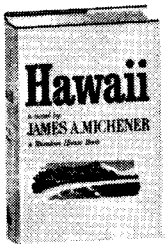

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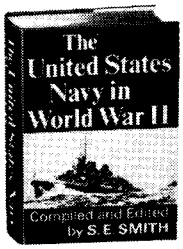

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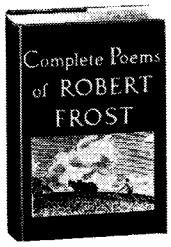

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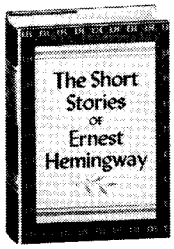

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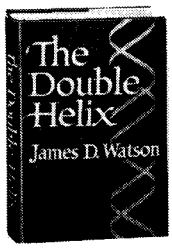

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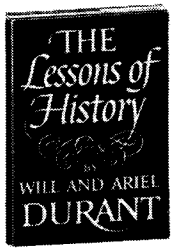

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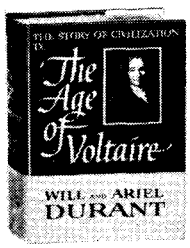

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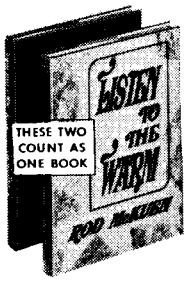

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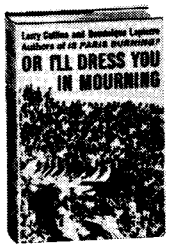

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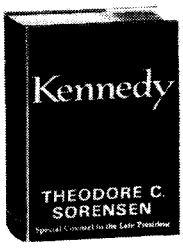

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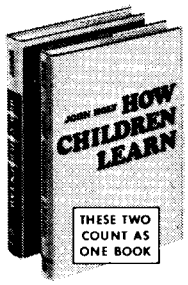

200. HOW CHILDREN LEARN *and* HOW CHILDREN FAIL *by* JOHN HOLT (Retail prices total $9.45)

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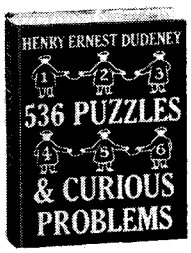

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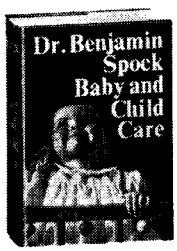

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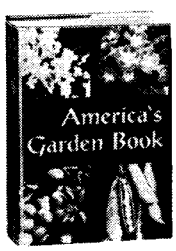

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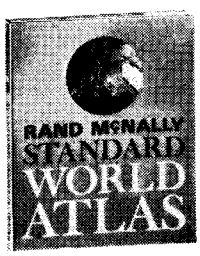

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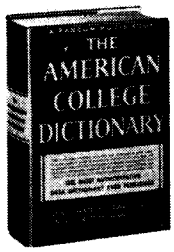

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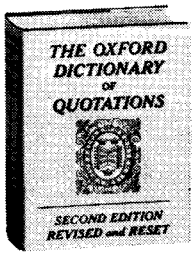

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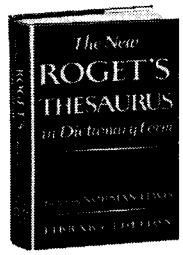

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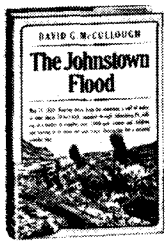

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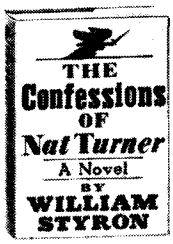

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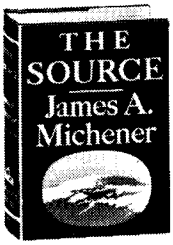

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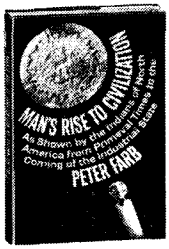

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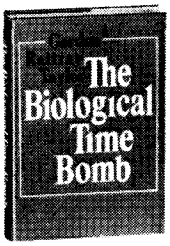

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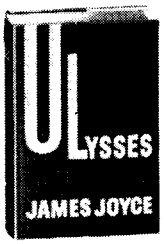

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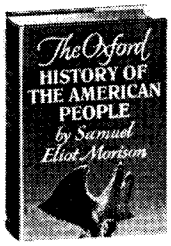

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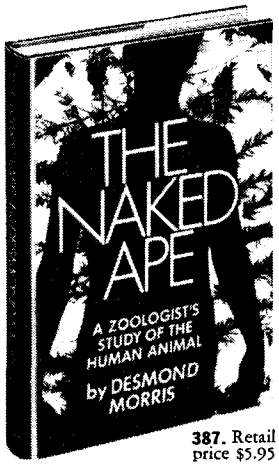

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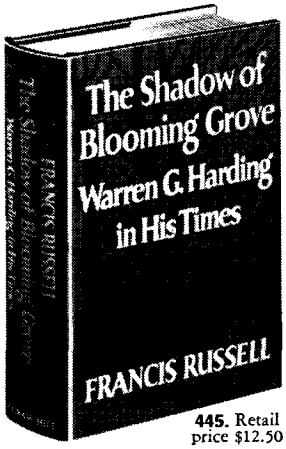

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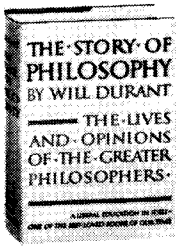

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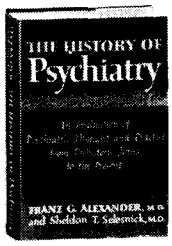

329. THE HISTORY OF PSYCHIATRY *by* F. G. ALEXANDER, M.D. *and* S. T. SELESNICK, M.D. Illustrated
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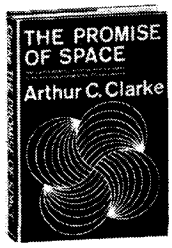

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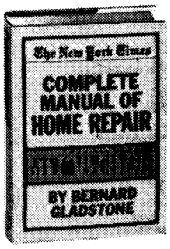

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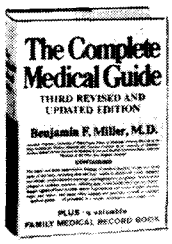

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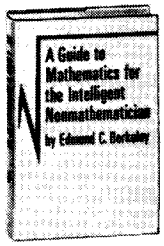

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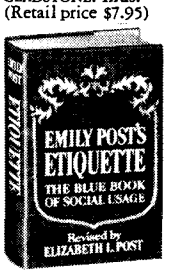

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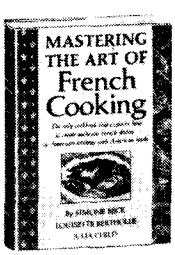

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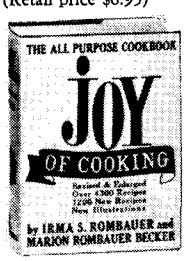

161. JOY OF COOKING *by* IRMA S. ROMBAUER *and* MARION R. BECKER
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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

VIRGINIA'S THING. By Henry Woodfin. Harper & Row. $4.95.

Current Affairs

EAGLES IN COBWEBS: Nationalism and Communism in the Balkans. By Paul Lendvai. Doubleday. $6.95.

NATION OR EMPIRE?: The Debate Over American Foreign Policy. By Robert W. Tucker. Johns Hopkins. Paperback, $2.75.

WAR AND ORDER: Reflections on Vietnam and History. By George Liska. Johns Hopkins. Paperback, $2.45.

Fiction

BACKWARD TO THE FRONT OF THE DAY. By James Robson. Doubleday. $4.95.

CHILD'S PLAY. By Kate Christie. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.

CITY BOY: The Adventures of Herbie Bookbinder. By Herman Wouk. Doubleday. $5.95. (Reissue.)

CROSSINGS. By Chuang Hua. Dial. $3.95.

DARK WITH NO SORROW. By Sara Jackson. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.

THE ELAGHIN AFFAIR AND OTHER STORIES. By Ivan Bunin. Funk & Wagnalls. $5.95.

HAZANDA. By Colin Willock. Putnam. $5.95.

HERE BEFORE KILROY. By Su Walton. Morrow. $5.95.

THE HERO SHIP. By Hank Searls. NAL/World. $5.95.

IMPOSSIBLE OBJECT. By Nicholas Mosley. Coward-McCann. $4.95.

THE ISLAND-LOVERS. By Ruth Lyons. Doubleday. $4.95.

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MEANS AND ENDS IN AMERICAN ABOLITIONISM: Garrison and His Critics on Strategy and Tactics, 1834-1850. By Aileen S. Kraditor. Pantheon. $7.95.

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ZAPATA AND THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION. By John Womack, Jr. Knopf. $10.

Literary Criticism

ASPECTS OF E. M. FORSTER. Edited by Oliver Stallybrass. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95.

STENDHAL: Notes on a Novelist. By Robert M. Adams. Funk & Wagnalls. $5.95.

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THE BRANDYWINE TRADITION. By Henry C. Pitz. Houghton Mifflin. $12.95.

DISCOVERY BY CHANCE. By Mary Batten. Funk & Wagnalls. $4.95.

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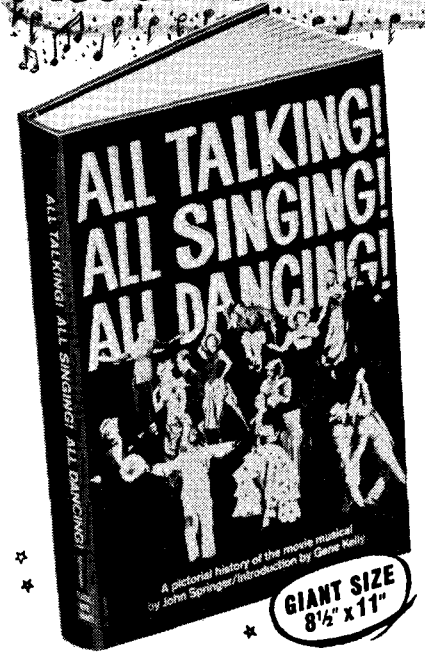

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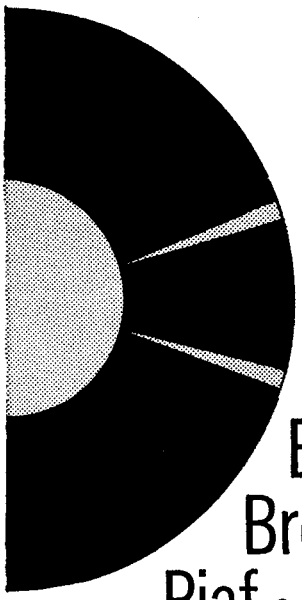

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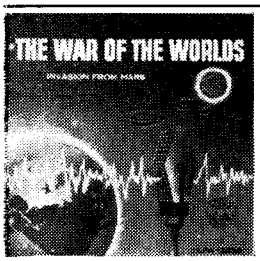

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Movies Go from Bed to Worse

IF YOU WERE in New York City last month and you wanted to see the movie *Lady In Cement*, and you had phoned the theater, as I did, to find out when the picture went on, you would have heard what I heard. It took three calls to be able to jot it down like it was:

"For our colored feature," the disembodied voice said, "persons under 16 will not be admitted unless accompanied by parent or adult party. This is a recording announcement from Cinema 57 Rendezvous. We are located on 57th Street just west of Sixth Avenue. We are easy to reach by all subways and by bus. Our feature is *Lady In Cement*. Our stars are Frank Sinatra as tough Tony Rome, Raquel Welch, a girl with a 37-22-35 measurement, and Big Ben Blocker of TV *Bonanza* fame. Miami is the scene, with killers and cops and topless bikinis."

Following this graphic hard sell, there was the schedule of the day's showings, which ended with: "For further information please dial Judson 6-4449. Thank you for calling."

Well, I needed further information on the vital statistics. This time a live woman answered.

"Hello," I said, "is this Cinema 37?"

"No, this is Cinema 57," she replied.

"Oh? But I just listened to your recording, and it said 37."

"Oh, well that must be a mistake. We'll have to look into—are you interested in seeing Frank Sinatra?"

"Usually. But not at a time like this."

"Oh, we have later time schedules."

"Thank you. And that's 37th Street, you say?"

"Yes. No! It's 57th Street!"

"Oh yes, thanks very much."

Let's say I'm a boy of 14, and I have called the movie house and heard that recording. That evening after dinner I have decided I need an adult or a parent. I choose a parent.

"Dad," I say, "you promised if I got good marks you'd take me to a movie. I got good marks. How about taking me to see *Lady In Cement*?"

"What kind of a picture is that?" Dad asks warily.

"It's about killers and cops."

"Oh no. You're not going to see a picture that's all about shooting and killing."

"It can't be *all* about that. Because there's a little girl in it who is 37 inches tall. She must be his little daughter."

"Thirty-seven inches? A child? Who told you that?"

"I called the movie house, and the record told me."

"Well, I'll see about that. I'll call up and see."

Dad dials the number and listens:

"Yes . . . hm hm . . . yes . . . yes . . . YEH? . . . No kidding!"

He hangs up and dials again.

"Who you calling now, Dad?"

"I want to get further information. Hello, is this Cinema 37?"

"No, this is Cinema 57. This is the second call I've had today about that. I checked it. The record says Cinema 57. Raquel is 37."

"Thank you." Dad hangs up. "Well, son, if your mind is set on seeing that movie, I'll take you. But let's not tell Mom, OK?"

What is happening here is a self-imposed censorship by the motion picture industry. There seem to be three parts to this voluntary moral code, which are so indicated in the newspaper ads:

1) "Persons under 16 not admitted." These are the obviously smutty Sex Films.

2) "Persons under 16 not admitted unless accompanied by a parent or an adult." These are the Normal Sex Films plus messy Violence.

3) "Suggested for General Audiences." These are the tidy old Bessie Love and Billie Dove films all the way.

Some of the ads leave it to your own judgment and conscience by quoting the movie critics: "Fun and Games Mother Never Taught," says one critic. Another: "Makes Virginia Woolf Look Like Little Women." Or one movie owner who became his own critic: "See Barbarella Do Her Thing All Over New York."

There is one movie from Sweden, "I Am Curious—Yellow," which was shelved after a Federal Court jury of seven men and five women voted the film was obscene. However, in the Appeals Court the judges voted that it was not obscene, in spite of the jury's findings that the film displayed the sex content "with greater explicitness than any movie thus far exhibited in this country."

It is not too unreasonable to imagine when that picture is released, the ads will say, "Only Persons Will Be Admitted Who Do Not Believe the Stork Story."

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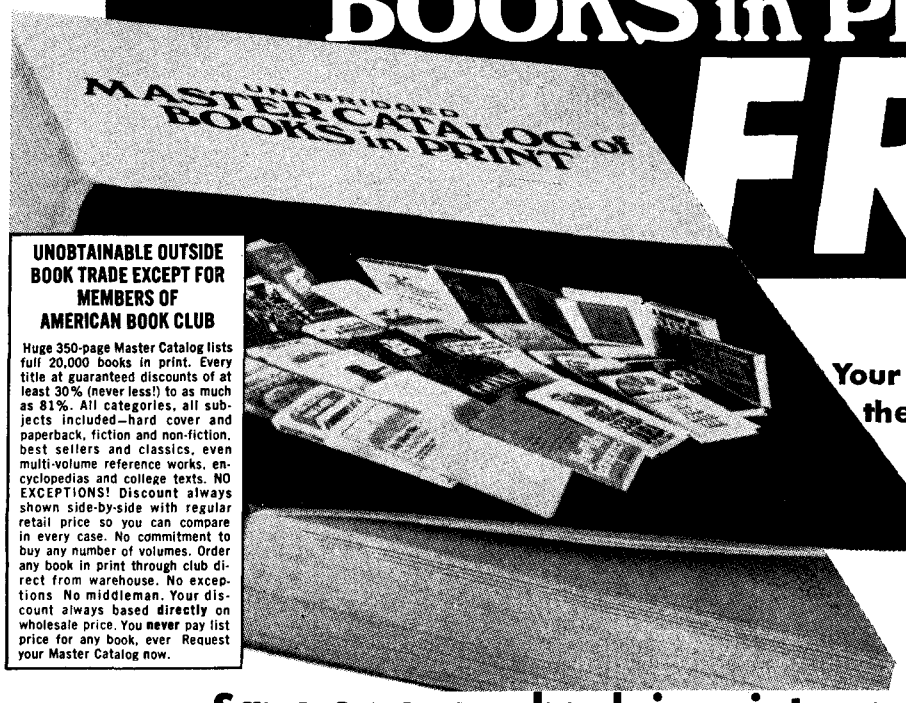

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State of Affairs

Henry Brandon

Ailing Albion

LONDON.

NOTHING IS more surprising than to find that next to the future of the pound the most discussed issue here is Britain's racial problem. And the man who stirred it up is Enoch Powell, one of the most brilliant and erratic members of the Conservative party. He is a kind of intellectual George Wallace, with appeal to the working man as well as to some segments of the upper classes. And he is one of those rare personalities of our age who does not owe his prominence to television, but to the press. The reason is that he is not only an arresting speaker, but also a fine writer, and since newspapers are always partial to a stylist, they have given his speeches space and prominence.

What projected Mr. Powell into the headlines was a provocative speech he delivered some seven months ago in Birmingham. It had an explosive effect and set fire to a lot of suppressed feelings about the growing racial conflicts in the British Isles and about the Race Relations Bill which, he said, made the native Briton the "toad beneath the harrow" in the immigrant areas.

His targets are the immigration laws which, although they have been heavily tightened, still allow some 60,000 immigrants to enter Britain each year. Most of the immigrants are West Indians, Pakistanis, and Indians. Powell argues that their numbers must be substantially reduced to prevent the kind of situation that has developed in the United States. There is little dissent now about the need to maintain severe restrictions on immigration, but most people also feel that immigrants should not be deprived of permission to bring in their close relatives and, secondly, that skilled labor should be admitted (but not more than the labor market can absorb).

But Mr. Powell goes further. He first argues that immigrants already here, who are legally full citizens, are not really full citizens because they do not blend easily into the general racial landscape in England. "The West Indian or Asian does not," he said, "by being born in England, become an Englishman." Therefore, there is no reason, he argues, why, by some incentive process (which may be nothing but disguised harassment), they should not be induced to return to their country of origin. And he proposes that some sort of special Ministry for Repatriation be put in charge of a "voluntary but organized" re-emigration of Commonwealth immigrants. "Dejection is not one of our national traits," he says, "but we must be told the truth and shown the danger, if we are to meet it."

The issue of immigration is not an issue between the Labor and Conservative parties and does not divide them. Both reacted sharply to Powell's speeches—not simply because they thought it was politically advantageous to do so, but because they wanted to step hard on an issue that could come to haunt them both, for there is enough latent sympathy for Powell's case. Members of the Labor Government have attacked him vigorously, and the leader of the Conservative party has dropped him from his shadow Cabinet in which he occupied the position of "shadow" Minister of Defense.

Mr. Powell has a cold, brilliant mind, but there is also fire in his belly which gives his speeches their power and his personality an excessive zeal. His invoking of the power of the State in the form of a Ministry of Repatriation against the rights of the individual came as a surprise from a right-wing conservative who in the past has denounced any interference with these rights. In spite of the publicity he is getting, he is, however, unlikely to turn the race issue into a decisive one either in Parliament or in the country. Nor is this course likely to advance his political ambitions in the near future. He seems to be playing the long odds. He probably expects Edward Heath, the leader of the Conservatives, to be defeated in the next elections, and himself to be the phoenix to emerge from those ashes.

Meanwhile, all the indications are that Prime Minister Harold Wilson will delay the next elections as long as possible, at least for another two years. The Conservatives have no hope of turning the Labor Government out of office before 1970. All the polls show that they are heavily favored over Labor now, but nobody knows what the situation will be two years hence.

Members of the Labor Government are depressed for different reasons. They came into office full of hope and plans for bettering the world. They now see those hopes largely unfulfilled. Every time they expect they have overcome the worst, another economic crisis comes to dog them. When Mr. Wilson finally decided to devalue the pound in November 1967, everybody hoped that this would do the trick. But when the franc faltered recently, the pound came under severe pressure too. What makes the political scene in London so depressing is not that Mr. Wilson is there to stay and there is no prospect of getting rid of him, but that neither his successor, nor the accession of a Conservative Prime Minister, would make a great deal of difference at this stage. As long as Britain cannot pay her own way economically, either party will be in trouble.

What has further worsened the situation is that Britain is sitting between several stools and cannot find a foreign policy that will give it a role. There is no prospect of General de Gaulle's letting Britain join the Common Market, and there is not much sense in the idea of creating a North Atlantic Trade Organization. Neither the American Congress nor British public opinion are ready to accede to such a proposal. And with Britain having abandoned her role east of Suez, British foreign policy is groping in a vacuum. For a country that knew how to run a world empire, this is very disconcerting.

Still, I was surprised that Britain's lack of self-confidence should have dropped so low that London newspapers were asking the question: "Can Britain make it?" Experts were questioned whether there is any reason to talk in terms of "collapse" and "survival," and foreign correspondents stationed in London were asked how they viewed Britain's future. This is indeed a far cry from the time when the British didn't care what others thought of them. What seemed to have shaken many people is that an irresponsible rumor started by a French financial correspondent about another imminent pound crisis ricocheted in such a way that it not only cost the Bank of England some $250 million, but even gave rise to rumors of the Wilson Government's resignation.

There is no doubt that the British Government was slow in imposing the necessary economic restrictions to curb inflation and improve exports, that Mr. Wilson has lost the confidence of the country, and that, as a consequence, the British have lost confidence in themselves. But there is also reason to assume, unless there is another serious crisis involving the franc, that the new and severe restrictions imposed in November will turn the corner.

The underlying reason for all the disillusionment that plagues the British and the Labor Government, it seems to me, is the realization that Britain has seemingly lost control of its destiny.

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Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Perhaps you don't know it, but January is Break-a-Cold Month, during which the manufacturers of baking soda encourage the populace to make use of that nostrum for relief of the common cold. And the first three months of the year are Louisiana Yam Supper Season, when the Louisiana Sweet Potato Advertising and Development Commission asks us to use yams in main-course dishes. (Despite the fact that yams and sweet potatoes are two different tubers.)

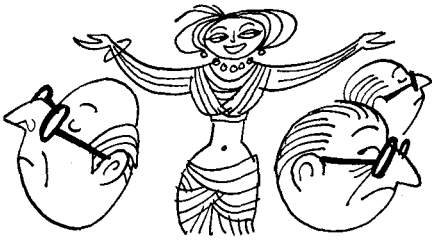
The reason I am so knowledgeable about these matters is that I am in possession of the 1969 edition of *Chase's Calendar of Annual Events,* published by Apple Tree Press in Flint, Michigan, and offering a reason for celebration of every day, week, or month of the year. In fact, there is even a Weeks Week, dedicated to calling attention to all the important weeks, such as Hot Dog Week and Elks Youth Week. All told, there are 1,471 events to celebrate in 1969, which means there is an excuse for a drink at almost any moment you choose. Horse Health Month, Tommyknocker Week, and Man Will Never Fly Memorial Day, for example. Probably the biggest "day" will be May 10, the 100th anniversary of the meeting of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific in Utah, when the golden spike was driven to connect our first transcontinental railway.

Would you like to know what Jack Oakie is doing now? Or Axis Sally? Janet Gaynor? Buffalo Bob? In a second edition of his *Whatever Became Of . . .?* (Crown), Richard Lamparski has dug up a hundred more of these famous names of the past and, with Then and Now photographs, tells how they have fared since they dropped out of the public eye.

I've often wondered what happened to Garry Davis, who was the first real protester in my time. After serving in World War II, he stayed in Paris and formed what he called the Association for the International Registry of World Citizens and People's Assembly, declaring that he was now "a citizen of the world." He believed that nationalism was the basis for war, and he dramatized his crusade by tearing up his passport—a move I think is probably more drastic than burning a draft card, because when Davis came back to this country in 1950, he came as a French immigrant.

As Lamparski says in his book, Davis was such an idealist that he failed to establish any political power, and his movement broke into fringe groups. Today he lives in France with his American wife and four children. Although he is a successful businessman, he still believes that world law is the answer to mankind's problems. On the deed, the property he owns is registered as "World Territory."

"Mrs. Carlisle circulated her navel unsuccessfully among various motion picture producers," wrote the Chicago *Tribune.* That's the kind of typographical goof that Earle Tempel loves to find,



and his new edition of *More Press Boners* (Pocket) includes lots of them. The New York *Daily News* said, "She made the statement as she received the Woman of the Rear Award." Here's one from the Fort Smith (Arkansas) *News*: "Falling on the icy pavement, he broke three things: his left arm, a bottle of whiskey, and the Third Commandment."

Sharps and Flats: A book is about to be published that had as its original title *How to Be Brief.* It has been changed to *How to Express Yourself Clearly and Briefly.*

►In Hong Kong a two-story tailor shop has this sign at the entrance: FOREIGN LADIES HAVE FITS UPSTAIRS.

►A Madison Avenue elevator operator wears a button that says: UP WITH PEOPLE.

►In Ouray, Colorado, a sign declares: COLORADO'S LARGEST AND FINEST WESTERN MUSEUM. AUTHENTICITY AT ITS BEST!

►Gail Dittmer is amused by the telephone directory for Bloomington, Illinois, in which there is this warning: "In case you see a tornado, call the nearest law enforcement agency, police, sheriff, or state police, and say, 'I want to report a fire.' "

►In Stourbridge, England, twins were born the night the clocks went off daylight-saving time. The first-born arrived, but when his little brother came along half an hour later, 2 a.m. had officially become 1 a.m., making the second-born older than his brother. Who inherits the title?

►Doing some filing in a branch of the New York Public Library, Penny Stiffler found that the alphabet makes strange bedfellows. These cards were together: *The Rise of Red China, The Rise of Ronald Reagan, The Rise of Russia.*

►"Can the schools meet the challenge of sex?" was the topic dealt with in the October issue of the *New Jersey Education Association Review.* In one article, Charity Runden starts out: "If there is to be sex education in the schools, something has to happen to teachers."

►In case you thought everything had been done, I refer you to a book, *African Lolita,* soon to be published by Bartholomew House. It is, according to the publisher, "the epic tale of a white occupying force pitted against the jungle's corruption, eroticism, and violence. Against the backdrop of a new nation's struggle against its own rebellious troops, intoxicated with uhuru (freedom), there is the daring love story of a middle-aged white government man and a black Watusi girl who is just thirteen years old as the story begins."

►David Glixon says, "Show me a sniffling person who's memorized a cryptogram and I'll show you a man with a code in the head."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1814)

GORE VIDAL
MYRA BRECKENRIDGE

It is a part of California folklore that only the . . . criminal walk; the good drive cars that fill the air with the foul odor of burning fossils, and so day by day our lungs fill up with the stuff of great ferns and dinosaurs who thus revenge themselves.

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—Nebraska State Historical Society

Negro homesteaders (1887)—"The 'Negro history' that white men read was written by other whites."

THE HIDDEN SOURCES OF NEGRO HISTORY

By C. VANN WOODWARD

OF THE current need for Negro history—the writing, the teaching, and the learning of it—there can be no reasonable doubt. The old history, what there was of it, and whether it was written by whites or blacks, needs revising in the light of new knowledge. There is reasonable excuse for the lack of African history, so much of which is buried in the preliterate tribal past. But large numbers of people of African blood now live in the New World with an experience developed in the full light of modern history. The denial of their rightful place in American history and the neglect and distortion of their own history are largely due to their former slave status and to the fact that the "Negro history" that white men read was written by other whites.

The demand for Negro history is therefore legitimate. But the fulfillment of the need will not be instant, the learning of the history painless, or the content of it exclusively or predominantly glorious. The meaning of such history—its "lessons"—will not always be clear. Its pages are likely to be tortured with ambiguities and doubts and enigmas as ironic and inglorious as the Poor Peoples Crusade of 1968, and there will be chapters crowded with charlatans, knaves, and rakehells. The Father Divines and Daddy Graces will outnumber the Martin Luther Kings. Even the most glorious heroes —a Nat Turner, perhaps —may turn out to have moments of hesitation and dubious encounters that the more pious biographer would prefer to skip. Which is only to say that it will be human history.

THE most important response so far to the demand for Negro history is the forty-four-volume series entitled, "The American Negro: His History and Literature" published by the Arno Press and *The New York Times*. The character of the books chosen and the prices charged for them, if nothing else, put this particular enterprise beyond suspicion of vulgar commercialism. It is a serious effort to meet a legitimate need. It is not popular history. It belongs in the scholar's library rather than the activist's. Those who raise the loudest demand for "black studies" will rarely bury themselves in these volumes, and they are not likely to burden the shelves of the average Muslim temple or organizer's pad.

It is not easy to characterize a series that includes so many varieties and categories of literature. Given the prevalence of autobiography and reminiscence, the historian would classify the series broadly under "source materials," but that would not take care of several works of scholarship, journalism, and polemics that are included. In spite of the promise implied by the subtitle "History and Literature," only one volume, *The New Negro*, edited by Alain Locke in 1925, includes any poetry, fiction, or drama. (We are assured that the second series has a more literary emphasis.) All the volumes are reprints, apparently done by a photo-offset process that reproduces illustrations fairly well.

The problem is that reprinting a book, especially one long-forgotten, inevitably implies a sort of endorsement. Without scholarly guidance, the uninformed reader is likely to be unintentionally misled. Too many volumes in this series run that risk. In all but five volumes, the only contribution made by the editors is a brief one-to-two-page introduction to each volume that can do little more than identify the author.

Roughly three-quarters of the books reprinted deal with slavery and its aftermath, which means they are concerned with the middle third of the nineteenth century. Given the importance of the period and the subject, this is a natural emphasis. The selection of books, however, and the period of their origin reflect some of the present-day motivation and interest in Negro history. Much of it is history with a purpose—polemical, philopietistic, and uncritical. It is valuable to the historian, but often misleading as history.

Unfortunately, there are no slave reminiscences that go back to Africa, such as those recently reprinted by the Wisconsin University Press. The only

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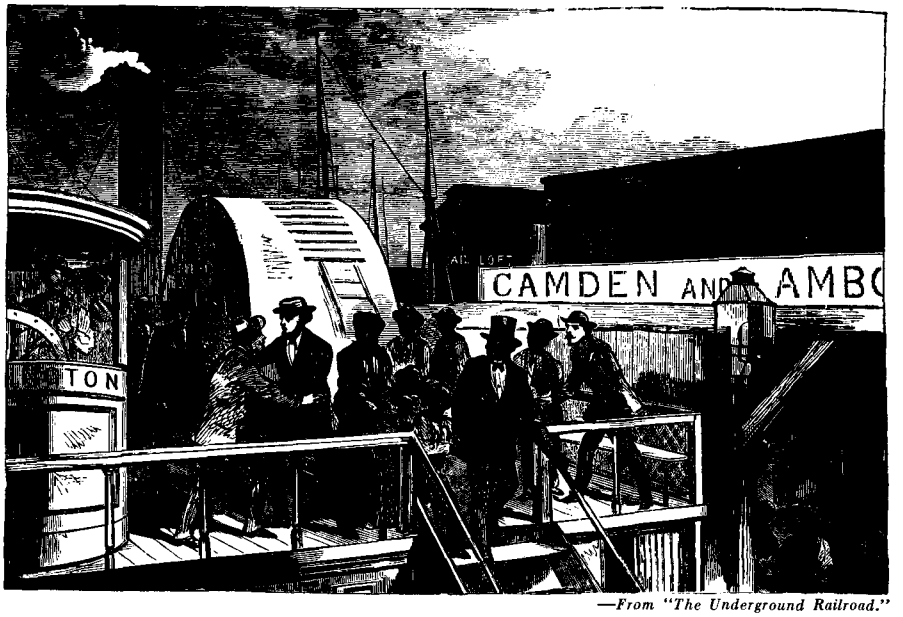
African experience is found in *Captain Canot, or Twenty Years of an African Slaver* (1854). The Captain's memoirs illustrate the intractability of historical documents, for he was as genial and impenitent a pirate as ever sailed the Spanish Main, blithely persuaded that he was doing the Africans a jolly good turn with a free ride to the New World.

One large and important category of Negro writings, the fugitive slave narrative, is represented by nine autobiographical works. Five of the shorter ones, including some of the better accounts, such as those of Lunsford Lane and William W. Brown, are bound in one volume. The classic of the genre and one of the classics of American autobiography is Frederick Douglass's *My Bondage and My Freedom*. Some scholars prefer the first and smallest of his three autobiographies, but I think this, his second, published in 1855, is the wiser choice. If I were forced to recommend one volume above all others in the series, *My Bondage* would be the choice. It contains more insights into the nature of slavery and slave society than any other book I know of that is written from the slave's point of view. Douglass does not stop at recording his sufferings and his protest, as most of the slave authors do. He analyzes perceptively what slavery did to children, mothers, and fathers of slave families, and what it did to drivers, overseers, masters, and their families. Along with the work of his white Southern contemporary George Fitzhugh (not represented here, of course), Douglass's book marks the beginnings of a sociology of slave society.

The only class of literature in which white authors in any number are represented in the series is the one dealing with the anti-slavery movement. Garrison's *Thoughts on African Colonization* (1832) marks the break of young radicals from the conservative colonization movement. Lydia Maria Child in *An Appeal in Favor of That Class of Americans Called Africans* (1836) makes a comparative study of slavery to indict her country and explores anthropology to defend black Americans from racial bigots. One of the most striking defenses of the enslaved race made during the slavery period was *The Condition . . . of the Colored People* (1852) written by Martin R. Delany, "this most extraordinary and intelligent black man," as Lincoln described him. It was an excellent idea to revive his book. From the white side and the inside of the abolitionist movement, Samuel J. May's *Recollections* (1869) provides an informal history of the crusade against slavery.

In addition to anti-slavery polemics, ideology, and history, there is a great mass of anti-slavery propaganda. It could not be better represented than by the most famous and influential example, *American Slavery As It Is* (1839), the work of two South Carolina aristocrats, the Grimke sisters, and Angelina Grimke's husband, Theodore Dwight Weld. They faithfully followed the advice of a friend who urged that atrocities "which are merely *horrid* must give place to those which are absolutely diabolical." The book was intended to make people fighting mad about the horrors of slavery. It did. It still can. It was superb propaganda, and no historian can ignore it. But there is a difference nonetheless between history and propaganda.

No aspect of the anti-slavery crusade has stirred the American imagination more deeply than the romantic and fabled Underground Railroad. That story is the subject of three massive volumes of this series. Two of them are written by participants and may be considered "documentary." William Still, son of ex-slave parents, kept full records of the Philadelphia Vigilance Committee



—From "The Underground Railroad."

Rescue of slave family—"In addition to anti-slavery polemics, ideology, and history, there is a great mass of anti-slavery propaganda."

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for helping fugitive slaves in the 1850s and published them in his 800-page book, *The Underground Railroad* (1872). The stories he preserved of hundreds of fugitives are personal, detailed, and circumstantial, and with due allowance for the human proclivity for making a good story better, they can be read with profit. Almost as bulky are the *Reminiscences* (1876) of Levi Coffin, a North Carolina Quaker who moved to Illinois, and, according to the subtitle of his book, became "The Reputed President of the Underground Railroad." His stories are fascinating, and considering the memory handicaps of their eighty-seven-year-old author, they are also worthwhile reading.

The third contribution on this subject is by a professor of history with all the claims to authority his profession lends. Professor Wilbur H. Siebert, who published his *Underground Railroad* in 1898, formulated the remarkable theory that age improves rather than impairs a man's memory. He interviewed hundreds of aging abolitionists in the 1890s and made their reminiscences the substance of his history. The passage of half a century had not dimmed the heroism, the glamour, and the conspiratorial daring and mystery of their youthful exploits. It did seem to enhance the role of noble white benefactors at the expense of the daring fugitives and their black friends in the North, who incurred the main risks and did most of the work. A recent monograph has pointed out that Siebert contributed more to myth and legend than history.

The most legendary and controversial figure in abolitionist annals is John Brown of Harpers Ferry fame. Of the two score or more biographies of Brown, the series reprints the one by Richard J. Hinton published in 1894. Hinton was an associate of Brown during the latter's Kansas exploits, and the biography is a eulogy and a defense. The present editor admits that "it was not intended as purely disinterested history." James C. Malin, the only professional historian who has tackled the subject, goes further to issue "a warning to those uninitiated in the propaganda of the John Brown legend" that Hinton manipulated evidence irresponsibly and played fast and loose with the truth. *Caveat emptor.*

NEGLECT of the important part played by black Americans in the Civil War has been partly remedied by modern historians. They owe much to the work of early Negro writers whose books are known only to a few specialists. An impressive example is *The Black Phalanx* (1888) by Joseph T. Wilson, a veteran of the Union Army who writes of the

"*The American Negro: His History and Literature.*"
Arno Press and *The New York Times*, forty-four volumes, $485.

Captain Canot, Or 20 Years of an African Slaver (1854), edited by Brantz Mayer, 448 pp., $14.50.
The Colored Patriots of the American Revolution (1855), William C. Nell, 396 pp., $12.
Five Slave Narratives: A Compendium (various dates), 500 pp., $15.
My Bondage and My Freedom (1855), Frederick Douglass, 464 pp., $14.50.
Recollections of Seventy Years (1888), Daniel A. Payne, 336 pp., $10.
Narrative of Sojourner Truth (1884), 320 pp., $11.50.
Autobiography of a Fugitive Negro (1855), Samuel Ringgold Ward, 412 pp., $12.50.
The Suppressed Book about Slavery! (1864), edited by George W. Carleton, 432 pp., $13.50.
Thoughts on African Colonization (1832), William Lloyd Garrison, 296 pp., $9.
An Appeal in Favor of That Class of Americans Called Africans (1836), Lydia Maria Child, 216 pp., $7.
Some Recollections of Our Antislavery Conflict (1869), Samuel J. May, 408 pp., $10.50.
The Condition, Elevation, Emigration and Destiny of the Colored People of the United States (1852), Martin R. Delany, 214 pp., $6.50.
The Anglo-African Magazine, Volume I (1859), 416 pp., $12.50.
American Slavery As It Is: Testimony of a Thousand Witnesses (1839), Theodore D. Weld, 224 pp., $7.
The Underground Railroad (1872), William Still, 780 pp., $25.
Reminiscences (1876), by Levi Coffin, 732 pp., $16.50.
The Underground Railroad from Slavery to Freedom (1898), Wilbur H. Siebert, 478 pp., $14.50.
John Brown and His Men (1894), Richard J. Hinton, 752 pp., $23.
The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin (1853), Harriet Beecher Stowe, 508 pp., $15.50.
Reminiscences of My Life in Camp (1902), Suzie King Taylor, 82 pp., $4.
Behind the Scenes (1868), Elizabeth H. Keckley, 371 pp., $9.
The Black Phalanx (1888), Joseph T. Wilson, 528 pp., $15.50.
First Days Among the Contrabands (1893), Elizabeth Hyde Botume, 286 pp., $10.50.
The Freedmen's Book (1865), Lydia Maria Child, 277 pp., $8.50.
Cheerful Yesterdays (1899), Thomas W. Higginson, 374 pp., $11.50.
The Facts of Reconstruction (1913), John R. Lynch, 325 pp., $10.
The Life and Adventures of Nat Love (1907), Nat Love, 162 pp., $6.
Shadow and Light: An Autobiography (1902), Mifflin W. Gibbs, 372 pp., $12.
Black and White: Land, Labor and Politics in the South (1884), T. Thomas Fortune, 310 pp., $9.
Race Adjustment (1908) and *The Everlasting Stain* (1924), Kelly Miller, two volumes in one, 682 pp., $20.50.
Philosophy and Opinions of Marcus Garvey (1923), edited by Amy Jacques-Garvey, 101 pp., $3.50.
Black Manhattan (1930), James Weldon Johnson, 284 pp., $13.
The New Negro: An Interpretation, (1925), edited by Alain Locke, 446 pp., $9.
New World A-Coming (1943), Roi Ottley, 364 pp., $11.50.
The Atlanta University Publications, edited by W. E. B. Du Bois, approximately 1,000 pp., $30.
The Negro in Chicago: A Study of Race Relations and a Race Riot (1922), 672 pp., $15.
Voice of the Negro: 1919 (1920), edited by Robert T. Kerlin, 188 pp., $7.50.
The Free Negro Family (1932), E. Franklin Frazier, 90 pp., $2.50.
The Education of the Negro Prior to 1861 (1919), Carter G. Woodson, 454 pp., $14.00.
The Negro at Work in New York City (1912), George Edmund Haynes, 75 pp., $4.50.
Negro Population, 1790-1915 (1918), 844 pp., $23.50.
Men of Mark (1887), William J. Simmons, 1,141 pp., $39.50.
Proceedings of the Constitutional Convention of South Carolina (1868), 930 pp., $28.
The History of the Negro Race in America (1883), George W. Williams, 1,136 pp., $34.50.

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Negro soldiers and their war. Two volumes by Negro women enrich the story. Susie King Taylor's charming *Reminiscences* (1902) includes an account of her service as an army nurse and teacher. Of greater historical significance is *Behind the Scenes* (1868), the memoirs of Elizabeth Keckley, seamstress for the wives of Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln. She admired both men. Her candid and intimate stories of four years in the White House and her association with Mary Lincoln make excellent reading.

Long known to specialists and deserving a much wider public is *The Facts of Reconstruction* (1913) by the distinguished mulatto Congressman from Mississippi, John R. Lynch. Part memoir and part history, it demolishes battalions of popular and scholarly myths concerning the politics of Reconstruction and the nature of race relations in Mississippi. It is especially recommended to prematurely aging freedom riders and civil rights crusaders. As an exemplary prototype of the latter from the 1860s, Elizabeth Hyde Botume should have special appeal and sober instruction for white crusaders of the 1960s. Her *First Days Among the Contrabands* (1893) recounts her missionary and teaching experiences among the ex-slaves of the Port Royal Experiment in the South Carolina sea islands. Another crusader, with a larger ego, Thomas Wentworth Higginson has left his account in *Cheerful Yesterdays* (1899).

A rather welcome contrast to the melancholy memoirs encountered so far is *The Life and Adventures of Nat Love* (1907). An unabashed rogue and tall-tale teller, Nat Love, self-styled "Deadwood Dick," was the black cowboy who integrated the Wild West in the 1870s and 1880s. A dead shot—by his own account he "never missed anything" and "defeated all comers in riding, roping, and shooting"—he enjoyed watching "painted savages" and "dirty Mexicans" bite the dust as much as any white marksman and consorted with the murderous Billy the Kid in integrated drinking and shooting situations. As an anti-climax to his Wild West career, he settled down as a prosperous Pullman porter.

Missing from this library of Negro authors are any books of the two most notable figures of the black elite, Booker T. Washington and W. E. B. DuBois, both of whom were prolific writers. Both are readily available in existing editions, which accounts for their absence here. On the other hand, their followers and opponents are well represented. Booker Washington wrote an introduction to the autobiography of Mifflin Wister Gibbs, *Shadow and Light* (1902). Gibbs operated on many fronts: in the Far West as a businessman, in Arkansas as a judge and politician, in the Orient as a U.S. consul. His motto was: "Labor to make yourself as indispensable as possible in all your relations with the dominant race," but he did speak out against injustice and discrimination.

—From "Five Slave Narratives."

Slave runaways reaching safety in Canada—"No aspect of the anti-slavery crusade has stirred the American imagination more deeply than the fabled Underground Railroad."

BORN in slavery, T. Thomas Fortune became a peppery and extraordinarily adaptable journalist intellectual. As editor of the leading Negro paper of the 1880s and 1890s, he shifted from DuBois radicalism—anticipated in his *Black and White* (1884)—to Washingtonian conservatism after 1895, and wound up as editor of Marcus Garvey's black nationalist *Negro World*. Garvey's black separatism, the doctrine that inspired by far the greatest upheaval of black nationalism in our history, is embodied in the Jamaican's *Philosophy and Opinions* (1923), edited by his second wife. In this strange book Garvey acknowledged his affinity with Booker Washington as well as his differences. DuBois, of course, rejected Garveyism.

Washington enjoyed the support of a brilliant defender, Kelly Miller, who was the author of two volumes bound as one in this series, *Race Adjustment* (1908) and *The Everlasting Stain* (1924). It is incredible that he could have written so eloquently on lynching and still have declared in 1908: "We are in the midst of an era of good feeling." Kelly considered the Negro "a great storehouse of conservatism," but admitted in the 1920s that had Washington lived, "he would not be able to hold the Negro to his avowed doctrine of prudential silence on the issue of manhood rights."

The Harlem Renaissance of the 1920s is treated by three able Negro writers. James Weldon Johnson, with a distinguished writing career already behind him, began his *Black Manhattan* (1930) with a running history of Negroes in New York City, beginning in 1626, when the black population numbered eleven. He is concerned throughout this informative volume with the Negro in the arts, especially the theater, and more than half the book is devoted to the 1920s. Back in the days when Harlem was an enthusiasm instead of a fighting word, Johnson reminds us that for Negroes it had "better, cleaner, more modern, more airy, more sunny houses than they had ever lived in before." In its heyday, Harlem was "known in Europe and the Orient, . . . talked about by natives in the interior of Africa," and celebrated as "exotic, colorful, and sensuous; a place of laughing, singing, and dancing;

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—*New York Public Library.*

A reading from *Uncle Tom's Cabin* at the home of the Duchess of Sutherland, in London, 1856—"The old history, . . . whether it was written by whites or blacks needs revising in the light of new knowledge."

a place where life wakes up at night." He knew the seamier side, but the side he exhibits with love and warmth is not that of Malcolm X. "Gaity is characteristic of Harlem," he wrote.

One is grateful for the samplings of poetry, fiction, drama, music, painting, design, and criticism that Alain Locke rounded up in *The New Negro: An Interpretation* (1925) as the fruit of Harlem at its peak. Time has been kinder to the poetry than to the fiction and drama, but it all breathes the excitement of the moment. "Cultural adolescence and the approach to maturity," Locke called it. The mood was naïve and nostalgic. It was still a time when James Weldon Johnson could apostrophize: "O Southland, dear Southland," and Locke could boast that "a leaven of humor, sentiment, imagination and tropic nonchalance" attributed to the South was the gift of the Negro. Cynicism and hate were kept at bay, he thought, by "a truly characteristic gentleness of spirit." It all seems long ago.

Roi Ottley's book, *New World A-Coming* (1943), brings us closer to the dreadful present, but stops short of it in spirit. Ottley's Harlem, pictured in a jaunty but not imperceptive journalism, was that of the Depression, the abode of Father Divine and Daddy Grace, of Madame C. J. Walker, the hair-straightening millionaire, of Joe Louis and Langston Hughes. But Adam Clayton Powell was already on the scene, and the riot of 1935 had already taken place. No later period is covered by books of the series. Again, the reason is to be found in their general availability.

Negro scholarship in history and sociology is represented by several volumes. The weightiest by far, and in many ways the most impressive, is really twelve monographs bound together. These studies of the Negro's social problems, published between 1896 and 1914, were done at Atlanta University by students and staff of W. E. B. DuBois. All but two were edited by him. Covering such subjects as urban life, church, family, crime, and morals, they avoided politics, civil rights, and sexual race relations as "too controversial." Crude by modern standards, they were probably unsurpassed in their own period, for they were pioneering new ground and setting the pace for a new field of study. This was a "first" for Negro scholarship that deserves acknowledgement. A more advanced piece of work was *The Negro in Chicago* (1922), done by a commission nearly half of whom were Negroes. A forerunner of the recent Kerner Report, it was a comprehensive study of the anti-Negro riot of 1919 and its background.

Three important and expensive volumes of this library are entirely for the scholar—for reference and research rather than for reading. Indispensible for any historian, is the huge *Negro Population, 1790-1915*, originally published by the Bureau of the Census in 1918. Since 90 per cent or more of the Negroes lived in the South during most of this period, the volume is concerned mainly with this area. Its statistical essays, tables, and maps are the starting point for Negro history. Until more competent dictionaries of Negro biography replace it, William J. Simmons's 1,100-page *Men of Mark* (1887) remains, for all its shortcomings, a standard reference. Of more limited interest but more permanent significance is the *Proceedings of the Constitutional Convention of South Carolina* (1868). With its Negro majority, the Reconstruction convention wrote the first democratic constitution of the state, a constitution unchanged until 1895, and then only to deny its benefits to a majority of the state's citizens, the blacks.

One of the most admirable decisions the editors made was to reprint George W. Williams's huge two-volume *History of the Negro Race in America.* Williams was the father of Negro history and his book, published in 1883, is a monument in American historiography. The rhetoric will sometimes jar modern readers, for he has leaders "consumed with the sacred fires of patriotism," and God giving "all the races of mankind civilization to start with." But those are the shortcomings of the times rather than the man. George Bancroft could write such things in the same period.

What is impressive about Williams is his sense of the high seriousness of his calling. "Not as the blind panegyrist of my race," he wrote, "nor as the partisan apologist, but from a love for *'the truth of history,'* I have striven to record the truth. . . ." The true correction of bias and prejudice and distortion in Negro history is not eulogy and apology and panegyrics, but rather the spirit that informed the work of George Williams.

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THE FRONTIER BEYOND THE MOON

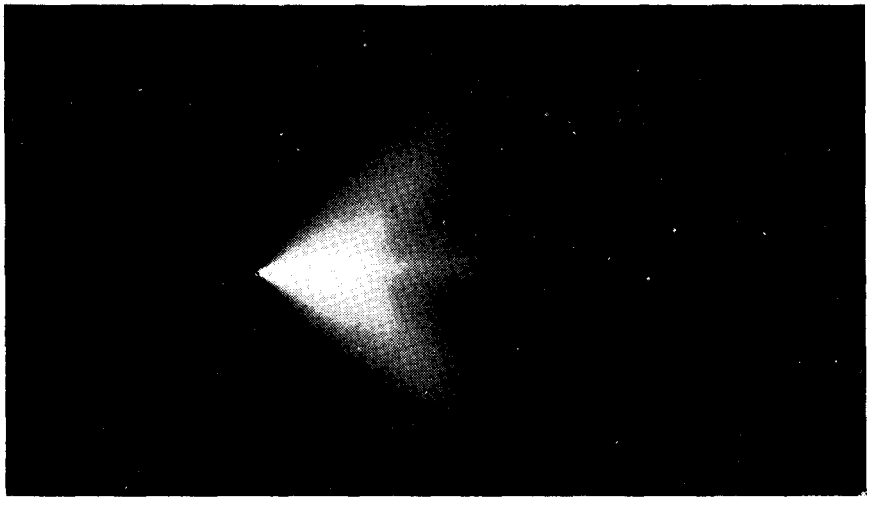
Report on Apollo 8

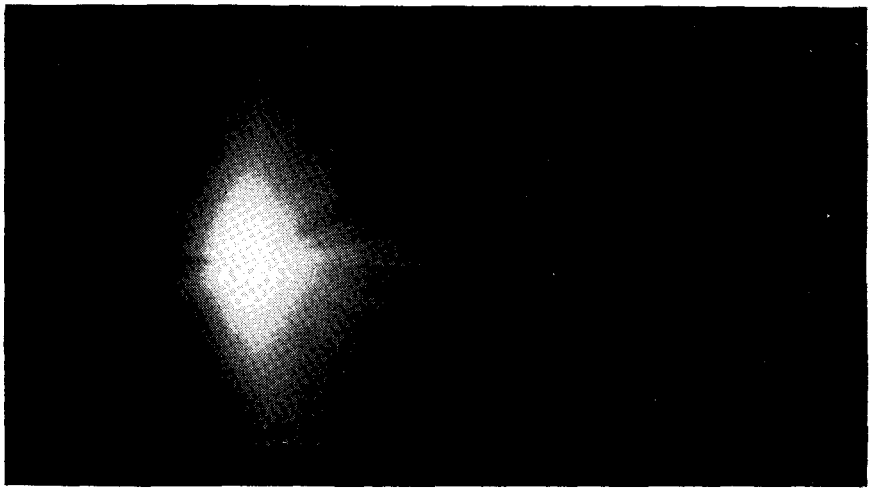
By JOHN LEAR

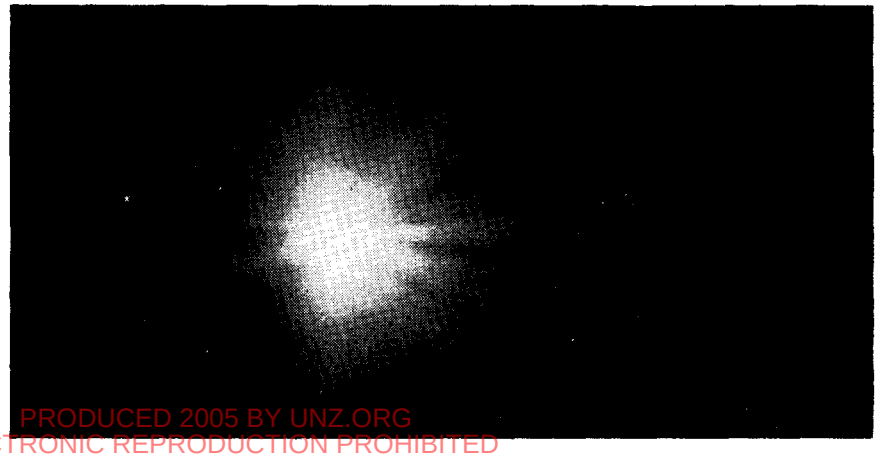
AFTER ages of dreaming about the possibility of it, and more than 2,000 years of writing the dreams onto paper, the human family during Christmas week of the year 1968 sent a messenger from solar planet No. 3 to circle the planet's solitary moon ten times and then come home. The trip was made in six days by *Apollo* 8, a robot spaceship guided by robot mathematicians to which living astronomers had taught orbital equations worked out by Johannes Kepler, a German genius who set down a theoretical scheme for visiting the moon three centuries and six decades ago.

Apollo 8 carried a crew of three: Colonel Frank Borman, of the U.S. Air Force; Captain James A. Lovell, Jr., of the U.S. Navy; and Major William A. Anders, also of the U.S. Air Force. They shared sights of the close-by moon, the distant Earth, and the interior of their sailing cabin with hundreds of millions of TV-watchers all over the Earth. Thus their voyage became the grandest single episode in mankind's long adventure.

Having survived the gambling of his life on the dependability of the laws of physics, "fail-safe" technology, and the vagaries of the solar wind, crew chief Borman could be—and was—forgiven for







—Photos from Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory at Mt. Haleakala, Maui (Hawaii).

***Apollo 8* was about 106 miles out from Earth and southwest of a point above Hawaii, skirting the edge of the planet's atmospheric lagoon, when it fired its engines to head for the moon at 10:44 a.m. Eastern Standard Time on Saturday, December 21. The historic moment was recorded on film by cameras at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory field station atop the 10,000-foot-high volcano cone of Mt. Haleakala on the island of Maui. Scan photos [right] downward to watch the spaceship turning moonward out of east-bound Earth orbit. In bottom shots, *Apollo 8* is seen through its own luminous exhaust.**

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flippantly characterizing the moon as "American cheese." Soviet Science Academician Leonid Sedov came closer to the mark of history with his observation that *Apollo 8*'s exploit "goes beyond the limits of a national achievement and marks a stage in the development of the universal culture of earthmen."

The multiple risks entailed in the *Apollo 8* expedition could not conceivably have been dared without the impressive string of Soviet achievements that preceded it. The Russians were not only first to orbit a satellite around the Earth but first to orbit a man, first to send an unmanned ship around the moon, first to photograph the moon close-up, first to land an unmanned ship softly on the moon, and first to send an unmanned ship from Earth to moon and back.

The National Aeronautics and Space Administration's new acting director, Dr. Thomas O. Paine, put the situation exactly in a single phrase. He said the trip to the moon was "a triumph of the squares—the guys with crew cuts who use computers and slide-rules, read the Bible, and get things done." Because Colonel Borman while circling the moon had read a passage from the book of Genesis to his fellow earthmen, Dr. Paine's remark was narrowly interpreted by newsmen to accommodate that circumstance. A broader interpretation can be made on the assumption that guys who use computers and slide rules are engineers whose scripture is the scientific literature and whose credo is practical accomplishment.

The broader interpretation fits the facts more closely than does the narrower one. Except for the men aboard—and both they and NASA have avoided claiming that they performed any irreplaceable function beyond personal courage and the popular sympathy it evoked—*Apollo 8*'s exquisitely precise voyage was simply a consolidation into one spectacular mission of a series of automatically guided maneuvers of individually demonstrated feasibility. The role of the human crew turned out to be just as American spaceflight pioneer John Hagen had predicted it in these pages five years ago come April ["Navigating the Gravity Wells of Interplanetary Space," *SR*, April 4, 1964].

Writing in *Pravda*, a Soviet specialist in automatic control systems, Academician Boris N. Petrov, pinpointed one area of popular misconception. "The most important moment, one of the most difficult in the entire flight program," he wrote, was the firing of the spaceship's remaining main engine on the far side of the moon to drive *Apollo 8* out of lunar orbit into an earthbound trajectory. He went on:

"The point is that the engine was fired while the spacecraft rounded the hidden side of the moon and thus had no radio contact with the Earth. The astronauts couldn't receive instructions from the flight controller [on Earth]. It is clear to all what could have resulted from human error or from engine failure at that moment. But the astronauts were up to their task and the spacecraft entered the return trajectory close to the computed one."

Mr. Petrov expected *Pravda*'s readers to understand that if the engine had failed to fire, the astronauts would have been as helpless as the flight controllers on Earth. He knew his fellow scientists would understand that if the astronauts had not been aboard, the engine could have been fired by a clock mechanism timed to fit the previously computed shift in orbits.

The frontier that *Apollo 8* has embarked us on is not truly comparable to any of the frontiers we have known. It is a frontier of the mind and spirit—not of brute force. Human daring will be a minor ingredient in its exploitation. The burden of the thrust into interplanetary space will be carried instead by scientific method executed by sophisticated technological devices. Men probably will do a certain amount of exploring the moon's surface, but if present educated guesses prove reliable, that phase will be finished within a year or so after the first manned landings occur. The place is too utterly barren to hold many adventurers for long, even if great natural riches are discovered, which doesn't seem likely. Scientists are first of all people, and they enjoy physical comfort and congenial company too much to endure willingly such alternating extremes of heat and cold as occur on the moon each month.

NASA spokesmen now say that the first American will land on the moon during the latter half of 1969. That estimate may or may not be overoptimistic. The ferryboat that must carry the explorers down from lunar orbit to the moon's surface and back up again before the homeward voyage can begin is not yet in working order. Two of its three tests on Earth have ended in disastrous crashes. At least two voyages—one around the earth and the other around the moon—will have to be safely completed before lunar exploration can proceed. But it is not too early to begin discussing the future. What we decide now we will be committed to for at least a decade and more probably for a quarter century. The impact of the decision could be as great as that of the decision in favor of civilian control of the atom twenty-three years ago.

If we follow the path NASA has followed up to this point, many billions of dollars will be wasted on daredevil stunts focused on the human penchant for physical excitement. If we take the alternate prong of the road fork just ahead, man's understanding of himself and his environment will be multiplied at optimum speed and minimum cost without losing the challenge to human bravery wherever a confrontation is commensurate with its cost to society.

THE laws of celestial mechanics are the appropriate context for the debate. Foremost among them is the law of gravity, the essence of which, originally stated in Kepler's lunar *Dream* of 1609, was later refined into a simple mathematical formula by Sir Isaac Newton. The law says that any mass of material attracts any other mass in proportion to size. The attraction has infinite reach, diminishing in force with the square of the distance separating the masses.

Contrary to observations broadcast one way or another by most reporters of the *Apollo 8* voyage, *Apollo 8* never escaped the gravitational pull of either the Earth or the moon. While awaiting launch on Cape Kennedy in Florida and while afloat after landing on the surface of the Pacific Ocean near Christmas Island, the spaceship was subject to lunar gravity, which causes the tides in terrestrial seas and in the solid crust of the Earth as well. While circling the moon, *Apollo 8* was responding to the relative proximity of that body, but was far from free of Earth's gravity; for it is the pull of the Earth that holds the

—*Wide World.*

***Apollo 8*'s crew: Colonel Frank Borman (left), Captain James Lovell (center), Major William Anders—since promoted to Lieutenant Colonel (right)—"Their voyage became the grandest single episode in mankind's long adventure."**

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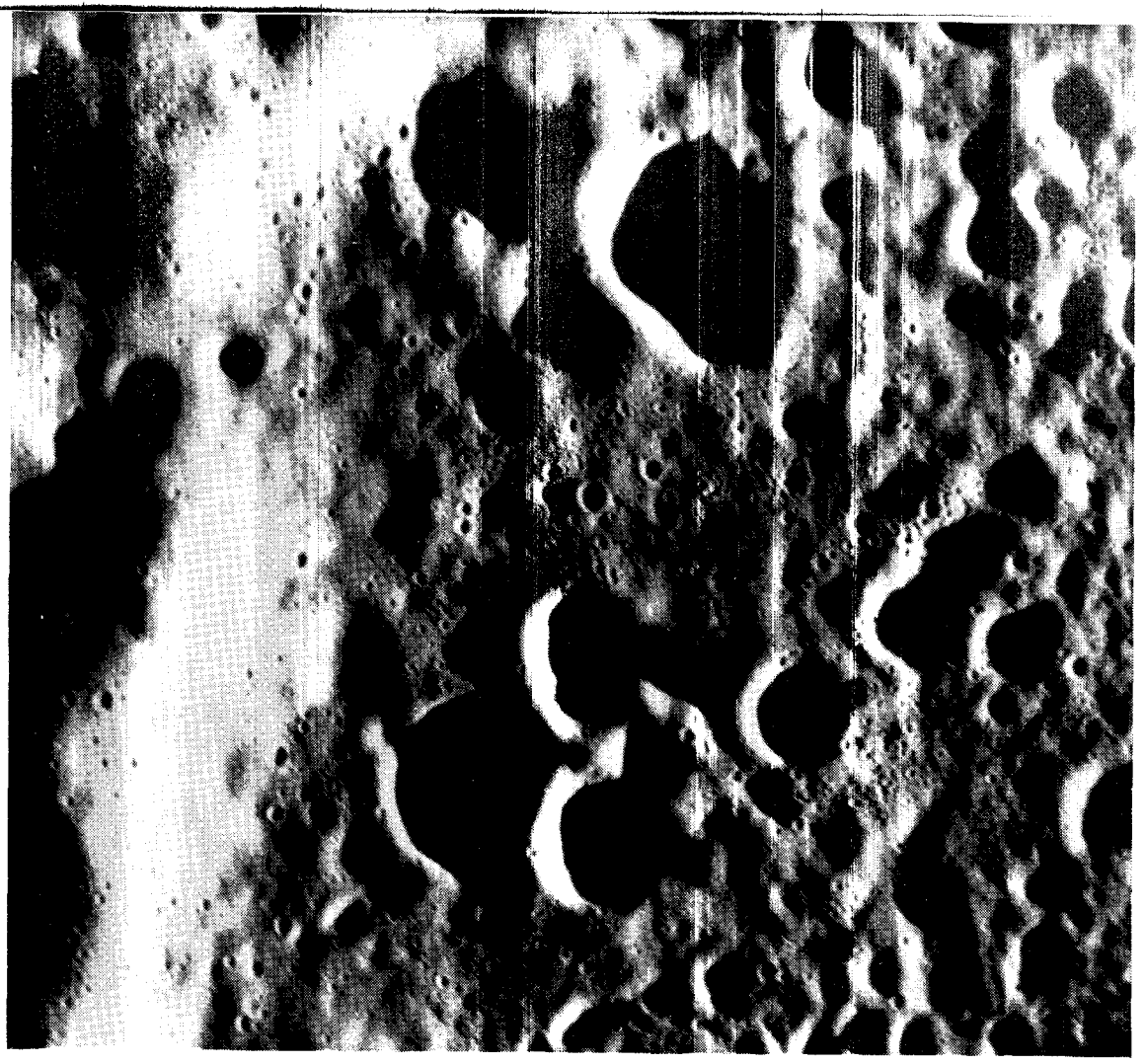

Apollo 8 **closeup photo of the moon—"The place is too utterly barren to hold many adventurers for long."**

moon itself in orbit, and that same pull extends to the orbits of planets Venus and Mars with enough strength to perturb them.

It will be a long while, then, before men travel "out of this world," as *Apollo* 8's crew is alleged to have done. "This world" encompasses at least the whole of the solar system, and some of the problems involved in navigating it are as theoretically intractable today as they were fifty years ago. The interaction of competing gravitational pulls of many celestial bodies is one that has been mentioned by the Space Science Board of the National Academy of Sciences. Another is the interaction of magnetic fields of the planets with the electrified gas in which the planets float. Still others are the turbulence of interplanetary gases and the convection of energy as it shifts from the form of motion to the form of light to the form of heat. American university and college physics and math departments are ill prepared to study these problems; their attention has been diverted in recent years from Newtonian physics to supposedly "more modern" concerns. A major intellectual turnabout will have to precede development of a truly long-range perspective.

We don't know why the Earth alone of the solar planets has oxygen in its atmosphere, or why Earth is the only one of the inner planets with oceans on its surface, or why the moon is so big in relation to Earth. We don't know why Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Mars—the planets closest to the sun—are so much more dense than the planets further out: Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. We don't know why the latter four have satellite systems while Earth has only one moon and Mars two. Nor do we know why the outermost planet of all, Pluto, resembles the inner planets more than it does its closer neighbors.

Such questions may seem remote and irrelevant to everyday life on Earth. Yet the little we have learned from spaceships about the atmosphere of Mars has already drawn attention to important aspects of Earth's atmosphere that were previously neglected. On Mars, for example, energy is transferred within the atmosphere through radiation, and the motions of the Martian atmosphere are related to its interaction with the surface of the planet. What this knowledge will mean to the accuracy of future terrestrial weather forecasts can only be guessed, but the NAS Space Science Board expects valuable consequences in long-range forecasting and weather control.

Problems of these dimensions are genuinely planetary in scope, and ought to be approached from a planetary perspective. If reasonable progress is to be made in interplanetary exploration without draining away money that is needed to make life more pleasant on the one planet where we know life exists, the mission will sooner or later have to be turned over to the United Nations. No sudden transition from a national to a global setting could succeed in the present state of world politics. But a beginning could be made through gradual cooperative linking of Russian and American enterprise. The present standoff in the so-called "moon race" affords an opening to act without loss of face for either the Soviets or ourselves. Another chance may be long in coming.

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Send the Astronauts to Paris

OUR age has not wanted for authorized acts of madness and moral collapse, but it is doubtful if anything in recent history has produced greater feelings of disgust and horror than the recent protracted argument at Paris over the shape of the negotiating table.

It is not difficult to imagine the feelings of a parent whose son was killed or wounded during this period of obscene wrangling over furniture by puny men for whom history may reserve some of its sternest judgments. How do you persuade an aggrieved American or Vietnamese that there are all sorts of profound and politically sophisticated reasons why the kind of table used at Paris is of genuine consequence in the conduct of negotiations? Ultimately, the acts of nations have to be understood and sanctioned not by specialized intelligences with a propensity for indirection but by everyday people who instinctively know the difference between sham and splendor, absurdity and integrity, despair and hope, death and life.

The history of negotiations among sovereign states is littered with grisly examples of statesmen who manage to convince themselves that the smallest question is a matter of towering principle and national honor. The process of argument, rather than the issue, creates its own rules, logic, and momentum. The original issue is often lost in the effort to avoid showing weakness—which is how a conciliatory attitude is generally defined. The need to reach agreement is less important than the need to appear resolute.

It takes two to make a war, and it takes two to make shambles out of an attempt to end it through negotiations. The North Vietnamese initiated the grotesque debate over the kind of table that should be used, and the Americans were unable to rise above it. The North Vietnamese officials attempted to justify their position to their own citizenry by making it appear that far larger issues hinged on the outcome; and the Americans had no hesitation in going along with the same absurdity.

How the citizens of North Vietnam respond—or are permitted to respond—to their government is a matter of speculation. But there need be no speculation as to what Americans, who hold the ultimate power in a free society, should say to their own government. We should demand of our officials that they tell Hanoi we care not a fig about what the furniture looks like, so long as the negotiators stop the killing and decide on a workable and honorable way of bringing peace to a tortured land that has had virtually no surcease from terror and conflict for almost thirty years. The American people have a right to be represented by men who do not cope with idiotic obstinacy by imitating it, or with moral collapse by embracing it.

There is something more vital to our security than the day-to-day record of points won or lost in Paris. This is the historical record we are building as a nation. It calls for moral imagination and all the qualities identified with a leadership stance in the world community. Men like Jefferson, Washington, Hamilton, and Adams understood the importance of a decent respect for the opinions of mankind. They had a conception of a certain role for this nation in human affairs. It was a role that unabashedly sought to put ideals to work in a way that had meaning not just for Americans but for all men who could be inspired by the connection between freedom and a fuller life. This concept of a nation as an arena for human potentialities animated a remarkable group of young Americans, men of high intelligence, courage, and compassion.

Can anyone imagine men like Jefferson and Franklin allowing the United States to squander infinitely precious time while people are dying? Their way of dealing with vapid, ludicrous discussion and debate would not be to share in it but to invoke the full force of world public opinion in creating a mandate for responsible negotiations. Also, if the Constitutional debates are any guide, they would recognize the folly of attempting to seek agreement without an authoritative third party in the chair —in this case, the United Nations.

A world consensus is not merely a marginal convenience but a vital factor in the requirements of American security. There is no point in aspiring to world leadership in the competition with the Soviet Union, China, or anyone else, if we are blind or callous to the adverse effects on world opinion of the irresponsible and pettifogging argumentation in Paris. We can't expect to score good marks with other peoples or to win a high place in history by making a caricature of statesmanship.

It is possible that the most effective and imaginative thing the United States could do at Paris would be to send over the astronauts of *Apollo 8* as our negotiators. The astronauts have seen the earth whole, something the statesmen have yet to do. They at least know this is the only world we have. In their messages from their moon orbit to earth, the astronauts showed they could bring the human situation into focus. Colonel Frank Borman told of the entirely different perspective one gets when he sees the earth as a blue and infinitely rare oasis in a cosmic void. From that station in space, man appeared to be beautifully endowed, incredibly fragile, enormously lucky. His main problem was that he was largely unaware of the preciousness and precariousness of life, often carrying his delusions to murderous lengths.

It is the meaning of man, and not just the shape of a table, that is the real issue today at Paris and wherever men talk about peace. —N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

Relative Likelihood

THE QUESTIONS RAISED in David R. Inglis's article, "H-Bombs in the Back Yard" [*SR*, Dec. 21], are of vital concern and merit serious consideration. Unfortunately, Mr. Inglis weakened his own arguments by engaging in some fuzzy reasoning.

Given the fact that no accidental nuclear explosion has occurred to date, Inglis has no information to support his contention as to the probability of such an explosion occurring near one of our cities or anywhere else. About all one can say, on the basis of his assumptions regarding the number and deployment of warheads, is that *if* an accidental explosion should happen, then the chances of this happening near certain cities will be about 10 per cent as opposed to it happening in the country. But this leaves the joint probability—that of the accident occurring at all, *and* of it occurring near a city—entirely unevaluated, simply because we don't know what the chances of such a malfunction are.

Inglis's reasoning with respect to the relative likelihood of an accidental Soviet missile launch, and the further likelihood of that missile reaching one of our cities appears to be more acceptable. It does seem to require a larger chain of malfunctions to incur a hit of an American city by an accidentally launched Soviet missile than would be required for a nuclear accident of one of our own stored missiles. But we have no factual information with which to appraise such chances realistically.

This is not to say that Inglis's points are irrelevant. Since the military appears to be all-powerful, and, above that, all-knowing, then it may be well for the Congressional Joint Armed Services Committee to require documentation as to quantified U.S. and Soviet missile system and subsystem reliability.

E. F. ZUSCHLAG,
Elmira, N.Y.

The Second President

I AM GRATEFUL for John Lear's fine editorial on The Nature Conservancy ["A Dollar's Worth of Wilderness" *SR*, Dec. 7]. One point I should mention is that I am the second president, the first having been C. H. W. Foster, and that I became president in November 1967.

THOMAS W. RICHARDS,
President,
The Nature Conservancy,
Washington, D.C.

Young and Old

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER 3RD'S article, "In Praise of Young Revolutionaries" [*SR*, Dec. 14], does an excellent job of providing insights into the feelings of many young people. I think, however, that it misses the most important reason for their indifference to the church.

It is not only that "they see too little in the way of action and results." I think it goes much deeper. Young people are very much aware of what the church is saying, but they are also very sensitive to the fact that most of the church leaders and their followers don't really believe any of the basic Judeo-Christian teachings. Young people see that the church does not believe at all that compassion, love, and trust can work either at home or in dealings with other countries.

The young reject institutionalized religion because they feel that the church is ridden with rote and misses the meaning. They are practicing what the church preaches.

MARJI SIMON,
Chicago, Ill.

WHEN MR. ROCKEFELLER STATES that "young people will talk to an older person—even though they may regard him as a member of the Establishment—but only if they feel he is genuinely interested in them," he is still speaking as a member of the Establishment, unconsciously assuming that youth may yet be brought into the fold.

But there is much evidence that the young don't care whether older persons in the Establishment are interested in them or not; they have passed that stage. What they do care about is how they can make the System serve "the people" once more; how to reform government that has become so materialistic it is now "consuming" people. The young no longer believe this can be done by setting up a dialogue with the Establishment.

For instance, members of the Establishment miss the point when they note what they believe is inconsistent behavior on the part of the young. Rockefeller says that, "while crying out to be heard they [the young] often shout down a speaker." But the point is that the young have heard the same speech for years, and to be asked once more to take the speaker, or his message, seriously is to add insult to injury. It does not follow, however, that all speakers are consciously deceiving their audiences; many are conditioned to believe what the Establishment believes. But this doesn't prevent their doctrinaire approach from showing.

As for the "generation gap" of which we hear over-much, does it really exist, or have not people of all ages become increasingly aware of the corruption in government? The only "gap" is in protest styles. The young take to the streets in an effort to be heard, while older people are still trying to communicate with those in power through prescribed channels.

NANCY W. CASSADY,
Charleston, W. Va.

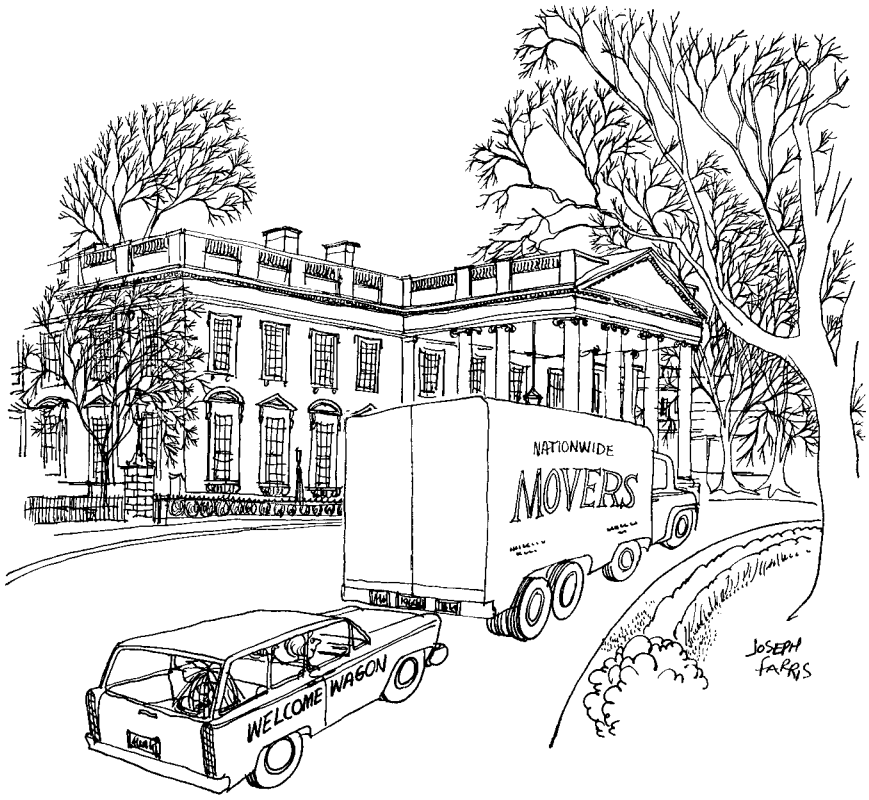
IN VIEW OF the current implications of the word, can we expect much progress from the young "revolutionaries"? While they are talking big theory and making threats, some real revolutionaries are probably around preparing themselves to alter our society, for the better.

There may be some in my high school English classes. They will lead active, fairly wholesome lives and earn tombstones with names on them. We can't wish away war, but by building a civilization we might reduce its devastation. It will be done by the ones who are not waiting for the adulation or apologies of their elders.

TAL G. WILSON,
Redondo Beach, Calif.

IS THERE NOTHING new to be said about the noble, sincere, honest young people in their rebellion against us old bigoted, dishonest, hypocritical elders? Aagh!

JESSE L. MCDANIEL,
Kinston, N.C.



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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

And Now the News

THE RECENT PBL-NET two-hour program that examined "the power and purpose of TV news," *The Whole World Is Watching*, did touch a few times on the basic truth about electronic journalism; but more often that truth was veiled by general references to the First Amendment's free speech and press guarantees which confused the issues. The essential point is that all problems of TV news arise chiefly from its advertiser-supported economic base. Given the wrong choices that our representatives in Congress made when they drafted the original regulatory legislation for broadcasting; given the conventional wisdom that has developed in the public mind about radio-TV—there is simply no way out of the difficulties that disturb and discontent viewers when they consider the quandary of TV news.

Edward P. Morgan, in stating briefly his "personal point of view," came closest to declaring this truth. It's a wonder, he said, that TV news is as good as it is. We're a nation of TV-tube babies with a brand new set of values: the public serves the broadcasters instead of the other way around, as was originally intended. Robert MacNeil, the BBC newsman (formerly NBC) who conducted the program, interviewed, on film at their headquarters, several of the leading newscasters of the three networks, including David Brinkley, John Chancellor, Walter Cronkite, Frank Reynolds, Sander Vanocur, and Mike Wallace.

Mr. MacNeil also talked to network news chiefs and to production executives; and he took viewers behind the scenes to show them how the news staffs go about their jobs in getting their regular evening newscasts on the air. The fairly candid conversations were useful. The newsmen were on the defensive: they pleaded not guilty to charges of bias, slant, and the manufacture of news at the 1968 political conventions, particularly the Democratic convention in Chicago. They acknowledged that their claims to serious journalism were at best modest; and they explained the obstacles that lie in their path as they try to bring analysis and depth to their regular newscasts, when the "name of the game is circulation figures." Audiences must be attracted and held; there is an overemphasis on small actions that make good pictures.

They asserted that "the Establishment" is angry with them for their uncompromising picture of Mayor Daley's power plays both inside and outside the Chicago convention hall; and that Congressmen plan to harass and punish them. The fears of the newscasters are surely exaggerated: Control by the Congress of news content would collide head-on with the First Amendment rights not only of the broadcasters but also, and more importantly, of the listeners and viewers.

Nicholas Johnson (FCC), Richard Doan *(TV Guide)*, and Senator John O. Pastore, who appeared on the program, all agreed that realistically there was no prospect of TV news regulation by the Congress. "The networks and mass media," Commissioner Johnson said, "are now probably beyond the check of any institution in this country." The newscasters erred in raising the First Amendment umbrella equally over their regular newscasts and their Chicago coverage. The newsmen made it very clear that the former serve primarily the advertisers and the networks. The televised convention, though characterized in part by the rules of the same game, nevertheless confronted the people with controversy and was a great national political experience.

The heart of the matter is political speech, the collection and dissemination of political intelligence, not entertainment and advertising, or even news, broadly defined. Truly, this is what the free press guarantee of the First Amendment is all about. The press is traditionally free only in the context of its ability and willingness to serve the political citizen by aggressively seeking out and presenting to him the many facets and colors of spirited political debate. This is implicit in the history of the free press guarantee. In the case of the broadcasters, many legislative hearings, FCC rulings, and court decisions have made it explicit. Where, it may be asked, is the political intelligence (in the deepest sense of that phrase) in the common examples of disasters, crimes, and assorted human interest stories that fill the regular news programs with "small actions that make good pictures"?

There is, we repeat, no solution at present. Things will go on as before, in spite of calls for "prestigious bodies" to study and recommend. Who would wish to follow the example of French TV news (briefly described on *The Whole World Is Watching*), where the Government is absolute master of content? The best solution probably is the BBC system, where a semi-autonomous public corporation, with a fiercely independent tradition, is funded, not by advertising, but by a public tax on the sale of radio and TV sets. The American mind is not ready for that. It may never be. At present, nevertheless, it is important that the First Amendment issue be understood clearly. It is too bad that the PBL program did not bring out the fact that newsmen, while asserting their rights to free speech, are, at the same time, through their professional organization, the Radio and Television News Directors Association (RTNDA), challenging in the Supreme Court the Fairness Doctrine of the FCC, which protects the right of listeners and viewers to hear all relevant points of view on matters of public controversy.

The stakes are very high in this test. Professor Roscoe L. Barrow, of the University of Cincinnati Law School, has written:

> If we lose the Fairness Doctrine, it is highly unlikely that the Equal Opportunities Doctrine (Sec. 315) will stand, and clearly the qualifying of broadcasters on the basis of ability to provide program service meeting the needs of the community would fall. The three networks, through their affiliates, could completely control presidential elections, because one candidate could be given free editorial time and no time permitted to others on a sustaining or commercial basis. Moreover, the Congress, which is now unduly sensitive to the broadcasting industry because of the importance of favorable broadcasting schedules during elections, would be completely at the mercy of broadcasters if the latter were not required to give equal opportunities.

No broadcasters, including newsmen, ought to have such absolute power over our most powerful media, no matter how devoted they may be to truth and honesty and the people's right to know. Judge Learned Hand, in a 1943 case involving the newspaper industry, said: ". . . right conclusions are more likely to be gathered out of a multitude of tongues, than through any kind of authoritative selection. To many this is, and always will be, folly; but we have staked upon it our all."

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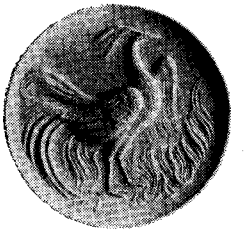
FRED J. COOK

The Outrage of Our Streets



Two new books examine the human prejudices and passions that pit people and police against each other in a confrontation which has shaken the foundations of our society.

"WHEN they arrested me and took me in the police car," said the pretty woman witness, "I was thinking, 'It's true, they really can just pick you up for nothing!' Now I see that the whole business is irrational. Anything can happen; you think life is rational, you know, but it's crazy."

This statement was made not after the Democratic Convention in Chicago, but after a 1966 incident on the streets of New York. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Kaplan, former New York schoolteachers, accompanied by Mrs. Kaplan's cousin, Miss Harriet Weingarten, had been driving home around midnight when they saw a police car displaying a sticker urging the abolition of the Civilian Review Board. The Kaplans knew that this was wrong. It is illegal for city employees to display partisan stickers on city vehicles. So they stopped and asked the two policemen in the car to remove the sticker. The cops refused. Then the Kaplans asked for their shield numbers—and were promptly put under arrest, along with Miss Weingarten, on charges of jaywalking and disorderly conduct for using "loud and boisterous language, causing a crowd to gather."

There had been no crowd, and when this charge was read Miss Weingarten, who had charmed the cops in the station house, gave the younger of the arresting officers a frosty look. When he asked why she was angry, she replied, "Because you lied."

In *Police Power* (Pantheon, 298 pp., $6.95) Paul Chevigny, who headed the Police Practices Project of the New York Civil Liberties Union, comments on her reaction: "We had become so cynical about the charges brought in cases like this that it was hard to imagine becoming disillusioned about discovering a lie." Chevigny merely felt relieved that the lie hadn't been greater, that the police had not preferred an even more outrageous charge like resisting arrest, a favorite standby in such cases. But Miss Weingarten was shocked at what had happened to her and the Kaplans; to her, it was an incredible occurrence. And because it was, it illustrates how far safe, comfortable, middle-class America is removed from the reality of the streets and what goes on there.

The gap between middle-class perceptions and reality—the fateful gap in understanding on which the future health and tranquillity of the nation may well depend—was illustrated in this same case when Chevigny went hunting for witnesses to corroborate the testimony of the Kaplans and Miss Weingarten. He found one, a young girl who had seen the whole incident from her apartment window overlooking the street. As Chevigny thanked her profusely for agreeing to testify, "she merely smiled the smile of superior knowledge and said, 'It is all right. I understand these things. I'm a Puerto Rican.'"

What had been incredible in the "rational" world of Miss Weingarten

FRED J. COOK is the author of *The FBI Nobody Knows* and *The Secret Rulers: Criminal Syndicates and How They Control the U.S. Underworld.*

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

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was wholly understandable, a commonplace of everyday life, in the real world of the Negro or the Puerto Rican—the insane world of human prejudices and passions that pit the people and the police against each other in dangerous enmity.

Why should this be so? The answer may be found in two circumstances: the very nature, the very character, of the average policeman, and the kind of world in which he has to operate—a world that is undergoing one of the great mass migrations of all time; a world in an upheaval of change, protest, revolt. Into this kind of world the average policeman fits like the square peg in the round ho'e. Chevigny cites Colin MacInnes's description of the British police in terms that are universally recognizab'e. The dominant characteristic of the man in blue is "an ingrained conservatism, and a'most desperate love of the conventional. It is untidiness, disorder, the unusual, that a copper disapproves of most of all; far more, even than of crime, which is merely a professional matter. Hence his profound dislike of people loitering in streets, dressing extravagantly, speaking with exotic accents, being strange, weak, eccentric, or simply any rare minority—of their doing, in fact, anything that cannot be safely predicted."

MEN with these dominant traits are now caught up in the tensions of a radically changing world. Federal census figures show that more than ten million poor whites and Negroes moved from rural areas into the cities in the 1950s, a mass shift that has continued unabated in the 1960s. Negroes from the South, who made up the largest percentage of this population shuffle, were heirs of generations of brutalization. They were accustomed to the cattle prod, the nightstick; to beatings and even to murder. They came North predisposed to find the blue-uniformed cop their enemy, and the police of the Northern cities, overwhelmed by this influx of another race, all too often justified their expectations. The result has been a succession of riots, most of them touched off by a police-people confrontation, that has shaken the foundations of American society.

The People and the Police, by Algernon D. Black (McGraw-Hill, 246 pp., $6.95), also deals with this crucial issue of our times. But Black, who was chairman of the now defunct New York Civilian Complaint Review Board, writes in too generalized terms. He explains the role of the police, their duties and functions and problems, taking up much space to cover familiar ground; and though he makes many of the same points Chevigny does, his work lacks the impact of specific detail and incident.

Chevigny, on the other hand, crams a perhaps too lengthy book, one that has a tendency to become repetitive, with the living action of the street. In incident after incident he documents what happens when the ingrained conservatism and love of order of the cop are brought into conflict with the different appearance, the different mores of racial minorities whom he does not understand, for whom he has an instinctive aversion.

Take what happened in Seward Park on the lower East Side of New York in the spring of 1966. A twenty-year-old youth with a police record, the son of Irish parents, had been picked up again, suspected of committing a burglary; a few hours later he was found dead, hanged in his cell in the station house. The case had officially been written off as suicide, but the parents didn't believe it. They told Chevigny that other youths in the neighborhood had been threatened with what their son got, that others had been beaten and arrested.

Investigating, Chevigny learned that on a Sunday shortly after the mysterious station house hanging a group of Puerto Rican boys had been gathered in Seward Park. About 8:30 P.M. two policemen rode their prowl car into the park and ordered the youths out. The police argued later that they did this because stones had been thrown at them from the park, but an overwhelming preponderance of testimony seemed to show that nothing of the kind had happened; that the youths were all mystified about what had set the cops off. The best conclusion seemed to be that the entire neighborhood was jittery after the station house hanging, the animosity in the streets had put policemen's nerves on edge, and on seeing the gathering in the park they imagined a gang organizing for trouble and decided to break it up.

When some of the boys did not move quickly enough to please the police, the rough stuff started. José Rivera, who lived in Hoboken and had come to the park to play softball with some friends, wound up in Polyclinic Hospital with a fractured jaw. Rivera, a slight youth who weighed only 109 pounds, also found himself charged with third-degree assault (assault without a weapon), based on the contention he had kicked and attacked one of the two cops.

In the subsequent trial before a three-judge panel Rivera testified—and others corroborated his testimony—that he had made two injudicious remarks. As he was leaving the park with a companion, he said, "You can't even stand in the park any more." One of the policemen overheard him and rushed toward him, giving him a rough shove. Rivera then compounded his offense by protesting, "I can walk." In an instant, he couldn't. He was felled by a blow to the jaw, thrown into the back of the police car, and savagely beaten. At this point the police had to cover themselves. So they charged Rivera with attacking *them*, with trying to kick and punch *them*. To cover themselves perfectly they needed a confession, but Rivera was obdurate. He denied he had attacked the officers.

"Are you calling the policeman a liar?" one of them asked.

—Maury Englander, Bethel.

Police lines at an anti-draft demonstration in New York City in December 1967—"the dominant characteristic of the man in blue is 'an ingrained conservatism, and almost desperate love of the conventional.' "

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"Yes," said Rivera, and then, according to his testimony, "they kicked me all over the floor" of the station house until finally "I give up." They told him, he said, "If you don't sign them [the papers], we're going to finish you." So he signed. ". . . and then they—this one told me that if I wanted to have myself—hang myself like my friend . . . they were going to help me."

The judges acquitted Rivera of attacking the policemen, but only because they thought the massive corroboration of his story by the other witnesses raised "a reasonable doubt." They made it clear they thought the police were justified in chasing the boys out of the park, and they refused to believe Rivera's story about what took place in the station house.

As for the policemen involved, when asked what they thought about the verdict, Chevigny writes, "one of them replied that they had 'goofed'—they should have charged the defendant with disorderly conduct and resisting arrest as well as with assault." Such charges would have made their case more credible and easier to sustain.

IF this seems shocking to middle-class respectables who live in the "rational" world of Miss Weingarten, it is all too tragically familiar to anyone who has examined in the raw what goes on in the streets. Chevigny cites studies showing that 37 per cent of the policemen interviewed think "disrespect for police" sufficient justification for "roughing up a guy." When the person involved belongs to a class for whom the average policeman has a deep-bred antipathy—a hippie, a peace demonstrator, a Negro, a Puerto Rican—a muttered word, the questioning of the justification for a parking ticket, or failure to move fast enough can trigger the violent response always waiting so close to the surface. Chevigny sums up at one point:

> In dozens of cases a verbal act of defiance is followed by summary punishment and arrest, and the charges against the offender, of course, are drawn so as to account for the events in the street as well as for any injuries to the defendant. Sometimes those who protest the actions of the police are drawn into the orbit of defiance and are arrested as well. The arrest not only punishes their defiance but eliminates them as effective witnesses.

Tragically, there is usually little recourse for injustices of this kind, and the people of the streets know it. Our institutions band together in the protective collusion of authoritative brotherhood. District attorneys uphold the police, even when they know the police are lying, and drop unjust charges only after defendants waive their rights to sue or bring departmental charges. And judges, who are supposed to mete out impartial justice, consider the cops, the district attorney, and themselves parts of a sacrosanct union; they take a single cop's word against that of half a dozen witnesses. The late Timothy Still, Newark's Negro community leader, once remarked to me, about a case in which the court had accepted the word of a lone patrolman over that of seven Negro eyewitnesses, "When that happens, we have no respect."

Paul Chevigny writes: "There is no more embittering experience in the legal system than to be abused by the police and then to be tried and convicted on false evidence. Police abuse and consequent conviction on false evidence are a combination which feeds the impulse to riot; once respect for the legal process is gone, grievances can be expressed only by force."

As Algernon Black points out in his book, this is precisely what happened in Watts in 1965. The Watts upheaval was preceded by a month-long campaign of police harassment.

> Stopping cars driven by Negroes, searches, rough talk, over-ready guns, insults, humiliations—for months these were daily occurrences in an increasingly intense atmosphere of insensitivity to human feelings. The complaints totaled 979 for the year. And there were enough charges sustained to result in discipline of the police force: three policemen were dismissed; eight were required to retire; thirteen resigned rather than face disciplinary action; eighty-eight were suspended without pay; seventy were reprimanded; forty-nine received admonishments, and four received warnings. One hundred fifty-two others underwent some form of "relinquishment." And all of this represented the judgment of the "Board of Rights" of the Los Angeles Police Department itself.

Is it any wonder that finally, as the result of a routine traffic case, Watts exploded?

AS Chevigny concludes: "It is not for nothing that ghetto people have chosen police abuses as the symbol of oppression; it is because they actually *are* acts of oppression. . . . The anger they instill is part of the fuel for the violent uprisings in our cities during the past five years. As an indispensable condition for ending those uprisings, the police must change their allegiance from a private code to a publicly recognized rule of law, and it is only when society itself demands this change that it will take place."

—Maury Englander, Bethel.

Plainclothesmen move in on the demonstrators—"When the person involved belongs to a class for whom the average policeman has a deep-bred antipathy . . . a muttered word . . . or failure to move fast enough can trigger violent response."

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Literary Horizons

Granville Hicks

When I reviewed Iris Murdoch's *The Nice and the Good,* just about a year ago (Jan. 6, 1968), I said that the book seemed to me not quite up to the standard of her best novels. On the whole, however, it was well received, and it is my impression that it had a larger sale than any of its predecessors, perhaps because it falls into a recognizable form, being a kind of mystery story. *Bruno's Dream* (Viking, $5.95) is in my judgment a more characteristic novel and a better one, and I hope it does at least as well.

Love in one form or another, ranging from the purely sensual to the ethereal, is the subject of all Miss Murdoch's novels. Although she is anything but indifferent to the physical aspects of love, she is more interested in romantic love than in sex for sex's sake, and romantic love in her books may be intensely sexual but may not. She is also interested in love in the Christian sense of *caritas,* the love of mankind. It is the variety of love's manifestations that holds her attention and ours.

There are many kinds of love in *Bruno's Dream,* but at the heart of the book is the relationship between love and death. The Bruno of the title is a man well over eighty who is dying of some unspecified disease. The novel begins: "Bruno was waking up. The room seemed to be dark. He held his breath, testing the quality of the darkness, wondering if it was night or day, morning or afternoon. If it was night that was bad and might be terrible. Afternoon could be terrible too if he waked up too early. The drama of sleeping and waking had become preoccupying and fearful now that consciousness itself could be so heavy a burden. One had to be cunning. He never let himself doze in the mornings for fear of not being able to fall asleep after lunch."

Miss Murdoch is determined not to let us forget that Bruno is a dying man and in his appearance a hideous image of death. When his son Miles goes to see him after a long estrangement, he is shocked almost into nausea: "Miles had adjusted his picture of his father. He had imagined the silver hair thinned, the back bent a little, the face more hollow. What confronted him was not a death's head. It was a huge bulbous animal head attached to a body shrunken into a dry stick. Bruno's head seemed enlarged, the completely hairless dome swollen, bulging out over big sprouting ears. The face below, so far from being gaunt, seemed to have gained flesh. The nose was immense, a shapeless heap of fleshy protuberances. Hair unlike human hair sprouted upon it and upon his cheeks, together with fungus-like stains and excrescences."

Despite his decrepitude, Bruno plays an important part in a complicated story. Danby, whose deceased wife was Bruno's only daughter, lives in the house and manages the family's printing business. There is a housekeeper, Adelaide, who for three years has been Danby's mistress. She has two cousins, Will and Nigel; the latter is adept in helping to care for Bruno. Bruno's son Miles, a civil servant and would-be poet, lives in the same neighborhood of London with his second wife, Diana, and her sister Lisa.

Like most of Miss Murdoch's books, *Bruno's Dream* is full of surprises. This is not simply a way of keeping the reader interested; it is an expression of her feeling about the world. Miles reflects near the end: "Everything that had happened to him lately had been completely unexpected. What a terribly complex thing his life must be to be able so utterly to surprise its owner!" If a person is constantly being surprised by himself, how can he fail to be surprised by other people? This is one of the conditions of life as Miss Murdoch sees it.

Bruno's dream is his life: "But there was no God. I am at the center of the great orb of my life, thought Bruno, until some blond hand snaps the thread. I have lived for nearly ninety years and know nothing. I have watched the terrible rituals of nature and I have lived inside the simple instincts of my own being and now at the end I am empty of wisdom. . . . But it's all a dream. Reality is too hard. I have lived my life in a dream and now it is too late to wake up." Nigel, who is a mystic of sorts, says to Diana: "It is mostly a dream, Diana. Only little pieces are clear and they don't necessarily fit together. When we suffer we think everything is a big machine. But the machine is just a fantasm of our pain."

I am tempted to call Miss Murdoch an existentialist, but I'm not sure that I know what the term means, whereas Miss Murdoch, being a trained philosopher, presumably does. All I mean when I use the word is that she tries to look at existence without preconceived ideas about what ought to be so. Wondering whether to choose Diana or Lisa, Miles absentmindedly steps into a church to meditate: "If there really existed an all-wise intelligence before which he could lay the present tangle, even if that intelligence held its peace, the knowledge that the right solution somewhere existed would soothe the nerves." Unable to believe in the reality of such an intelligence, he is overwhelmed by a vision of chaos.

What saves such of the characters as may be saved is love. Nigel, who calls himself "the nonsense priest of the nonsense god," says to Diana when she is contemplating suicide, "Love Miles, love Danby, love Lisa, love Bruno, love Nigel." In a kind of fairytale ending such as she made use of in *The Nice and the Good,* Miss Murdoch takes care of most of the characters. Diana in some curious way is paired with Bruno. She thinks, "I have done the most foolish thing of all, in becoming so attached to one who is dying." But in this "blank unanxious hopeless love" she loses her resentment of others and finds herself. "Things can't matter very much, she thought, because one isn't anything. Yet one loves people, this matters." At last Bruno dies. "She lived the reality of death and felt herself made nothing by it and denuded of desire. Yet love still existed and it was the only thing that existed."

When Miss Murdoch is at her best, as she is in this book, she can tell a fascinating story. One never knows what is going to happen next, and when one has found out, one is more mystified than ever. The reader repeatedly has a feeling that he has almost found the true explanation of this or that—and then it eludes him, just as it does in life. Indeed, extravagant as her novels often seem, "life-like" is perhaps the word that best fits them. As, remembering a ridiculous dream, one is often haunted by a feeling that it was a great deal more "real" than it had any business being, so one looks back on a book of Miss Murdoch's with a puzzled sense that she is a seeker after truth and not wholly unsuccessful. One way of putting it is to suggest that, like Nigel, she is "the nonsense priest of the nonsense god."

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Perspective

J. H. Plumb

"Strange are the ways of men" is a cliché that, like most banalities, has lost the emotional impact it should have. It struck our grandfathers and great-grandfathers more forcibly as they pushed their way into the forests of New Guinea, the Shan States, or "darkest Africa" and laid bare the almost infinite variety of man's social customs and organizations. There were tribes who lived happily in Upper Burma with avenues of piled-up skulls leading to their villages; there were others where it was a monstrous crime to eat with one's mother-in-law, or where it was essential to mutilate the face to make it look like a potato. Some insisted on mutilating the penis while others decorated it with fabulous holders. Breasts were scarred, exposed, or hidden.

In some societies wives might be offered to guests as a necessary courtesy; in others a man might be killed if he looked upon the face of another man's wife. Some cultures permitted one wife, others as many as a man could afford; in yet others a wife reveled in a multiplicity of husbands. In some the sexual posture was as strictly regulated as a Jewish sabbath, in others it was as varied as the human imagination could make it. Among a few peoples it was considered essential to sleep with adolescent boys; elsewhere the same act was punished by burning at the stake. The taboos concerning food were as complex as those surrounding sex, and the complexities of authority and inheritance were no simpler. Social solecisms could throw a human being into a paroxysm of fear, anxiety, or jealousy.

The second volume of Lucy Norton's superb translation of the *Historical Memoirs of the Duc de Saint-Simon*, to be published next month (McGraw-Hill, $10), brings this forcibly to mind. The France of Louis XIV could be as odd as nineteenth-century Burma. A great deal of the book—perhaps the part most charged with emotion—deals with such questions as to whom should the President of the Parliament of Paris doff his hat, or who at a royal funeral should be presented by the heralds with a holy water sprinkler. Apart from the blood royal, only *les ducs et pairs de France* possessed this privilege; hence it had to be ferociously guarded. As one reads Saint-Simon one begins to feel the inwardness of this intensely hierarchical society, the way it could give to the symbols of ambition, power, malice, benevolence, or distinction as much magical power as the Australian aborigines invested in a corroboree, or the Kwakiutl Indians in a potlache. The history of Europe and of America is so familiar to us, so much a part of our natural surroundings, that it is hard for us to realize how many of our customs are as eccentric as anything devised by the tribes of Africa or the South Seas.

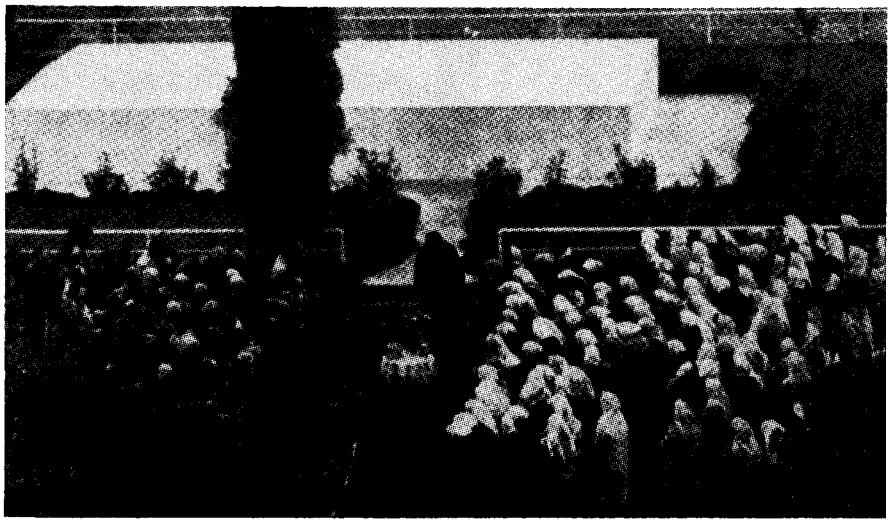
This feeling is intensified by another book of exceptional interest, *The Doukhobors*, by George Woodcock and Ivan Avakumovic (Oxford, $7.50). The Doukhobors occasionally flash through today's headlines when they strip themselves naked and march through the towns of British Columbia, or set fire to their villages, or attempt arson elsewhere. Yet, curiously enough, there has been little scholarly writing in English about these strange people. Their story is remarkable.

The book opens in the Russia of Catherine the Great and ends in 1967 outside the prison of Agassiz, inside which were the members of the sect who had burned and dynamited Canadian property, while outside in makeshift huts and shacks 400 Doukhobors kept a vigil already four years old, waiting for the prisoners to be freed. During the two intervening centuries the Doukhobors had experienced oppression and revolution, with brief intervals of peace.

They were exiled to Finland, Siberia, and the Crimea, were battered by tsars and persecuted by Stalin. But even now they survive in Russia. Those who went to Canada found life easier for a time, until their fanatical beliefs brought them into head-on collision with a man-made government which they do not recognize.

Their religion is simple: Christ is in all men; heaven and hell are states of mind; one's first duty is to those who *know*, and the authority of those who come nearest to being another Christ (*i.e.*, their leaders) is greater than that of any law or government. The social complexities of those simple beliefs and the tribulations it has brought give an epic quality to the story of the Doukhobors. What is even more remarkable is the sheer persistence of their customs. The Amish and other fundamentalist sects show some similarities, but the differences are greater. All authorities, tsarist, Communist, and capitalist, have failed to come to terms with the Doukhobors; both their convictions and the treatment accorded them raise the most fundamental problems of human liberty and social organization.

Reading these two books gives one a comfortable sense of normality, a feeling that both the courtiers of Louis XIV and the Doukhobors are distortions, anomalies, humanity in its more extravagant manifestations—until we take a long, cool look at ourselves. Christian Science and Mormonism are quite as extraordinary in their origin and development, so extraordinary indeed that to those born within these creeds their history is sufficient to confirm their special destiny. For me, however, the oddities of modern life do not lie in the more exotic religions of America and Europe but in things which we take much more for granted, like Las Vegas, Barbie and Ken, honeymooneries, fun cemeteries, and the topless fad in California. The weirdness of these things is brought sharply home in *America the Beautiful: A Modern Guide to Sex, Security and the Soft Buck*, a collection of essays edited by Joel Lieber (David White,



—From "The Doukhobors."

The Doukhobors' annual memorial service at the tomb of their leaders Peter the Lordly and Peter Chistiakov, Verigin, Saskatchewan, 1965.

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$5.95), in which Tom Wolfe's account of Las Vegas is an outstanding piece of reportage, deadly in its implied criticism, and in its prose as vivid as a casino sign. Can any city be stranger to the eye than Las Vegas, where neon lights, whirling, turning, writing in livid colors, obliterate the buildings and blaze across the desert for miles? Can anything be sadder than the lines of old women who wear special gloves to play the fruit machines for hours and hours at a time? Here is a whole city dedicated to the garish fantasies of the middle-aged, in which fading hope and sexuality are commercialized to a degree never before achieved in human history. And yet Las Vegas differs little from a myriad other crude exploitations of the deepest human emotions, from childhood and adolescence to marriage and death, which are part of the American and increasingly of the European scene.

Set against Las Vegas or Topless Compton, do the Doukhobors seem all that strange? Their lives are based on mutual help; among them there are no poor, no abandoned orphans or invalids. They refuse to kill, and they believe with utter sincerity in honest dealing and hard work. They accept distinctions among men, and are not even opposed to moderate economic advantages for their leaders and elders. At the same time, the leaders never take action without full consultation with their followers. Doukhobor society is profoundly aspirational; its members try to attain to the highest reach of their personalities, to achieve "Christness." Is this so much odder than the crude exploitation of human fears, fantasies, and hopes by a society avid for the soft buck?

We cannot be like the Doukhobors. We are welded to industrial society and must live with it. But somehow it has to be infused with some of the Doukhobors' values if it is to be a matter of human pride and human glory. In a world where the force of religion is fading and no longer provides that harsh sanction of morality it gave to our fathers, this will be no easy task. We like to think that all social problems are soluble, but there is no reason why they should be. After all, in 200 years the Doukhobors have found no place where they could dwell without harassment. It could be that ghettos and such towns as Las Vegas will go on and on in stark inhumanity. Maybe; but then again, maybe not. The human capacity to create so many patterns is almost a guarantee of our continuing social evolution. True, societies get stuck in their accepted structures, often for an unconscionably long time, but change they do. Perhaps the day will come when Las Vegas will be a museum city like Williamsburg, to remind us of the quaint habits of our forebears.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Tradition *vs.* Challenge

In reply to Dr. Bernard Mandelbaum [Book Forum, Jan. 4], a book like James Yaffe's *The American Jews* ought not to be read as if one were on safari in the plains of Africa searching for animals called "errors." Errors abound in this book; there are dozens of them. A knowledgeable reader will discover them with ease. But the insider on safari who pounces upon these errors and uses them to convince himself and others that nothing about the book is of significance is hardly engaging in an act of objective criticism.

The errors in this book tell us that Mr. Yaffe's Jewish background is sparse and that he has not paid sufficient attention to those details of ideology and tradition that must be rendered with absolute accuracy if one is to succeed fully in an attempt to present others with an image of themselves. But errors of understanding do not necessarily damage truths of observation. And there are many such truths in Mr. Yaffe's book. Some are just cause for pride; others occasion embarrassment.

It is important to point out Mr. Yaffe's errors; it is self-delusion to discount his truths. The errors are annoying; the unpleasant truths are saddening. Mr. Yaffe's theory of the Jewish "split personality" reveals a basic misunderstanding on his part of the essential nature of the Jewish tradition; but his account of Jewish life in America contains much that is accurate and incisive.

Those of us who are committed to a viable and creative American Judaism do ourselves and the American Jewish community a disservice when we point only to Mr. Yaffe's errors while ignoring the challenge put to us by his truths.

Chaim Potok.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Hero's Author Identified

The fourth paragraph in J. H. Plumb's Perspective for Nov. 30 made my heart beat a little faster. The author refers to a novel called *Something of a Hero* and says that he has "never found any other books by the author, whoever he was."

Many who know him better than I will write to tell you more about the author of *Hero*—J. J. Kapstein. At Brown and among the alumni of that university Mr. Kapstein is a great if neglected writer, an outstanding teacher, a dear friend.

Harold H. Robinson, Jr.
Manchester, Conn.

Unreasonable Expectations

To anyone who has read to comprehend a study of the cultural condition of black men in the world today—the "third world" that Frantz Fanon addresses—Peter Berek's criticism of the Jones-Neal anthology *Black Fire* makes less sense than the quotations from the book that he excerpts to condemn.

Before he so glibly "contradicts" the book's assumption that black art is for black people now rather than for white people, he should acquire some clear measure of the distance between the two. Even such a white man's book as John Howard Griffin's *Black Like Me* demonstrates that the identity problem of the black man is not "quite analogous" in any meaningful way to the problem of white identity in the area of Western cultural tradition.

He criticizes black writers for apparently expecting their art to "conform to abstract ideals of what art ought to be"; but in this confused and inept attack Berek's own implicit expectations seem even more rigid and a lot less reasonable.

Julia Siebel.
Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

Full-Dimensional Women

Sex is a two-way street; the sexual instinct in woman is not wholly maternal but a very real, if often suppressed, part of the feminine psyche. James Joyce has, I think, come closest to rendering woman in her fullest dimension in the person of Molly Bloom, in which he probes not only the external actions but the unvoiced, wholly candid thoughts of a very real woman. Molly's sexuality is not Joyce's; she exists in her own right, human and fully believable.

If lusty women like Molly and Chaucer's Wyf of Bathe fail to appeal to E. V. Wright, I suggest William Faulkner's Dilsey, a magnificent character with "mind, brains, heart and judgment . . . as well as body" whom any woman would do well to emulate.

Joanne H. McCarthy.
Tacoma, Wash.

Wanted: A Jane Austen

In Book Forum for Dec. 21 there appeared a letter signed by E. C. Davis in which the point was that male authors all seem to produce their fictional women out of their salacious daydreams, and not from their wisdom. May one ask why it is that only male authors are singled out for this criticism? After all, men are not supposed to understand women.

The task of relating what goes on inside a woman's head should naturally fall to the lot of a feminine author. Yet, with only a few exceptions, what do we find when we pick up a novel written by a woman? We find that women are depicted as being "a freak with a male mind, a male libido, and a female body," "a cross between a nymphomaniac and a plain maniac—a willing sex object who welcomes every sort of sexual abuse from her man . . ."

Oh, where is Jane Austen now that we need her?

Bruce C. Tyler.
No. Hollywood, Calif.

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Bicentennial Blueprint

***1976: Agenda for Tomorrow,** by Stewart Udall (Harcourt, Brace & World. 173 pp. $3.75), outlines a suggested program to "make all our cities fair, and all our human relations amicable." Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas's books include "Last Clear Chance: The Need for a New Global Federalism" and "My Wilderness: East to Katahdin."*

By WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

In 1776 our forefathers gave a new nation to the world, and 1976 will mark its 200th anniversary. In his new book Stewart Udall urges that we commemorate our bicentennial with Project 76—"a vast project to make all our cities fair, and all our human relations amicable."

1976: Agenda for Tomorrow opens with an inventory of our problems concerning race, cities, education, and environment. There is an assumption that 1945 and the early postwar years were "a fine moment" in American history when our goodness was on display. But even then, the America seen from the hovels of Asia, the Middle East, and the rest of the undeveloped areas was a racist, bigoted, selfish nation.

We are what we are because of influences stretching back to before 1776. We drop napalm bombs on miserable Vietnamese families with the disdain of a Cotton Mather banishing a dissenter to the wilderness. The filth we see in our waterways and along our lake fronts and estuaries is the product of exploitation that is decades old. City slums are still the most lucrative investment; they, like the houses of prostitution, derive directly or indirectly from the most respectable financial houses. The men who built the tenements corrupted local officials, and those who run them keep housing inspectors on their payroll.

There are, of course, many, many sources of disaffection in our society. Each represents a deep core of infection. I mention these matters not to challenge Secretary Udall but to point out that his golden phrases about civic reconstruction and the like involve revolutionary changes. Some people think in terms of a Marshall Plan for the cities under which billions would be poured out to give us lovely, comfortable, healthy, rat-free tenements. But zoning officials, who demand their share, are still in office, and housing inspectors have not changed their spots. Moreover, if these lovely new cities were built by union labor, the work would be mostly done by white men; a cruel discrimination still operates in unions in the construction industry. Once the new cities were erected, the conditions that produced the Watts riots might well still exist.

When problems of our environment are considered, equal difficulties are apparent. For example, new water standards have been set; but marginal industries say they cannot pay the cost of compliance. And so the question facing communities is: Do we want full employment or clean water? On such issues the Chambers of Commerce usually carry the day.

New air pollution standards have been set; New York City's went into effect on December 20, 1968. The greatest default here is on the part of the city, which does not have the money to modernize its 300-odd incinerators.

The race for private lands bordering prospective federal projects is intense. Indiana Dunes was authorized by Congress, but funds were not appropriated. So frenzied private building goes on within that sanctuary.

The truth is that our values are dollar values, and our excellence is in manufacturing and merchandising goods. In other respects we are not much different from those who centuries ago deforested China and eroded the Middle East. We are modern despoilers who can always arrange for a Billy Graham or a Cardinal Spellman to bless our depradations.

It will take a tremendous conversion to make Project 76 a living crusade. If it were profitable to the engineers and their employers, like Mission 66, which

the Park Service dressed up in conservation garb several years ago, it would gain quick momentum. But, while engineering is perhaps our greatest talent, we need other talents for Project 76. We need ecologists to take charge of our urban planning; we need naturalists to handle our highway programs; we need sociologists and psychiatrists and social workers to deal with race relations. We need, in other words, the talents we are most short of if Project 76 is to succeed.

I join Stewart Udall in endorsing Project 76. It can conceivably be a great catalyst. We as a people are capable of great cooperative projects at a local level, and there does exist in black and white communities enough good will to keep us all together. Project 76 is an excellent tool for harnessing these cooperative capacities and for creating an urban and rural America that is decent and liberal. But if it is to succeed, vast changes are necessary.

"Yeast in the Dough"

***The Pornography of Power,** by Lionel Rubinoff (Quadrangle. 239 pp. $6.95), inquires into man's "capacity for an enjoyment of evil." Milton R. Konvitz, professor of industrial and labor relations and professor of law at Cornell University, wrote the recently published "Religious Liberty and Conscience."*

By MILTON R. KONVITZ

Lionel Rubinoff, a professor of philosophy at York University in Toronto, states that it is the purpose of his book "to unveil further the mystery of human existence and to investigate the possible origins of that peculiar behavior that leads not only to the pornographic exploitation of human misery and despair but also to the pornographic pursuit of power (one of the chief sources of that misery and despair)."

Twenty pages later, the author says:

> It is with the not very modest intention of contributing to a new treatise on human nature that the following pages are dedicated. The main theme of this book, inadequate as it must seem to anyone with exacting standards, is the mystery and outrage of man's capacity for an enjoyment of evil and the ease and convenience with which the exercise and experience of power can inadvertently and surreptitiously contribute to that end.

These statements of intention reveal the book's difficulties and failures.

They suggest a replacement for *A Treatise of Human Nature*, David Hume's first and greatest philosophical work, a book that occupies an eminent place in the history of philosophy of the last two and a half centuries, and which is written with a purity of style adequate to satisfy "anyone with exacting standards." But admirers of Hume can be quickly and easily reassured; the famous *Treatise* will continue to be studied and analyzed, and will awaken others, as it awakened Kant, out of their dogmatic slumbers.

Rather than "unveiling further the mystery of human existence," I am afraid Rubinoff's book contributes to it. Instead of investigating "the possible origins" of behavior that leads to the "pornographic exploitation of human misery and despair" and to "the pornographic pursuit of power," the book attacks attempts at scientific study of human behavior, and, by the use of emotive and pejorative terms like "pornographic," "mystery," "misery," and "despair," aggravates difficulties standing in the way of analysis and understanding.

Another serious stumbling block is the

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author's failure to repress his inclination to inject into his discussion serious controversial issues with which he does not deal and which he introduces merely to illustrate a proposition. As a result the reader is diverted from the main point to the question of the validity of the illustration. For example, Rubinoff considers the question whether the early environment of a person should excuse him from responsibility for acts contrary to morality. But, instead of holding rigorously to this subject, he discusses what he thinks Sartre's and Plato's and Aristotle's opinions would be, and whether Plato—"and Aristotle, too, for that matter"—would agree or disagree with Sartre. After a while the reader must be hopelessly confused, and his understanding of the original question is no further advanced.

Another example is the repeated reference to the war in Vietnam as possibly an example of American pursuit or enjoyment of power for its own sake. "Now I must confess," says the author, "that I do not know the answer, nor does anyone else I know of. But it seems to me that we had better start finding out, and soon." At least one reader felt like saying: "Who's stopping you? And until you have the answer, why pose the question on a hit-and-run basis, simply to illustrate what O'Brien may have meant in a speech to Winston Smith in Orwell's *1984*?"

The one theme to which the author returns time and again is that evil in man should not be accepted, nor ignored, nor negated. It should be transcended in the imagination. "It is only," he says, "through the imaginative transcendence of evil that the future of mankind can be secured." How is this to be accomplished? Rubinoff's answer is through creative art and ritualistic religion.

Rubinoff here seems to misapply one of the essential principles of the Hebrew Scriptures and of Judaism: that the "evil urge" is God-given and should not be extirpated but used as the "yeast in the dough." For without the so-called evil urge, as Buber has written,

> man would woo no woman and beget no children, build no house and engage in no economic activity.... Hence this urge is called "the yeast in the dough," the ferment placed in the soul by God, without which the human dough does not rise.... Man's task, therefore, is not to extirpate the evil urge, but to reunite it with the good.

This principle involves the use of sexuality, aggression, and other forms of the evil urge in the daily and hourly activities and involvements of man. It does not exclude art and religious ritual, but it goes far beyond these into domestic, business, and public life. It calls not merely for the wedding ceremony but also for the consummation of the marriage—for the real as well as the "imaginative transcendence" of evil. As Kant noted a long time ago, there is a world of difference between the idea of my having thalers in my pocket and my actually having thalers in my pocket.

THE problem that troubles Rubinoff was formulated by William James in his justly famous essay on "The Moral Equivalent of War." How can we win "the war against war"? The only way, said James, is to make use of the aggressive, martial energies and virtues, patriotic pride and national ambitions for pacific, constructive ends, *e.g.*, by a universal conscription of youth for work on natural conservation, for the mining of coal and iron, for work on freight trains, for the fishing fleets, for clothes-washing, window-washing, road-building, tunnel-making, and for all the other rough and dirty chores that make civilization possible. With conscription for these purposes, said James,

> We should get toughness without callousness, authority with as little criminal cruelty as possible.... So far, war has been the only force that can discipline a whole community, and until an equivalent discipline is organized, I believe that war must have its way. ... The martial type of character [however] can be bred without war.

This is an example of the use of the evil urge in man as yeast in the dough of human nature and society by uniting it with the good. It is an "imaginative transcendence" of evil, not into the realms of art and ritual but into the work and lives of energetic, eager, brave, and adventurous men and women.

Finally, it should be apparent that human history does not establish an ineluctable connection between the good on the one hand and art and religion on the other. Life does not offer the good on such easy terms. Art and religion, indeed, have been as often instrumental to the ends of evil—war, lust, greed, superstition, murder—as to the ends of the good—peace, love, beauty, wisdom, justice. Men have found that transcendence is a two-way street, and that just as one may transcend evil for the good of art and religion, even so one may transcend good for the evil of art and religion.

This means that the moral judgment holds a place of pre-eminence; but in this complex world the moral judgment is hardly helped by identifying power with pornography and the good with art and religious ritual.

High Hopes in the Glass House

***The U.N. and the Middle East Crisis, 1967**, by Arthur Lall (Columbia University Press. 322 pp. $10), uses the peace-keeping organization's formal records to demonstrate its role in the Arab-Israeli conflict of a year and a half ago. Joel Carmichael is the author of "The Shaping of the Arabs" and "Open Letter to Moses and Mohammed."*

By JOEL CARMICHAEL

THE UNITED NATIONS is certainly a serious institution; yet it is often difficult to take it seriously. While many people would agree that the talk-fests in and around the U.N., however interminable, are surely preferable to warfare, and that the organization is consequently meritorious by definition, there is something undeniably deadly about its proceedings.

Arthur Lall, former Indian Ambassador to the U.N., has made a valiant attempt to inject some life—or, at least, liveliness—into the drab records of the U.N. debates by writing a substantial book on the Middle East crisis of May-June 1967. Mr. Lall, at present an adjunct professor of international affairs at Columbia University, is certainly in a position to speak with authority. His book is an eminently fair-minded, judicious, and comprehensive account of the crisis, its immediate background, and some of its consequences. Basing himself squarely on the record, with copious quotations from speeches and resolutions and with much knowledgeable "corridor" atmosphere, he has produced a book that will surely be useful for any aspiring graduate student.

Yet it is just Professor Lall's fairmindedness that to my mind casts into relief the inadequacy of this method of approach to the bitter conflict between Israel and its Arab neighbors. There is a profound difference, after all, between the Arab-Israeli imbroglio and conventional Great Power frictions. The United

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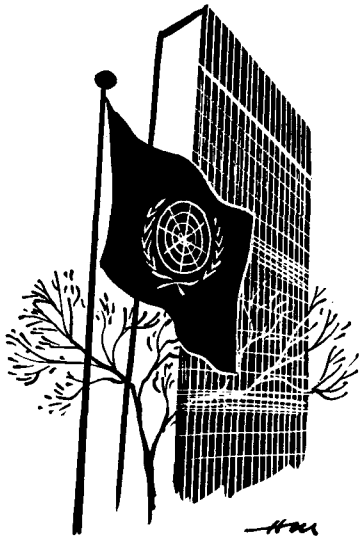
States and the Soviet Union, for instance, are certainly at loggerheads on many matters. Nevertheless, each accepts the other's existence; hence there is a perfectly utilitarian rationale in negotiations between them.

It is plain that the matter stands very differently between Israelis and Arabs. Without exception, the leaders of the Arab countries make no bones about their determination to right the wrong inherent, in their eyes, in the very establishment of the State of Israel. At the same time they are perforce obliged to make use of the machinery of the U.N., either positively or negatively, at one point or another in any crisis that presents itself. It is this curious combination of fundamental intransigence and tactical flexibility that makes the whole debate on this question so elusive



for the observer, and that makes a merely conscientious account of the "positions" of both "sides" essentially superficial.

MY putting the matter in this way is not an instance of partisan bias. On the contrary, the fundamental Arab position seems to me politically, or psychopolitically, perfectly understandable; for its champions it is emotionally gratifying. But this intransigence does not emerge onto the level of the actual debates in the U.N., which is just why Professor Lall's account is bound to leave the observer a little bewildered. He points out, for instance, that the Israelis insist on direct negotiations with the Arabs, who categorically refuse. The observer must think: "Why? Is it a maneuver, or what?"

Yet, given their position, it is quite reasonable for the Arabs to refuse direct negotiations which would be tantamount to recognition. What is not reasonable is the argument they present in the formal atmosphere of the U.N. as a defense of their basic position.

Hence a treatment of the "debate" within the U.N., in so far as it confines itself in a "balanced," "judicious" way to the arguments of the contestants, is really no more than a summary of propaganda that cannot be checked by the student except with reference to something outside the record.

THIS is not, of course, Professor Lall's fault; for that matter, it is not the fault of the U.N. either. Mentioning it at all is simply a way of pointing up what is obvious: in real conflicts the U.N. is merely a decompression chamber for the equalization of tensions between the Great Powers. As Professor Lall often indicates (sometimes inadvertently), it does not play a substantive role, so that even in moments of acute crisis small satellite-type powers like Israel and Egypt pay it merely formal attention and sometimes not even that.

When one recalls the U.N.'s output of millions of pages per year one can only applaud Professor Lall's boldness in tackling this problem by means of the printed record. Yet to make it comprehensible perhaps requires some other method.

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The Debate Is the Thing

The United Nations: A View from Within, *by Ralph Townley (Scribners. 353 pp. $6.95), follows the steps that led to the creation of the organization, and then traces its uneven development. Pauline Frederick is U.N. correspondent for NBC News.*

By PAULINE FREDERICK

SOME PUBLISHERS ARE ALWAYS on the look-out for the so-called "inside story" of the United Nations. Presumably they hope for an international saga of sex and espionage—and what better locale for shenanigans with global ramifications than the pad on the East River where so many exotic world characters congregate? In line with this assumption, fiction writers have tried to construct tales of intrigue about the U.N. (with less than Pulitzer Prize success), while a number of disgruntled ex-employees have tried (with only temporary notoriety) to depict foibles, folly, and fraud in the Glass House based on their own warped experiences. It is obvious that the sensational best-seller about the United Nations has yet to be written.

Meanwhile, after the fiction and the distortions, it is refreshing to turn to reality and credibility in Ralph Townley's *The United Nations: A View from Within*. This story does not claim to be an exposé of sin, international secrets, or the shortcomings of personalities. It is "for the general reader wishing to inform himself about how the United Nations family has developed, for the official entering his country's or the international services, and for the student requiring a supplementary textbook on international relations."

This volume is unique in its inclusion of the first comprehensive study of the United Nations and its specialized agencies to be written by a member of the Secretariat while still employed at the U.N. Mr. Townley has been with the organization for seventeen years, and is currently deputy chief of the Research Division of the Development Program. This personal connection could serve to inhibit frankness, but the author appears to have brought to his task the critical approach of the scholar.

He says candidly: "The history of the United Nations is characterized by the small powers seeking to restrain the Great Powers, to lessen their own dependence upon them and, when propitious, to exploit the differences which exist between them." Mr. Townley asserts that in spite of their differences the Great Powers "have sought to preserve their special status, particularly in view of the tendency of the General Assembly to erode their privileged position in the Security Council." He does not hesitate to take issue with a number of delegates when he declares that in the Assembly "the debate is the thing . . . not the resolutions that punctuate it." The areas of conflict which he finds in the Assembly could be said to prevail throughout the organization. They involve the small powers versus the great, the underdeveloped nations versus the developed, and socialist economies versus private enterprise.

Mr. Townley is equipped by training and experience to offer a more balanced picture of the United Nations than is often seen by the public. Secretary-General Thant and other officials have frequently pointed out that, although political activity accounts for only 15 per cent of the U.N.'s efforts, it receives 85 per cent of the publicity, whereas the global social, economic, and humanitarian programs, which absorb 85 per cent of the U.N. endeavor, attract only 15 per cent of the public notice given the organization. Since Mr. Townley is an economist he rightly gives the attention that is due the development (albeit sometimes painfully slow) of international cooperation in dealing with the social problems afflicting mankind which can create stresses leading to conflict. Even so, there is no assurance that programs for human betterment will restrain men from flinging themselves onto the battlefield over some emotionally charged political issue, thereby seizing the instant headline. The demise of the League of Nations bore despairing testimony to this disregard of the logical. The U.N.'s greatest strain—and publicity—have come from the same source, and probably always will.

IN a graceful style Mr. Townley narrates the steps that led to the creation of the United Nations and then traces the growth of the organization—a growth that has sometimes taken directions not originally anticipated, as when emergency peace-keeping arrangements had to be devised at the last minute because of the lack of big-power unity envisioned in the Charter. For those who wish to be informed without being overwhelmed there are easily grasped tables of facts about U.N. members, peace-keeping operations, and trust territories. Texts of the Charter and the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, as well as a suggested supplementary reading list, are appended.

It is obvious that Mr. Townley is quietly dedicated to the United Nations, but he is a realist who does not expect the millennium. Although in his view the Charter embodies "the cosmological vision of an ordered society," he offers this counsel: "Disillusionment with the United Nations system can be avoided if we separate in our minds, on the one hand, the functions of the system and the extent to which they are carried out effectively and, on the other hand, the lofty aspiration and high hopes within which the United Nations system has its being."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

MUSICAL CHAIRS

Column 1: Titles of operas. Column 2: Names of composers. Column 3: Dramatists, poets, and authors of fiction, from whose works (often of the same title) the operas were derived. Leon Felderman of New York City directs you to join the three in holy harmony. Musical dropouts may turn to page 42.

1. *Arabella* ( )	A. Britten	a. Belasco
2. *Le Coq d'Or* ( )	B. Donizetti	b. Benét
3. *The Devil and Daniel Webster* ( )	C. Gruenberg	c. Crabbe
4. *The Emperor Jones* ( )	D. Massenet	d. Goethe
5. *The Flying Dutchman* ( )	E. Moore	e. Heine
6. *The Girl of the Golden West* ( )	F. Mozart	f. Hofmannsthal
7. *Lucrezia Borgia* ( )	G. Puccini	g. Hugo
8. *The Magic Flute* ( )	H. Rimsky-Korsakov	h. O'Neill
9. *Manon* ( )	I. Rossini	i. Prévost
10. *Mignon* ( )	J. Strauss	j. Pushkin
11. *Peter Grimes* ( )	K. Thomas	k. Voltaire
12. *Semiramide* ( )	L. Wagner	l. Wieland

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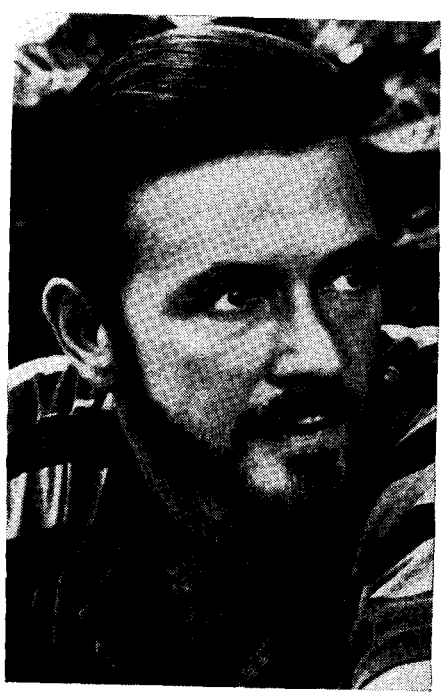
Headmaster's Hang-Up

Good Times/Bad Times, *by James Kirkwood (Simon & Schuster. 348 pp. $5.95), concerns a has-been actor's brilliant son and his experiences at a New England private school that is under the cloud of a seven-year-old scandal. Peter L. Sandberg teaches writing at Northeastern University in Boston.*

By PETER L. SANDBERG

THE PLOT OF JAMES KIRKWOOD'S second novel is simple enough. Eighteen-year-old Peter Kilburn, the bright son of a once successful Hollywood actor now on the skids, is sent with the help of a family friend to Gilford Academy in Saypool, New Hampshire. Gilford, like Peter's father, has seen better times. Once "a sound, well-thought-of prep school with a good standing," the Academy had been rocked seven years earlier by a homosexual scandal involving two of its most prestigious students. The zealous efforts of the new headmaster, Franklyn Hoyt, have failed to re-establish the school, and at the time of Peter's arrival matters have gone from bad to worse.

Headmaster Hoyt takes an immediate dislike to Peter. Had the school not suffered its disaster, Hoyt says, "We wouldn't have accepted you for a minute, not with your background, not with a father like yours." Peter retaliates by making high grades, winning tennis matches for the Academy, and performing, it reluctantly, for the school Glee Club. Hoyt's scorn for the new student quickly shifts to adulation. "Jesus, you're some boy," he says. "Some boy!"



—*George Daniell.*

James Kirkwood—"a fine storyteller."

In the eyes of the demented Headmaster Peter Kilburn becomes the potential salvation of the moribund Academy. Peter himself is more interested in finding a close friend at the school, someone, as he puts it, "that I can really connect with."

He finds that someone in the person of Jordan Legier, a wealthy, sophisticated twenty-year-old who is suffering from an irremediable heart defect. The closer Peter and Jordan become, the more apoplectic becomes Headmaster Hoyt, and therein lies the tale.

THE relationship between Peter and Jordan is obviously homosexual. Jordan sweeps Peter off his feet, showers him with presents, wines him and dines him, whisks him off to Boston and New York, and with his urbanity and thoughtful attentions leaves the younger boy breathless. The development of the relationship follows that of a courtship. At one point Jordan has taken Peter to the opera, and Peter, who tells the story in retrospect, writes:

> I glanced over at Jordan, hoping he wasn't noticing me, but he looked over at me just at that point. In the short time I allowed our eyes to meet he winked at me and when I looked back to the stage he reached over and held my hand, which killed me even more, and I just sat there and let the tears roll down until I started getting extremely wet, at which point I took my hand from Jordan's, fished out my handkerchief and went about mopping-up exercises.

Mr. Kirkwood's novel might not have been weakened by the nature of this relationship had he allowed Peter to accept it for what it was. Instead, Peter expends himself in a not very successful effort to call homosexuality by another name, to put his love for Jordan on some other plateau. In addition to his remarks that both he and Jordan really prefer girls (a claim certainly not substantiated by the story), Peter assures the reader that he and his friend never "did" anything, which is to say they never physically consummated their affair, and that this distinction is meaningful and alters the basic outlines of the friendship. It does not. And, unfortunately, the rationalization tends to interfere with the reader's trust of Peter as an observer and reporter, a trust on which this novel finally depends.

Mr. Kirkwood is, however, a fine storyteller and has written an entertaining book which in both title and performance has its good times and bad times.

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Brickbats and Bouquets

By ZENA SUTHERLAND

TAKE a deep breath and say, "The Department of Program Development for Gifted Children Office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of Illinois." Does it sound exciting? No, it doesn't—but the office runs a program for gifted English students at Bowen High School in Chicago, and there I spent one of the most stimulating days one could have.

The ebullient assistant director, Louise Stanek, had asked if I would come out and speak to two groups, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. They were reading adult books, she said, and knew little about books for teenagers, particularly the "with-it" books of today. Some of them were interested in writing and had talked about writing for children.

There were about sixty in the morning group, most of them reluctant to put aside the school paper, just off the press, and listen to yet another speaker. But they were polite. Suspecting instant apathy, I barged ahead and watched for flickers of interest. Very few had read any of the books I talked about, and one could sense the current of surprised reaction. Interruptions had been invited, but what emerged was an eruption. I'd been talking about a book in which a girl whose mother was Jewish had moved to the small town where her mother's family lived; I had remarked that one incident was illogical. "Oh, no, that's just exactly what *would* have happened," said an indignant girl. A boy disagreed with equal conviction. And we were off. They debated, they challenged, they questioned.

The bell rang, but they weren't through talking. Some of them asked if they could come back in the afternoon and join the second group. As every speaker knows, it is at this point that the shy ones come up with the questions they've hesitated to ask in public. What kind of illustrations do children like? Do illustrations matter? Did I think a book about a summer in Israel would be of interest? Weren't there any books written for young people in which the bad guy won out? Would there ever be?

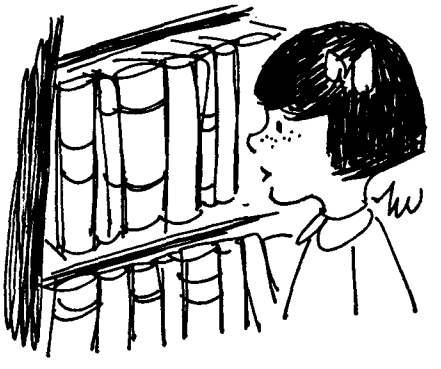
The afternoon session began in the same atmosphere of tepid tolerance; but, prompted by the veterans of the morning free-for-all, it quickly became a forum. This time when the bell rang the people who were really interested—about half the group—moved to an empty classroom.

That last hour was a joy. We talked about styles and trends, about dull reading-list classics, about the difference between adult and teen-age books, about the audience range for humor, about band-wagon publishing and the teaching of literature.

Most of the students read nothing but adult books. Why had I spent so much time talking about teen-age books? they asked. I explained it was because I felt they were missing something that was appropriate *now* if they did not read them. Didn't I ever review adult books? Yes, but since there were so many I chose those I thought particularly appropriate for teenagers, labeling them "For young adults."

One girl with a face carefully adjusted to impassivity said, in a cool tone, "Mrs. Sutherland, you've talked a lot about books that are 'suitable' [note of scorn] for young adults. What do you consider 'suitable'? [note of withering scorn]." It was very quiet. They looked at me and I looked at them, my judges. "Anything," I said, and knew immediately I'd passed an acid test.

There have been two communications from Mrs. Stanek since then. The first was a note: "Having raised three kids, I'm sure you will be prepared for that startling frankness which this age student is able to deliver." With it was a sheaf of questionnaires which three of the students had compiled. It had three lines of print: "Mrs. S. did/didn't turn me off/on." "Brickbats." "Bouquets." I now know that I keep my cool, probably never read adult books, have inspired three *SR* subscriptions, discussed specific books too much, didn't talk enough about specific books, have an okay voice for a speaker, talked about things that have nothing to do with English class, and opened up new fields.



It's the last that delights me. Mrs. Stanek wrote that the school library couldn't keep up with the demand for some of the books we'd talked about. "Unfortunately, most literature teachers have given up in despair after *Seventeenth Summer* and have been assigning adult books to the capable reader. As a result most students have missed a fun phase of reading through lack of exposure. After your visit many of our kids have doubled the amount of reading they're doing. What a pleasure it is to see students reading things they want to read rather than what they must read. Thank you for shifting the teachers' as well as the students' focus back to an exciting but neglected phase in literature."

A Wart Snake in a Fig Tree. *By George Mendoza. Illustrated by Etienne Delessert. Dial.* 30 *pp.* $4.50. Too late for Christmas 1968 but probably destined for a long and happy life is this parody of "The Twelve Days of Christmas." Remember "Deck Us All With Boston Charlie"? The same nonsensical appeal is contained in "On the sixth day of Christmas my true love gave to me/ Six shadows lurking,/Five useless things,/ Four raven wings,/Three cobwebs,/Two bags of soot,/And a wart snake in a fig tree." Each stanza faces a full-page picture that is silly, sophisticated, deft, and imaginative. The music is included. For dafties of all ages.

Story Number 1 for Children Under Three Years of Age. *By Eugene Ionesco. Illustrated by Etienne Delessert. Translated from the French by Calvin Towle. Quist/ Crown.* 30 *pp.* $4.50. The debut of Ionesco as a children's author cannot, alas, be hailed as a triumph. His flights of fancy are humorous and he uses the repetition small children enjoy, but there is a caustic note that seems particularly inappropriate for the intended audience. Josette, just under three, tries to open her parents' bedroom door; they pretend not to hear. Having been out on the town the night before, they want no breakfast, so Josette and the maid eat all the food. Papa wakes long enough to tell Josette a story in which everybody is named Jacqueline; when Josette goes to the store with the maid and meets a child named Jacqueline, she repeats the paternal nonsense. The book ends abruptly with the maid saying, "Don't be upset. These are just the silly stories her papa tells her." Brilliant illustrations combine fantasy and reality to stunning effect; one imposing double-page spread of fabulous beasts includes a small refugee Sendak Wild Thing. Ages 4-6.

A Letter to Amy. *Written and illustrated by Ezra Jack Keats. Harper & Row.* 32 *pp.* $3.95. Still snubnosed but no longer a little boy, the engaging Peter of *A Snowy Day* again braves the elements, this time for love of a lady. To insure that Amy will receive his birthday party invitation in properly formal manner, Peter rushes out into the rain. Unfortunately he collides with Amy at

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the mailbox, and there is some doubt in Peter's mind that she will accept. She does. As the only girl at the party she glows; the boys say, "Ugh," but Peter blows out the candles with a shy, happy, satisfied smile. Keats uses collage most effectively: thunderclouds roil the lowering skies and the yellow slicker below couldn't be brighter or more wet; lightning crackles across the pages. The birthday guests (in assorted colors) are realistically raucous, the story satisfying and low-key. Ages 5-7.

A Paper Zoo: A Collection of Animal Poems by Modern American Poets. *Selected by Renée Karol Weiss. Illustrated by Ellen Raskin. Macmillan.* 40 *pp.* $4.50. There are plenty of nice little books about dear little animals; this is not one of them, the sixteen poems having been chosen with a knowing ear. Jarrell's "Bats" and Eliot's "The Naming of Cats," the fireflies of Frost and the butterflies of Weiss are complemented by the Raskin illustrations, harsh in color (bright green and orange) but in splendidly flowing line and intricately scrolled and convoluted in detail. For reading aloud to ages 5-8.

The Fool of the World and the Flying Ship. *By Arthur Ransome. Illustrated by Uri Shulevitz. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* 46 *pp.* $4.95. While serving as a foreign correspondent in Russia, Ransome collected folk tales which he retold in *Old Peter's Russian Tales* (Nelson, 1916, now out of print), one of which is revived here with charming illustrations. The broad fields and winding rivers of the countryside, the onion domes and magnificently ornamented palaces are a bright pastel backdrop for the shambling, ingenuous peasants who travel with the Fool of the World. He is the traditionally unappreciated third son who hopes to win the daughter of the tsar and is able to do so because of the magical powers of his eight companions in the Flying Ship. Ages 6-8.

The Boy Who Could Sing Pictures. *Written and illustrated by Seymour Leichman. Doubleday.* 59 *pp.* $3.50. The duty of a court jester, as everyone knows, is to amuse the king, and little Ben was very proud of his father, a great jester and a famed storyteller. In the off-season Zoomac toured the countryside. Ben, traveling with him, was asked to sing—and he found that he had a great gift. To people who were sad, he sang of rainbows and sunshine and springtime, and the listeners saw in the air above them visions of all he sang about. "The weary, he sang rested. The hungry, he sang full. The cold, he sang warm. And the great sadness, he sang all away." Although the writing has some awkward turns of phrase, this gentle and intriguing story has refreshing novelty, good pace, and moments of humor. The illustrations are sturdy and vivacious. Ages 7-9.

Brian Wildsmith's Fishes. *Written and illustrated by Brian Wildsmith. Watts.* 34 *pp.* $4.95. No, Virginia, you will not learn much from Brian Wildsmith about the identification of fishes, and even less about their structure or habits. You won't even learn much about the marine terms of assembly that give the book its *raison d'être*: a flock

—From "The Boy Who Could Sing Pictures."

of dolphins, a herd of sea horses, a swarm of dragonet fish. However, if you like beautiful pictures and an abundant but sensitive use of color, you should enjoy this book: just big, stunning illustrations, full-page or double-spread, and the group terms identifying the fishes thereon. Ages 8-10.

Action at Paradise Marsh. *By Ester Wier. Illustrated by Earl Blust. Stackpole.* 127 *pp.* $4.50. Radish had singled out a small fish at his brother's hatchery to be his pet, but he'd never dreamed that the trout, Big Gold, would be instrumental in saving the marsh. The fight to keep Paradise Marsh from becoming a development was won in part by the boy's sacrifice: an alert newsman used a picture of the just-caught monster fish to show that the area could be a sportsman's paradise. As in most of this author's books, the decisive action of a small cast of characters takes place in a rural setting, and here she describes most effectively the beauty of the swampland. There is enough suspense and contrast to keep the book from being an essay on ecology, but conservationists will cheer. Ages 9-12.

Edgar Allan. *By John Neufeld. Phillips.* 95 *pp.* $3.95. "We're going to have a newcomer here at dinner soon," was the first thing the four Fickett children heard about the adoption of Edgar Allan, but it wasn't until they saw him that they found out he was black. The younger children promptly accepted him as a lovable baby brother; the oldest was furious, and twelve-year-old Michael, who tells the story, was worried. And his fears were justified, because a conservative small town reacted by burning a cross on the Fickett's lawn, and Edgar Allan was sent away. Michael was troubled because his father, a minister, had capitulated. Strangely enough, the congregation that had objected to their minister's action was also disappointed in him. There is no melodrama, no stunning climax; people of good will have made a gesture and have not been strong enough to withstand pressure. The story is told with thoughtful simplicity, and the reactions and interactions of the family members are perceptive and convincingly drawn. Ages 10-12.

Foreigners. *By Leo Walmsley. Meredith.* 278 *pp.* $4.95. To the other boys of Bramblewick, Worms was a foreigner, almost at the bottom of the pecking order. His only friend was Chicken, even smaller and less important than he. To add to his troubles, his mother was a sternly puritanical woman who looked down on the villagers, his father an indigent and amateurish artist. Yet Worms loved Bramblewick, loved being near the sea, and yearned to be just like the boys who bullied and taunted him. Based on the author's childhood in a Yorkshire village, the book (published in England in 1935 and now available for the first time in an American edition) has the ring of reality, the essence of boyhood in a little town. The people and the dialogue are strong, the style flowing and natural. Ages 11-13.

The United Nations in War and Peace. *By T. R. Fehrenbach. Random House.* 179 *pp.* $1.95. Beginning dramatically with an account of the Six Days' War in the Middle East, Fehrenbach goes back to the idea of a new international body as it progressed from the 1942 meeting of Allied Nations to Yalta, the San Francisco Conference, and the establishment of permanent headquarters, and then examines all the U.N.'s peace-keeping efforts since the adoption of the Charter. What distinguishes this book from others about the United Nations for young people is the analytical discussions of motive and compromise, successes and failures, and the problems that are inherent in the structure as contrasted with those that have arisen because of national or power-bloc action. Lucid and well-organized, it is as interesting as it is informative. Ages 11-14.

Wonders and Surprises: A Collection of Poems Chosen by Phyllis McGinley. *Lippincott.* 188 *pp.* $3.95. As often happens when a poet chooses poems for his own pleasure, this collection reflects the personality of the compiler. Witty, diversified, and sometimes biting, the selections offer surprises indeed, with a section of traditional ballads, another of nonsense, a vitriolic third entitled "The Poison Pen," and a happy mixture of old and new throughout—nothing heavy, nothing *outré*. Ages 11 up.

The Pigman. *By Paul Zindel. Harper & Row.* 182 *pp.* $3.95. "Maybe we speeded things up a little, but you really can't say we murdered him," John says. However, he and Lorraine know there is nobody else to blame. They have taken advantage of their friend, and he has died. It all began as a prank—one of a series of mischievous phone calls to strangers—and before they knew it, Lorraine and John had become regular visitors at Mr. Pignati's house. Restless and unhappy at home, the two had found the childlike, ebullient elderly man an easy mark, a generous host, and a playmate. The story is unusual in construction, with alternate chapters by John and Lorraine; the writing has vigor, wit, and dramatic econ-

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omy, and the dialogue is superb. Ages 12-14.

Cool, Hot and Blue: A History of Jazz for Young People. *By Charles Boeckman. Luce/McKay.* 157 *pp.* $4.95. A few older people may get nostalgic pleasure out of the roster of famous names as the familiar road from Bourbon Street to jazz festivals is traveled by a former jazz player. Boeckman brings Mezzrow and Terkel up to date in an informally written book that discusses the styles, the trends, the players, and some of the great recordings of jazz classics. Photographs are included, but not enough. Ages 12 up.

On Reflection: An Autobiography. *By Helen Hayes. Evans.* 253 *pp.* $5.95. Affectionate, rueful, rambling, and gay, these reminiscences of one of the great personalities of the stage are studded with famous names, theatrical anecdotes, and small personal moments. A child star who moved easily into major adult roles, Helen Hayes recalls with candor her inadequacies as well as her successes, her indomitable mother and her mercurial husband, her patient teachers and zany friends, and the pleasures and agonies of living with dogs and children. For young adults.

Black Victory: Carl Stokes and the Winning of Cleveland. *By Kenneth Weinberg. Quadrangle.* 250 *pp.* $5.95. How did it happen? How, in a city where white voters outnumber black voters almost two to one, did the great-grandson of a slave defeat the grandson of a President to become mayor? The answer isn't simply the rise of black power, and Kenneth Weinberg, a Cleveland attorney who has been active in the city's political life, gives the facts in a lucid and compelling analysis of the paths to power. This is more than the account of a mayoral race and more than a tribute to the intelligence of the victor; it is a lesson in metropolitan political life. For young adults.

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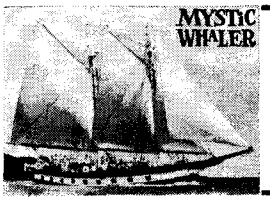
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"I Am Still Here"

Letters from 74 Rue Taitbout, or Don't Go, But If You Must, Say Hello to Everybody, *by William Saroyan (World. 161 pp. $5.50), is addressed to friends, writers, and public figures, most of them now dead, who affected the author's life. Howard R. Floan, professor of English at Manhattan College, wrote "William Saroyan."*

By HOWARD R. FLOAN

WHEN A WRITER TURNS SIXTY it is natural for him to reminisce. William Saroyan's writing has always closely reflected his personal experience, and in his latest book he recalls individuals whose lives have in some way touched his own: family and friends in the Fresno of his boyhood, literary people with whom he has felt some kinship, the dictators of the 1930s. To each he addresses an open letter. The dominant mood is not nostalgic, however, for Saroyan has no wish to return to the past. Although there is a recurring note of *ubi sunt* in the letters, since most of the addressees have long since departed, the implicit melancholy is lightened by Saroyan's somewhat amused surprise at his own endurance and by his abiding conviction that the human personality somehow transcends its time-bound existence. The book's subtitle, a wry wink to the reader, assures him that he too may one day enter into the communion of beautiful people.

It is a book that should not be judged by itself. Its ideal reader—perhaps its only reader—will be one who knows something of Saroyan's entire career, from his meteoric rise to fame in the 1930s, through the shattering effect of the war on his creative sensibilities, to his dogged but on the whole unsuccessful struggle to reshape his art during the years that followed. Such a reader will find interesting information about the background and genesis of some of Saroyan's well-known stories and plays. He will also recognize that Saroyan's lifelong involvement in his Armenian-American past has been essentially a search for identity. It is this personal quest that imparts to the book its most authentic quality. Moreover, it gives the book a broader relevance to American literary history, not only in the testimony it offers to the spiritual isolation of an American writer at the end of his career, but also in reminding us of a long line of writers from Crèvecoeur to the present who have speculated on the identity of the American. Saroyan's present sense of his own uprootedness comes to us as a disquieting though not inappropriate afterthought to such memorable pieces as *My Name Is Aram, The Time of Your Life,* and *My Heart's in the Highlands,* for it is with these haunting glimpses into the uprootedness of the immigrant, surely a quintessential American theme, that Saroyan earned his place in American literature.

His open letters to literary and political figures are of little value. Since he lives in Paris it is not surprising that he has included reflections on such earlier American expatriates as Robert McAlmon and Sylvia Beach. He was not a member of this group, as he himself makes clear, and his remarks add little to our knowledge of them. Always reluctant to speak of the influence of other writers on his own work, he now acknowledges a debt to de Maupassant. But however influential this French author may have been, if one has to relate Saroyan to other writers it must be, at least stylistically, to Sherwood Anderson, Thomas Wolfe, and Ernest Hemingway.

Contemplating the Saroyan of *Letters from 74 Rue Taitbout,* one is brought again to that most sobering of questions about our literary history: Why have so many of our writers been unable to maintain a developing career? This book cannot be regarded as a significant addition to the Saroyan canon. As to the feasibility of offering us yet another book, Saroyan grins good-naturedly and asks us to overlook his audacity: "I write to you, I speak to you, because I am still here."

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 J f, 2 H j, 3 E b, 4 C h, 5 L e, 6 G a, 7 B g, 8 F l, 9 D i, 10 K d, 11 A c, 12 I k.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1328

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1328 will be found in the next issue.

DXQJVAFUH FC UMQ WIO'C

LQISOQCC, NVU UMQ DMFAJ'C

CUXQORUM.

—DMIXAQC AIWN

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1327

Life was surely given to us for higher purposes than to gather what our ancestors have wisely thrown away.
—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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Announcing...

A Quiet Revolution...

in leprosy work

Dr. Silas Singh, a national of India, checks a young leprosy patient. Dr. Singh studied reconstruction surgery at ALM-supported Wm. Jay Schieffelin Training Center, Karigiri, India, and now is Medical Director of the Almora Leprosy Hospital in Almora, India.

Here he started their excellent and widely known program for leprosy operations. Besides patients who come to Almora for treatment, doctors and surgeons also come in order to learn the new techniques.

Dr. Singh makes further use of his training by traveling to other hospitals and helping set up programs for this special surgery. Because he had the opportunity to learn about reconstructive surgery at an ALM-supported Training Center, leprosy sufferers throughout northern India are now benefiting from his knowledge.

And Dr. Singh is only one example of how the ALM Training Program helps leprosy work overseas.

We are trying to put the leprosy "colony" out of business! Our program this year emphasizes:

1. Early diagnosis and treatment of patient in his home or at a clinic, rather than a leprosarium.
2. Training qualified persons, not funding institutions.
3. Integration (that word!) of leprosy work into general hospitals. This means breaking down ignorance, fear, prejudice and discrimination even among medical personnel.
4. Total rehabilitation of leprosy patients.

In other words, we believe leprosy patients should be treated like any other patient with a serious disease—not "put away," or isolated from human love.

And we believe that the best way to do this is by training medical persons, equipping them with the latest scientific tools, and sending them on a "mission" —a crusade—to revolutionize the treatment of leprosy patients.

Won't you help? Here are a few examples of our program for this year:

TRAINING GRANTS

Dr. and Mrs. Pandi, from India, both M.D.'s: We are sending Mr. Pandi to Johns Hopkins University for special study in Epidemiology. He will be the first epidemiologist at ALM's Wm. Jay Schieffelin Leprosy Research Institute, in South India, working on pilot projects that will benefit leprosy patients throughout the world. Cost: $4,500.

Dr. Paul Getty, Ganta Liberia, now undergoing training in reconstructive surgery under American Leprosy Missions sponsorship at Karigiri, South India. Cost: $2,500.

Faye Nelson, Liberian Registered Nurse, special training at Addis Ababa to be Dr. Paul Getty's assistant. Cost: $750.

Mr. Etwaroo, from Guyana, a cobbler, to study at the United States Public Health Service Hospital at Carville, La., so he can help others in making special footwear, without which treatment and prevention of crippling ulcers of the feet would be impossible. Cost: $500.

These are only a few life and blood illustrations. Altogether we are responsible for the support of 17 U.S. overseas personnel, plus several hundred national workers.

Your gifts will help finance this quiet revolution. $25 is the average cost for reconstructive surgery of a hand. $200 will buy a wax bath for physical therapy. $1,000 will provide a scholarship for a medical doctor to study leprosy. $5,000 will support a doctor overseas for one year.

By the way, leprosy can't be transmitted via our receipts, so why not send your check in today?

Sincerely yours,

O. W. Hasselblad, M.D.
President

Dear Dr. Hasselblad

Yes, I want to support your "quiet revolution" to wipe out leprosy. I enclose my gift of:

☐ $25—hand surgery ☐ $50—hospital care for a child

☐ $200—wax bath equipment ☐ $1,000—leprosy study scholarship

☐ $_____other

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SR 19

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"Play it again."

Criminal Record

Fact

The Murderer's Companion. *By William Roughead. Introduction by James Nelson. Norton.* $5.50. The framer of this great compilation (1870-1952) was Scotland's supreme gift to the company of great true-crime historians. A noble reissue.

The Red Barn Mystery. *By Donald McCormick. Barnes.* $4.95. One of those types of case that used to stir rural England to composing ballads and flocking to hangings, this one thrilled the populace in the 1820s. Author has delved to good purpose.

Fiction

By the Pricking of My Thumbs. *By Agatha Christie. Dodd, Mead.* $4.95. Tommy and Tuppence Beresford, long time unseen, do the detecting in this semi-gothic tale.

The Last Mayday. *By Keith Wheeler. Doubleday.* $5.95. The hot line keeps up a continual chatter as this yarn runs its thrilling course from Kremlin to Pentagon to the bottom of the Mediterranean. A real crasher, beautifully written.

Past Praying For. *By Sara Woods. Harper & Row.* $4.95. Antony Maitland, English lawyer, is here aligned with the prosecution in a double-header trial that produces some fine fireworks.

My Favorite Suspense Stories. *Selected and with an introduction by Maureen Daly. Dodd, Mead.* $4. An unusually choice assortment of the genre, including examples by Thomas Hardy, C. S. Forester, Samuel Hopkins Adams.

Merry Go Round. *By Richard Martin Stern. Scribners.* $4.95. U.S. airline hostess's disappearance sets wheels moving all over, not all of them on landing gear; there's a motor trip from Cherbourg to Switzerland which sounds most attractive; plot thickens as air clears.

The Bamboo Screen. *By Simon Harvester. Walker.* $3.95. Malcolm Kenton, British purveyor of heavy machinery, is in dire peril from Chinese Reds on business trip to eastern Asia; background nicely sketched in as usual, and blood flows freely.

An Easy Way to Go. *By George Harmon Coxe. Knopf.* $4.50. Kent Murdock, picture chief, Boston *Courier*, is in Grade A jam when he discovers a brand-new corpse on a living room floor (and not his living room). Suffers from overitemization.

The Three Cases of Shomri Shomar. *By Henry Klinger. Trident.* $6.50. Three full-length novels make up this recital of the exploits of an Israeli police lieutenant whose cases take him to New York, Texas, Connecticut, Haifa, the Adirondacks. Come again, and soon!

After the First Death. *By Lawrence Block. Macmillan.* $4.50. After doing time for a killing, the narrator faces a repeat performance. The seamy side of Manhattan life is stressed in this well-handled job.

Stranger with My Face. *By Patricia McGirr. McKay.* $5.95. If you like mistaken-identity puzzles (some readers can't abide them) this should be your dish. U.S. girl is main character; setting includes Portugal, Italy, Yugoslavia.

The Maracot Deep. *By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Introduction by John Dickson Carr. Norton.* $4.95. This fine example of the great storyteller's competence with science fiction first appeared in book form in 1929, the year before his death. —SERGEANT CUFF.

Chess Corner—No. 131

THE source of the Italian term "*fegatello*" might be a cookbook, but hardly anyone would suspect a chess book. For *fegatello*, which means "fried liver," is also the name of a variation of the Two Knights' Defense. In chess, it seems to denote that the attack is "easy as eating fried liver."

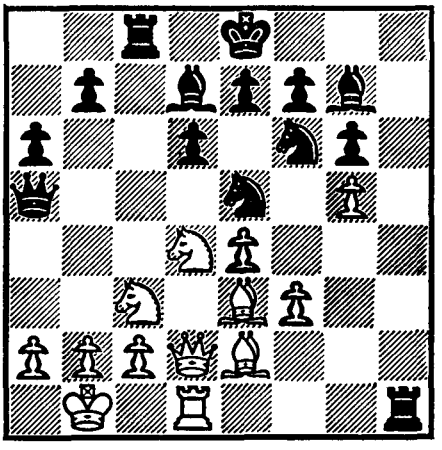
Many foreign language words are in the chess lexicon, though not all are so far removed. *Fianchetto* (also Italian), is a wing development, or the posting of a Bishop at QN2 or KN2. And *isolani* is a concoction of sorts, used by grandmaster Nimzovich for an isolated Queen Pawn.

J'adoube, French for "I adjust," is said in connection with adjusting a piece under the touch-move rule. And *Zugzwang* (German) describes the compulsion to move, or the situation of a player whose moves are so restricted that any move he chooses will impair his defense seriously or fatally. And *Zwischenzug* (also German) is an intermediate move or a move interpolated before a necessary or expected move, such as a retaliatory capture, exerting a threat that the opponent cannot ignore.

En passant (not in the usual chess sense), move 18 in the game below, is the *Zwischenzug*. White captures a Bishop, instead of recapturing his Queen, in Tal vs. Anonymous—a beautiful game in a simultaneous exhibition.

SICILIAN DEFENSE

Tal White	Anonymous Black	Tal White	Anonymous Black
1 P-K4	P-QB4	8 Q-Q2	B-Q2
2 N-KB3	P-Q3	9 O-O-O	Q-R4
3 P-Q4	PxP	10 K-N1	QR-B1
4 NxP	N-KB3	11 P-KN4	P-KR3
5 N-QB3	P-KN3	12 P-KR4	P-QR3
6 B-K3	B-N2	13 B-K2	N-K4
7 P-B3	N-B3	14 P-N5	PxP
		15 PxP	RxR



16 PxN	RxRch	19 P-N8/ Qch	K-B2
17 NxR	QxQ	20 QxRch	Resigns
18 PxB	K-Q1		

—AL HOROWITZ.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Ballet Sorcery

THE MAGIC-MAKING ballet duo that has earned the awe and won the adoration of the world of dance worked sorcery at the box office as well as on stage for the Festival of Dance 68-69 at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Attendance had been very poor for events which, on Broadway, would have invited capacity audiences. (see WORLD OF DANCE, Jan. 4). Then, during the second week of the American Ballet Theatre's four-week season, the pair appeared, and the great and lovely old opera house was filled. Who were they? Carla Fracci and Erik Bruhn, of course.

Of the truly great dance duos, Fracci and Bruhn re-create and relive the Age of Romantic Ballet (1832 and on for two or three decades) more convincingly than any other. And it is also very possible that they have attained a perfection in style and in step that no other closely linked *prima ballerina* and *premier danseur* can equal. Indeed, during intermission times for their *Giselle* and *Coppélia* performances, you would have overheard, as I did, such expressions as "they are the greatest," "were they perfect, or am I wrong?" "I just don't believe I saw what I think I saw, it was so wonderful," plus multiple adoring sighs. Professional dancers, as well as knowing balletomanes and the casual, "show-me" public responded alike. Fracci and Bruhn made magic.

It had taken a little time for the partnership to reach a peak that was both esthetically and commercially rewarding. When I first saw Miss Fracci—it was on American television—I found myself pleased, mildly, but not unduly impressed. A decade before, I had seen a handsome young Dane perform pleasantly with the American Ballet Theatre as a junior soloist. Then things began to happen. Bruhn, with the Royal Danish Ballet and the American Ballet Theatre, and as a guest artist, went forth to win international stardom. Miss Fracci, from a country which at one time produced some of the greatest ballerinas in the history of ballet and which has been pretty much of a ballet desert for seventy years, quietly emerged as the greatest Italian ballerina on the international scene since Carlotta Zambelli, *étoile* of the Paris Opera Ballet at the turn of the century, and the last major Italian dance star to appear in Russia (1901).

Five months ago, Fracci and Bruhn gave New Yorkers a superb *Giselle* with the American Ballet Theatre at the Metropolitan Opera House. In Brooklyn, they gave us what may well be the most flawless (technically), the most magical (theatrically) *Giselle* within memory. In far less than a year (see WORLD OF DANCE, Aug. 3), the Fracci-Bruhn *Giselle* has become *the one*.

Militant balletomanes will protest in defense of their favorites: Fonteyn and Nureyev, first of all, and then other duos, in other roles, such as Plisetskaya and Fadeyechev, Sibley and Dowell, Simone and Kronstam, Maximova and Vasiliev, Sizova and Soloviev, Villella and McBride, and others.

The actual relationships are important to the evolving of a major ballet pair. Sometimes they are married; sometimes romancing; sometimes best friends. They may be of the same age or of disparate years. Fonteyn is fifty and Nureyev is just thirty, yet by some alchemy, he gave her a new career as she, in turn, gave him a career he might not have had without her.

Bruhn, at forty, has found his catalyst in Fracci, his junior by close to a decade. Youth mated with maturity appears to be productive. The public, naturally, would like to believe that Dame Margot and "Rudi" were, in the words of the columnists, an "item," and they feel the same about Fracci and Bruhn. Onstage, they produce romance, but offstage the relationships are characterized by affection, admiration, and a great deal of sweat stemming from hard work. The four, incidentally, are the best of friends and revel in taking ballet lessons together.

Fracci and Bruhn, in the American Ballet Theatre's Brooklyn engagement, had the public cheering and weeping for

—Photos by Martha Swope.

Carla Fracci and Erik Bruhn in the American Ballet Theatre's production of *Giselle*, staged by David Blair of England's Royal Ballet—"In far less than a year, the Fracci-Bruhn *Giselle* has become *the one*."

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their *Giselle*, which, in David Blair's staging, is very possibly the best in the world. But we already knew that the prince of *danseurs nobles*, Bruhn, and the fragile Fracci, epitome of the chaste female, would carry us into another world as Giselle and Albrecht, peasant lass and nobleman, in a ballet about a love that transcends death. They have done the same in the Danish ballet classic, August Bournonville's *La Sylphide*, and in Bruhn's own version, as a *pas de deux*, of *Romeo and Juliet*.

But who would have thought that they would have triumphed in ballet's greatest comedy classic, *Coppélia*? Yet they did. Bruhn, though elegant as a *danseur* should be, was not a prince but a youth filled with ardor and daring and mischief, while Miss Fracci was a pert lass, impudent and defiant, all smiles and *fouettés*. Somehow, the perfectly spun *fouettés* came as a surprise because Miss Fracci, in other roles, gives the impression of being delicate, of being a creature to be guarded ever so gently. She is, of course, as strong as a horse, and the physical virtuosities of ballet present her no problems at all.

Technically strong as she is, Miss Fracci, stagewise, has her own thing—*"su cosa propia,"* as Enrique Martinez, the company's Spanish-speaking ballet master and stager of the troupe's brand new, captivating *Coppélia* might say—and that is the same feminine softness and a bit of lostness that Alicia Markova projected, and which made every male want to leap to her defense. To save us the effort, there is Bruhn to do the job for us, and far more handsomely than we could do ourselves. And so it is that with Fracci and Bruhn, an Age of Romance is reborn into our own bloody, sordid, dirty, almost hopeless Age of Violence.

In World War II, a young Fonteyn, successor to Markova in Britain's Vic-Wells-Sadler's Wells-Royal Ballet, along with her fellow dancers, told her countrymen, through *The Sleeping Beauty*, that there would be a tomorrow, an awakening, although bombs were falling and fires raging. Fracci and Bruhn, in *Giselle* and in *Coppélia*, are doing a similar service in an even more tormented age. Escapism? Of course! But beyond that, consummate dance artistry by two who, while being fashionable, are fashioning their own immortality in the annals of dance.

(The American Ballet Theatre has other impressive highlights in its season—great performing, a lovely new duo, a smashing new ballet by Michael Smuin, discovery of a new costume designer, and other memorable excitements—but for this report, the spotlight must fall only upon Carla Fracci and Erik Bruhn, the extraordinary ones.)

SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

The Movies' Five-Foot Shelf

THE LAST TIME I undertook a roundup of books on the film, I ended with the lament that most American publishers, apart from the university presses, seemed to be strangely ignoring the medium, and suggested that perhaps the American Film Institute might provide seed financing to get manuscripts into print. The Film Institute can relax, at least in this area. The past year has seen the publication of more film books than the entire previous decade!

Without question, the most phenomenal expansion has been in the field of the paperbacks, with entire series now being offered by such well established firms as Dutton, Doubleday, and Simon & Schuster. Simon & Schuster actually has *two* series, one of modern film scripts (such as *Alphaville*, *The Bicycle Thief*, and *Jules and Jim*), the other of classic film scripts (*The Blue Angel*, *Grand Illusion*, *Potemkin*, etc.), all in excellently prepared reading versions and illustrated either by stills, frame enlargements, or both. At $1.95, only members of the Writers Guild can be unhappy: The editors apparently adhere to the *auteur* theory and refer to each picture as "a film by . . ." the *director*.

Also director-oriented is Doubleday's new "Cinema World" series ($2.95), published in association with England's middle-brow *Sight and Sound* and the Education Department of the British Film Institute. Handsomely produced (there is also a hard-cover edition), the studies include monographs on such acknowledged *auteurs* as Howard Hawks and Alain Resnais, as well as a useful compendium of critical writings on "new wave" directors and theories, compiled by Peter Graham. Dutton, which has included several film titles in its Vista Picturebacks (*The Silent Cinema*, *New Cinema in Europe*, works on Hitchcock and Greta Garbo), now has moved into the field of paperback originals with its recent critical studies of the films of Josef von Sternberg and Ernst Lubitsch, lovingly prepared by Herman G. Weinberg.

Directors also dominate the list of movie paperbacks currently being published by the extremely film-conscious University of California Press, but edited, designed, and printed in England (which still originates far more film books, both hard-covered and paperbound, than we do). California Press editor Ernest W. Callenbach, Jr., selects from Ian Cameron's Studio Vista series those monographs of special interest to American readers—Buñuel, Ford, Franju, Stroheim, and Laurel and Hardy make up the current list—and releases them, heavily illustrated, in a unique, square format at $1.95 a copy.

Of somewhat broader scope is the "International Film Guide" series, edited in England by Peter Cowie and co-published by Zwemmer in England and in New York by A. S. Barnes. Although their list includes studies of such directors as Joseph Losey, Resnais, Orson Welles, and the inevitable Hitchcock, there are also well considered examinations of the French and Swedish cinemas, musicals, Westerns, and horror films, animation, and such comedians as Buster Keaton, the Marx Brothers, and (in one volume) Chaplin, Lloyd, Keaton, and Langdon. The "International Film Guide" also publishes an eminently informative annual that surveys international production trends and personalities, reviews outstanding films of the year, reports on festivals, shorts, animated films, archives, and the like; as well as a *Dictionary of the Cinema* by Peter Graham that includes more than 600 definitions of film terms and brief biographies of film personalities

(*Continued on page* 50)

Passed A Swan

By Sonya Dorman

PASSED a swan this afternoon.
Same one I'd seen crinkling
lake water sealed to the belly
of his image.
Passed him lunging for a scrap
in roadside rubble,
an angel
with wings wrenched back,
orange legs spraddled
among burnt stumps
and flattened beer cans.
Passed him in the old car
going north by the palisades,
surprise clamped to my brow
all the way home.
Same as when I saw a dolphin
leave the ocean throwing away
diamonds. Saw his flukes say:
so long! as he sounded.
Keep carrying with me the dancer
who turns in fathoms of blood
or stamps among stones
where no one expects him.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Giulini in Verdi; Concerto in Exile

THERE WAS fine Verdi to start the new year at Lincoln Center, which should be cause less for surprise than for gratification. The surprise, if any, was that it was not at the Metropolitan Opera, which was passing one of its infrequent Verdi-less weeks, or at the New York State Theater, where the New York City Ballet, not the City Opera, is "in." It was, rather, at a New York Philharmonic sequence, as Carlo Maria Giulini continued his engagement as guest conductor by providing one of the rare local hearings of Verdi's Four Sacred Pieces for chorus and orchestra.

As an entity they comprise Verdi's last musical expression, at eighty-two, the summation and retrospect of a career that had begun sixty years before. They might, in the view of some, contain nothing "new"—but what a career and what a retrospect! The man who had come on the scene with not much more than the raw vigor of genius and a decidedly primitive musical equipment left it with much of the vigor spent, but with the musical sophistication he had purchased in exchange.

It shines through each of the four sections but it is especially evident in the opening "Ave Maria." This is based on a *scala enigmatica* published in a Milan musical journal of the time. The artful way in which Verdi embodied its challenging sequence of unconventional skips and intervals within the letter and spirit of an "Ave Maria" is one more demonstration—akin to Gainsborough's *Blue Boy*—that for the master there are no enigmas, only solutions.

Giulini is an opera-bred conductor and, of course, a very good one. This provides him with a retrospect of Verdi's career indispensable to a full realization of these works. But he also digressed to the symphonic side of the musical equation at a sufficiently early age to have acquired, while relatively young as conductor's careers are reckoned, the touch, the feeling for balance, the awareness of fine tonal distinctions to embody the sophistication in Verdi's writing.

It was, thus, one of those happy occasions when a conductor with a superior suitability for a rarely heard work of quality set it forth clearly, cleanly, and with a dewy-fresh sense of creativity. This was especially evident in the two *a cappella* ("unaccompanied") sections: the "Laudi alla Vergine Maria" and the opening "Ave Maria." How a choir performs such exposed writing is always a measure of the distance between the better and the best ensembles. Giulini took the excellently disciplined personnel trained by Abraham Kaplan and turned it into an ideal instrument of his, and Verdi's, purpose. This stressed, for a difference, not so much power as finesse, not so much volume as detail, conveyed through a quality of sound not so much projected as floated. Given this understanding of what they should do when singing alone, it was relatively easy for the Camerata Singers to fulfill Verdi's needs in the "Stabat Mater" and "Te Deum" where they had the support of the Philharmonic instrumentalists.

Earlier in the evening, Giulini had negotiated the musical terms for that support in a warm, supple playing of the C-minor (No. 4) Symphony of Schubert, prefaced by a somewhat less supple, cooler playing of a D-major (Op. 11, No. 8) *Concerto a Quattro* of the eighteenth-century Francesco Bonporti. The sequence being what it was, the rising involvement in Schubert, thanks to his own surging enthusiasm for the work, was nearly total. The size of the ensemble (eight double basses and other choirs in proportion) was dangerously close to excessive, but the strong feeling in the performance justified the muscular means employed.

Earlier in the week, Giulini repeated a program first performed prior to the holiday interlude, in which Rudolf Firkusny was the soloist in the Second Piano Concerto of Bohuslav Martinu. This was the one wholly non-Italian program of Giulini's guest tenure (assuming that the reader shares the writer's view that the all-Mozart program with which he began his engagement was, at least in part, Italianate). It also included the Concert Music for Strings and Brass of Hindemith and the First Symphony of Brahms.

The Martinu is one of those oddly exasperating works whose rehearing (it dates to 1935) first persuades the listener that it has been unjustly neglected and, after a little while, reveals exactly why it has not been universally accepted. A product of Martinu's period of residence in Paris (where he spent the years between thirty-three and fifty before coming to the United States), it is a reminder that there is much more Frenchness in Martinu's musical make-up than is commonly recalled.

What emerges is a curious kind of Parisian music-in-exile, a genre which began, probably, with Frédéric Chopin, whose revolutionary Polonism was recollected in the tranquility of Mme. Sand's salon; went on to include works of Glinka, Albéniz, and Falla, not to mention Gershwin's *An American in Paris*. All of these (and many more) found the boulevards and the cafés pleasant places in which to summon up recollections of things past but not forgotten.

Martinu's exercise in home thoughts from abroad is a curious mixture of naïveté and sophistication. The material is redolently folkish, appealing and fresh. What undoes its charm is the recurrent indication that Martinu was determined to write a virtuoso piece which would have a strong appeal to pianists of all backgrounds. The outcome has a rather contradictory likeness to a bevy of peasant maidens whose

good looks have fallen into the hands of an overeager cosmetician. The sense of unjust neglect conveyed by the attractive material is offset by arpeggios, embellishments, and chord-slinging, which soon become irksome.

Firkusny's identity with the work is hardly surpassable, since he was the soloist when it was first performed in Prague in the mid-Thirties. He made the most of all its legitimate attractions and did his best to disguise those which border on the illegitimate. Fervor, empathy, style were in strong supply throughout. Giulini's musicianship was well adjusted to Firkusny's Martinu, less to his own estimate of Hindemith and Brahms. The Concert Music was, on the whole, ably supervised, but the Symphony was replete with point-laboring, overstress on minutiae to the detriment of totality, and an insufficient sense of overall line. Given an orchestra with the Philharmonic's indoctrination in Brahms, Giulini would be well advised to go their way rather than striving to make them go his.

If it's worth saying it's worth saying into a Shure Microphone

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Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

Tallyho Touring in England

KNOWING SOMEWHERE in my sleepy subconscious that I was going fox hunting in the exurbs on the morrow, I was, I suppose, not so surprised to be awakened by the sound of hoofbeats. It was only when the staccato tempo was embellished by the blare of a horn that I became fully awake and realized that I was still in London. The employment of a horse in London is not so uncommon, but the sound of an automobile toot is a rare offense to the ears. There are few Londoners who wish to risk the £10 fine that is levied—quite sensibly I think—on those who recklessly shatter the nerves of the populace.

"I blow my horn once a month in dire emergency," Miss Sally Bealey told me an hour later as she drove me through the streets of London on the way to the country where some unsuspecting fox lurked unaware of my approach. Miss Bealey drives her little cream-colored sedan all over Britain in stiff-upper-lip control, showing tourists whatever they demand, even if it means plowing through a coal mine in Wales. She had been chosen to take me to a fox hunt near Aylesbury, a town some 35 miles northwest of London, not only because of her patience and endurance but also because of a keen knowledge of the sport, dating from her seventh year. "My mum was so afraid I'd get hurt in those days," Miss Bealey said, "she used to come along in a car and try to follow my horse wherever it went."

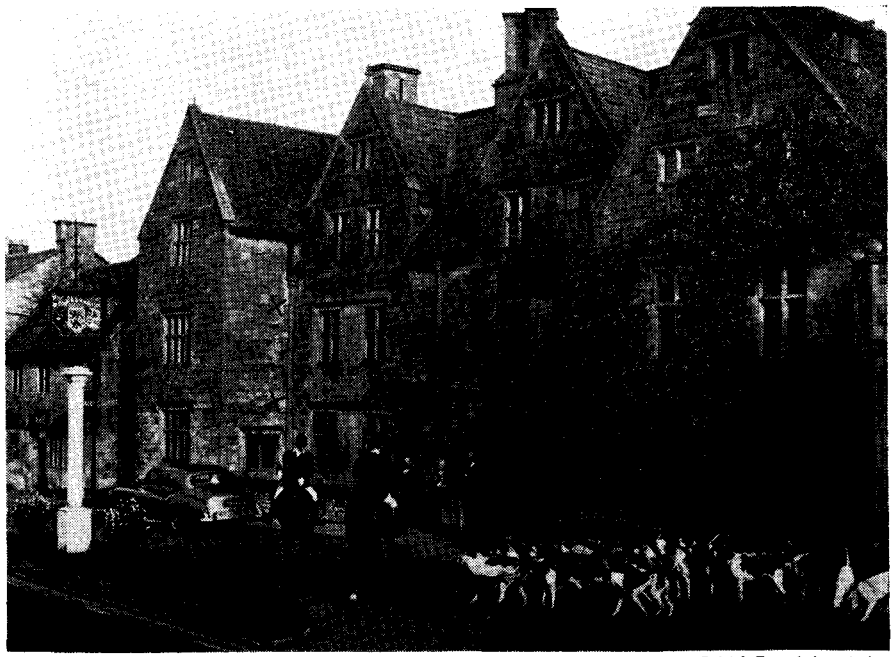
Neither of us was prepared to ride that day; in fact, owing to the rain-slippery roads, we weren't prepared to reach the meet in time for the gone-away blast. Still, it was good to be rolling through the filmy-green late November countryside. While it was the first time Miss Bealey had taken a tourist to a hunt, there is nothing to prevent sojourning horseback riders from joining the many fields, or at least following along in cars as we elected to do. Now is the peak of the fox-hunting season, which lasts from November to April.

A tourist who doesn't think to pack his riding habit or ship over his favorite hunting horse can buy the clothing for about $300, the hunter for $850, and hire livery service for $20 a week. The full getup includes boots, a red hunting jacket (bright as blood but traditionally called "pink"), breeches, top hat, waistcoat, stock, gloves, and hunting crop—a mindless investment for an American unless he intends to join a fox-hunting club at home or to attend a lot of costume parties. It would be wiser to rent the gear at Moss Bros., which Londoners pronounce as it appears: Moss Bross. The horse would rent for $12 a day. One needn't bring his own dogs, or as they are known here, hounds. There are slightly more than 200 packs in Britain, an increase of twenty or more since the turn of the century, when Oscar Wilde described the sport as "the unspeakable in full pursuit of the uneatable." How to sign on with the "unspeakable," where to hire a good hunter—it's all in the weekly *Horse and Hound*, the *Variety* of fox-hunting circles, available for 18 cents at London bookstalls.

Fox hunting no longer enjoys its once high-hatted exclusiveness. Like other institutions of postwar Britain, it has opened the door a crack to the less privileged classes, people who have never owned—horrors!—a top hat or waistcoat. One explanation is that hunting's elite doesn't control as much land or money as it did in John Peel's day, or even in Sally Bealey's youth. "Very few people can afford two horses these days," Miss Bealey said, sounding a trifle nostalgic. "Even in my childhood there was nothing rare about owning two horses and riding them alternately in the hunts." Things have changed so much that the still stately London *Times* reported recently: "Some people were surprised a year or so ago when the Banwen Miners' Hunt in Glamorgan hit the headlines. What, they wondered, were workers doing in this allegedly aristocratic *galère*?"

We arrived at the meeting place, outside The Boot pub near Aylesbury, just minutes after the field had downed draughts of sherry and bounded away "in pursuit of the uneatable." Miss Bealey picked up the scent, though, and turning down a narrow side road, she soon located the hunt, attended by a long line of motorized followers. The field—there were gray-haired men, pretty young girls, smart middle-aged women—hung about in a group not far off the road near a lopsided shack, while across a meadow the huntsman and hounds surrounded a cover, or thicket, hoping to scare up the fox. Then I heard the first hoarse cry of the horn, and the hunters were off, galloping across the sodden field, sending a flock of sheep lumbering into the mist.

We fell in behind the lead cars and went bumping over back roads, past thatched farm houses, thick hawthorne and may hedges, stopping now and then to wait and listen, while off on a hillside hidden by cottony fog, the hounds yelped at their unseen quarry. Once, we lost the field and the followers. Retracing our route, we came to the lopsided shack where the hunt had begun and there met three farmers standing in the rain, in no hurry to catch up with the field. One of them, with squinty eyes and a heavy proboscis, volunteered to lead the way. Then from beneath his coat he drew a small silvery horn, letting out one long blast. "This 'ere Yoink wants to see the fox, 'e does," the man said, chuckling. "We don't mind making a



—*British Travel Association.*

Fox hunting, Buckinghamshire—"attended by a long line of motorized followers."

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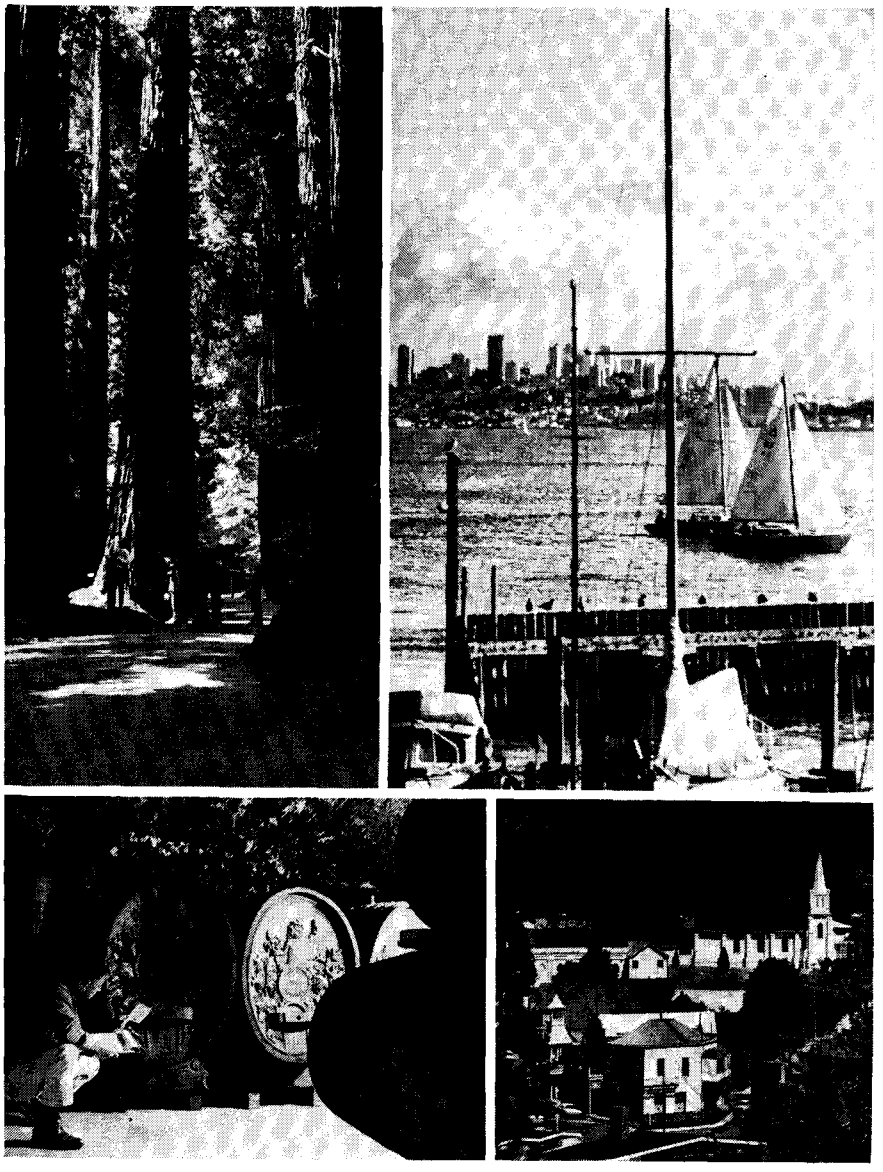
little noise. We won't hang." He blew the horn again. "Yessir, we need you Yoinks. You're all we have, you are."

So we followed the three farmers for several miles, finally sighting the field at the foot of a hill. The other followers, many of them husbands and wives, sat in cars and panel trucks drinking soup and whiskey, waiting in the gloom for the fox to appear. Miss Bealey said the weather may have discouraged anti-fox-hunt demonstrators from coming out. Some 20,000 Britons are members of the League Against Cruel Sports, which objects not only to fox hunting but also to stag hunting, hare coursing, otter hunting, and badger digging. The League prides itself in lawful, mannerly behavior, but a group known as the Hunt Saboteurs routinely lays false, chemical trails to help the fox escape. Miss Bealey, who is a confirmed huntress, nonetheless shuddered at the memory of seeing the fox torn to pieces. "The idea is to get the hounds off the fox so that something is left," she said. "Then the huntsman cuts the mask (head) off and gives it to a member of the field who has ridden particularly well. Then he"—she shivered with revulsion—"rubs the blood on the face of a newcomer to the field."

Up the road I met two more farmers standing in the rain on the edge of a pasture, waiting, watching, dripping. Twice we saw hounds scampering after hares, before the huntsman called them back. The two farmers, one old, the other only thirty or so, didn't think there was much chance of a kill, but they weren't budging. A kill is a rare event, even more so when the fox gets an assist from the weather. "The fox, 'e's about four to one, isn't 'e, Maurice?" the older farmer said. "Yuh," said Maurice, turning a cigarette between his lips to spread the dampness uniformly. The two farmers, and all the others lined up beside the road, impressed me as the hardiest sort of sport follower, the antithesis of the fair-weather fan. I would have less sympathy for a Philadelphia Eagle fan sitting in the snow waiting for a touchdown against the Baltimore Colts. I am not saying I was wishing the followers (or the field) a kill. If anything, I was inwardly rooting for the fox.

Not so weatherproof as my fellow fans, I left the hunt in the third quarter. By that time the fox, favored by the fog and four to one, didn't need my support.

—D.B.



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We think you'd enjoy meeting a few of the neighbors. Just across the Golden Gate, for example, there's Sausalito, with its quaint shops and waterfront restaurants. In nearby Muir Woods, you can stroll among the world's oldest living creatures: giant Coastal Redwoods. Further inland, you can pan for gold where 49ers once did. Or sample vintage wines in the vineyards of Napa, Sonoma, Livermore and Santa Clara Valleys. It's all only a short distance from San Francisco. The problem is, once in San Francisco you may not *want* to leave. But that's another story. To get it, send for a free copy of "This is San Francisco".

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Night on the Town

THIS IS NOT a sour-grapes indictment of London's late-hour nightclub scene—I have been gouged more deeply in New York, bored more heavily in Las Vegas—as much as it is a puzzlement. I want to know why outlanders gravitate to the sickly swimming blue lights and net-stocking lineup when there's so much else to do in London. One would think there is enough of that at home. I have no quarrel, mind you, with the tourists who spend day and night at London's widely celebrated tables of chance; gambling often is the sole purpose of the trip, and gambling the man will do, until his shopping-bag laden wife arrives to drag him off to the plane.

I am not suggesting that visitors to London occupy themselves merely with things cultural. If the thirst is for Watney more than Wordsworth, one can choose from hundreds, even thousands, of pubs with a broad range of clientele and ambience, from the Prospect of Whitby, where seamen and tourists raise a sing-along din reminiscent of Munich beer halls, to the Admiral Codrington in Chelsea, relaxed, thick-walled, dark-timbered, indeed so "atmospheric"—as the British say—as to seem almost bogus. It has been estimated by some perhaps tipsy statistician that Britain has 30,000 fewer pubs today than before the war, but even so, an ambitious pub-crawler could devote his life's work to trying them all, and never the same one twice. I suppose the British grow weary of hearing foreigners complain about the early closing hour—11 p.m. in London and 10 or 10:30 in the provinces. Even then, any Yank who applies his well known initiative can locate a club or after-hours pub still pouring pints of bitter, still buzzing with good talk.

It is the conventional cabaret-style nightclub scene to which I object. It smacks of nothing indigenous, nothing British. *Almost* nothing, I should say. At a New Bond Street glitter palace I was served an English breakfast of fried eggs, bacon, toast, and tomato—free of charge as the menu advertised. Otherwise I stumbled over one misrepresentation after another. The night clerk at my hotel had supplied me with free temporary membership cards to all sorts of clubs, but upon my arrival at Bond Street I was asked for a one pound-ten ($3.60) admission. When I mentioned who had sent me, I was told I was very lucky, that without a card I would have had to pay the full twenty guinea ($50) membership. Ever grateful, I paid the $3.60. The show was described on the gratis postcard at my table as "the most extravagant seen in Europe," but it looked for all the world like an (undressed) Ed Sullivan act. My waiter tried to leave a full bottle of scotch with me, but I handed it back and got off for the $1.50 he charged for a single drink. After I'd sawed through the last of the bacon I went back to the hotel, stopping at the front desk to bid my friend the clerk good-night.

—D.B.

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Movies

Continued from page 46

(although it is neither as inclusive nor as readable as Leslie Halliwell's *The Filmgoer's Companion*, published by Hill & Wang at $12.50).

Among the hard covers, the event of the year has been the appearance of Kevin Brownlow's wonderfully nostalgic, painstakingly researched, fantastically detailed survey of the silent era, *The Parade's Gone By* (Knopf, $13.95). By weaving together material from the fan magazines and the trade publications with his own firsthand interviews of surviving stars, directors, and cameramen, Brownlow evokes both the excitement and the wonder of an art being born before our very eyes—and for evidence that it really was an art, he offers some 300 rare stills and frame enlargements, all beautifully reproduced. More modest in scope, but scarcely less important as a research tool for future film historians, is Kemp E. Niver's *The First Twenty Years* (Historical Films, $7.95), a detailed, technical examination of some 100 films preserved from that early period.

Also valuable is Andrew Sarris's bulky compendium of *Interviews With Film Directors*—forty of them (Bobbs-Merrill, $10); and the new, enlarged edition of the now classic *Technique of Film Editing* by Karel Reisz and Gavin Millar (Hastings House, $13.50), which goes far beyond mere "how to do it" considerations. It offers an entire esthetic for the medium, as does the late Robert Gessner's *The Moving Image* (Dutton, $8.95), although Gessner concentrates on the narrative form. The year also saw full-length biographies of Walt Disney and Pare Lorentz; an exceptionally scholarly study, *Shakespeare on Silent Film* by Professor Robert Hamilton Ball (Theatre Arts Books, $12.50); and the collected prose of such critics as Judith Crist, Pauline Kael, and Rex Reed.

Confirming the current enthusiasm not merely for film but for the literature of film has been the astonishing success of the new Film & TV Book Club (10 E. 40th Street, New York 10016). Formed a little more than a year ago, it now numbers some 2,500 members, many of them professionals in these fields, but also, according to club President George L. George, students, educators, members of film societies, and just plain fans. With their memberships, they receive a free book and from 20 per cent to 40 per cent discounts on the monthly selections. Since the prices of film books have been mounting with everything else the club affords a practical way of adding a few more titles each year to that ever-growing movie shelf within a limited budget.

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The Promise of R & D in Education

THE most dynamic and productive sectors of our society have long been based on continuing sources of new knowledge, and means for speedy conversion of that knowledge to practical uses. Medicine, agriculture, and defense come immediately to mind, as well as the many areas in which scientific discoveries are rapidly translated into technology. Education has never had access to comparable research and development facilities—and has been the poorer for it. But in recent years a start has been made.

Five years ago, the Cooperative Research Act authorized the establishment of a series of Research and Development Centers in education designed to produce basic knowledge that is relevant to the education enterprise, adapt the new knowledge and techniques to practical applications, and disseminate awareness of the new practices, as they are developed, to the education community. To date, nine centers have been established across the country, each based at a major university, and each devoted to the exploration of some vital area of education.

Two years later, the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965 provided funds for a network of regional educational laboratories to strengthen the development and dissemination links in the discovery-to-application chain. To date, twenty regional laboratories have been created.

Although the oldest of the R & D Centers has been in operation less than five years, and the newest less than two, some general patterns in their development are coming clear, and a tentative assessment of the promise they hold for education generally is now possible. The *Journal of Research and Development in Education*, published by the College of Education, University of Georgia (Athens, Georgia 30601), devotes its entire summer 1968 issue (released late last fall) to such an assessment. Each of the nine centers was asked to describe its operation in terms of its goals, the methods employed in pursuing these goals, and an estimate of both present and future success. An introductory essay by Francis S. Chase of the University of Chicago offers a highly informed view of R & D in education generally, as well as a sharp perspective on the nine centers specifically. And a number of concluding essays, notably one by Benjamin S. Bloom, also of the University of Chicago, provide a careful analysis of their prospects for contributing significantly to the future of education.

It is still far too early to reach any final conclusions on the future of research and development in education. There are those who question whether the R & D principle can be applied as successfully to the human process of education as it has been, for instance, to the development of the technology of weaponry. And, as Dr. Chase points out, "the national commitment to this purpose is still timid and tentative." But there are some indications that successful approaches to the discovery and application of new knowledge in education are being found. The R & D Centers deserve the nation's encouragement and support in their search for more effective answers to the mounting problems of education. —J.C.

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—Wood engraving by Fritz Eichenberg, greatly reduced, from The Heritage Press edition of "Fathers and Sons," copyright 1941.

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Conflict of Generations

"As David wept for Absalom, many later generations were to weep for their sons. If the fathers were forbidden to send their children into the fires of Moloch, the children sometimes seemed to seek the flames themselves in obedience to a demon within."

By LEWIS S. FEUER

GENERATIONAL conflict, generational struggle, has been a universal theme of history. Unlike class struggle, however, the struggle of generations has been little studied and little understood. Labor movements have a continuous and intelligible history. Student movements, by contrast, have a fitful and transient character, and even seem lacking in the substantial dignity which a subject of political sociology should have. The student status, unlike that of the workingman, is temporary; a few brief years, and the quantum-like experience in the student movement is over. Nevertheless, the history of our contemporary world has been basically affected by student movements. Social revolutions in Russia, China, and Burma sprang from student movements, while governments in Korea, Japan, and the Sudan have fallen in recent years largely because of massive student protest. Here, then, is a recurrent phenomenon of modern times which challenges our understanding.

Generational struggle demands categories of understanding unlike those of the class struggle. Student movements are born of vague, undefined emotions which seek for some issue, some cause, to which to attach themselves. A complex of urges—altruism, idealism, revolt, self-sacrifice, and self-destruction—searches the social order for a strategic avenue of expression. Labor movements have never had to search for issues in the way student movements do. The wage demands and the specific grievances of workingmen are born directly of their conditions of life. But the conflict of generations derives from deep, unconscious sources, and the outlook and philosophy of student movements are rarely materialistic. If labor seeks to better its living conditions as directly as possible, student movements sacrifice their own economic interests for the sake of a vision of a nobler life for the lowliest. If historical materialism is the ideology of the working class, then historical idealism is the ideology of student movements. If "exploitation" is the master term for defining class conflict, then "alienation" does similar service for the conflict of generations.

WE may define a student movement as a congregation of students inspired by aims which they try to explicate in a political ideology, and moved by an emotional rebellion in which there is always present a disillusionment with and rejection of the values of the older generation. Moreover, the members of a student movement have the conviction that their generation has a special historical mission to fulfill where the older generation, other elites, and other classes have failed.

To their own consciousness, students in student movements have been the bearers of a higher ethic than the surrounding society. Certainly they are at odds with the "social system." As Walter Weyl said: "Adolescence is the true day for revolt, the day when obscure forces, as mysterious as growth, push us, trembling, out of our narrow lives into the wide throbbing life beyond self." No society altogether succeeds in molding the various psychological types which comprise it to conform to its material, economic requirements. If there were a genuine correspondence between the material economic base and the psychological superstructure, then societies would be static, and basic social change would not take place. In every society, those psychological types and motivations which the society suppresses become the searching agents of social change. Thus psycho-ethical motives, which are not only independent of the socioeconomic base but actually contrary to the economic ethics that the social system requires, become primary historical forces.

The Russian revolutionary student movement is the classic case of the historic workings of the ethical consciousness. When in the 1860s and 1870s several thousand student youth, inspired by feelings of guilt and responsibility for the backward people, embarked on their "back-to-the-people" movement, it was a collective act of selfless idealism.

The students' ethical consciousness was utterly independent of class interests and class position. The largest single group among those who were arrested in the back-to-the-people movement from 1873 to 1877 were children of the nobility. They could have availed themselves of the ample openings in the governmental bureaucracy. Instead, many of them chose a path of self-sacrifice and suffering. Rebuffed by the peasants, the revolutionary student youth later gave themselves to the most extreme form of individual terrorism. And when terrorism failed to produce the desired social change, circles of student intellectuals provided the first nuclei of the Social Democratic party. Lenin aptly said that the intellectuals brought a socialist consciousness to the workers, who by themselves would not have gone

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—*Black Star.*

"The Japanese student movement which arose after the Second World War was based on the emotional trauma which the young students had experienced in the defeat of their country."

beyond trade union aspirations. The intellectuals Lenin referred to were indeed largely the self-sacrificing revolutionary students.

The universal themes of generational revolt, which cut across all societies, produced in Russia a "conflict of generations" of unparalleled intensity because of special social circumstances. The Russian students lived their external lives in a social reality which was absolutist, politically tyrannical, and culturally backward; internally, on the other hand, they lived in a milieu imbued with Western cultural values. Their philosophical and idealistic aims transcended the social system, and were out of keeping with it. The Government opened universities to provide recruits for its bureaucracy. Some students followed the appointed path, but the universities became the centers not only for bureaucratic education but for revolutionary dedication. The idealistic student as a psychological type rebelled against the specifications of the social system.

The civil rights movement in the United States has likewise owed much to students as the bearers of an ethical vocation in history. A wave of sit-ins which spread through Negro college towns began on February 1, 1960, when four freshmen from the all-Negro Agricultural and Technical College at Greensboro, North Carolina, sat down at the lunch counter of the local Woolworth dime store. The surrounding community was puzzled that it was precisely the best educated, the most disciplined and cultured—and essentially middle-class—Negro students who took the self-sacrificing initiative. In the next years came movements which resembled even more the "back-to-the-people" movement of the Russian studentry. The freedom riders of 1961, the several hundred white students in the Mississippi summer project of 1964 risking their lives to establish freedom schools among the Negroes, were descendants in spirit of the Russian students of the preceding century.

Nonetheless, the duality of motivation which has spurred student movements has always borne its duality of consequence. On the one hand, student movements during the past 150 years have been the bearers of a higher ethic for social reconstruction, of altruism, and of generous emotion. On the other hand, with all the uniformity of a sociological law, they have imposed on the political process a choice of means that are destructive both of self and of the goals which presumably were sought. Suicidalism and terrorism have both been invariably present in student movements. A youth-weighted rate of suicide is indeed characteristic of all countries in which large-scale revolutionary student movements are found. In what we might call a "normal" country or one in which there is a "generational equilibrium," suicide, as Louis Dublin said, "is much more prevalent in advanced years than during youth." But a "normal" country is one without a revolutionary student movement. Where such movements have existed, where countries are thus characterized by a severe conflict of generations, the rate of suicide has been highest for the youthful group. Nihilism has tended to become the philosophy of student movements not only because it constitutes a negative critique of society but because it is also a self-critique moved by an impulse toward self-annihilation.

Every historical era tends to have its own most significant choices, but the double-edged choice which confronts student movements is perhaps best expressed in the title of an essay by Ivan Turgenev, *Hamlet and Don Quixote,* written as the Russian student movement was being born. For Hamlet, with his negation, destructive doubt, and intellect turned against himself, was indeed the suicidal pole in the Russian student character, whereas Don Quixote, with his undoubting devotion to an ideal, his readiness to fight for the oppressed and to pit himself against all social institutions, represented the messianic, back-to-the-people component. The Russian student activist, like his successor, oscillated between these polar impulses; rejected by the people, he would often find in terrorism a sort of synthesis, for thereby he could assail a social institution in a personalized form and hurl against it all the aggressive passions which menaced himself. Don Quixote thus became a student terrorist. When his ventures in terror miscarried, his passions turned against himself; in the last act, he was Hamlet destroying himself. Yet Turgenev believed that if there were no more Don Quixotes the book of history would be closed.

A student movement thus is founded upon a coalescence of several themes and conditions. It tends to arise in societies which are gerontocratic—that is, where the older generation possesses a disproportionate amount of economic and political power and social status. Where the influences of religion, ideology, and the family are especially designed to strengthen the rule of the old, an uprising of the young will be most apt to occur. A gerontocratic order, however, is not a sufficient condition for the rise of a student movement. Among other factors, there must also be a feeling that the older gereration has failed. We may call this experience the process of the "de-authoritization" of the old. A student movement will not arise unless there is a sense that the older generation has discredited itself and lost its moral standing. The Japanese student movement which arose after the Second World War was based on the emotional trauma which the young students had experienced in the defeat of their country. Traditional authority was discredited as it never had been before; their fathers, elders, teachers, and rulers were revealed as having deceived and misled them. Japan in 1960 was far more technologically advanced than it had been in the Twenties, and also far more democratic. Yet because in 1960 the psychological hegemony of the older generation was undermined, there arose a large student movement where there had been none previously.

A STUDENT movement, moreover, tends to arise where political apathy or a sense of helplessness prevails among the people. The young feel that the political initiative is theirs, especially in countries where the people are illiterate. The educated man has an inordinate prestige in a society of illiterates. Throughout human history, whenever people of a society have been overwhelmingly illiterate and voiceless, the intellectual elite has been the sole rival of the military elite for political power.

This brings us to what is most significant for the theory of social change—namely, the consequences of the superimposition of a student movement on a nationalistic, peasant, or labor movement. Every student movement tries to attach itself to a "carrier" movement of much more major proportions—such as a peasant, labor, nationalist, racial, or

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anti-colonial movement. We may call the latter the "carrier" movements, analogous to the harmonic waves superimposed on the carrier wave in physics. But the superimposition of waves of social movements differs in one basic respect from that of physical movements. The student movement gives a new qualitative character and direction to social change. It imparts to the carrier movement a quality of emotion, dualities of feeling, which would otherwise have been lacking. Emotions issuing from the students' unconscious, and deriving from the conflict of generations, impose or attach themselves to the underlying political carrier movement, and channel it in strange directions. Given a set of alternative paths—rational or irrational—for realizing a social goal, the direction of a student movement will tend toward the most irrational means to achieve the end.

In the case of the Russian student movement, it was the opinion of the most distinguished anarchist, Peter Kropotkin, that "the promulgation of a constitution was extremely near at hand during the last few months of the life of Alexander II." Kropotkin greatly admired the idealism of the Russian students, yet he felt their intervention had been part of an almost accidental chain of circumstances that had defeated Russia's hopes. Bernard Pares, the historian, who had witnessed the masochist terrorist characteristics of the Russian students at first hand, wrote: "The bomb that killed Alexander II put an end to the faint beginnings of Russian constitutionalism." A half-hour before the Czar set out on his last journey on March 1, 1881, he approved the text of a decree announcing the establishment of a commission likely to lead to the writing of a constitution. Instead, the students' act of Czar-killing and self-killing brought into Russian politics all the psychological overtones of sons destroying their fathers; their dramatic idealism projected on a national political scale the emotional pattern of "totem and taboo," the revolt and guilt of the primal sons Freud described.

STUDENT revolutionary leaders made their debut in world literature in the novel *Les Miserables* by Victor Hugo. The traits of the student activist, this new psychological type, were delineated there for all time. With a few changes, the characters of the Parisian student movement of the 1830s are identical with those of the Russian movement of the 1890s, the Chinese movement of 1917, and the Berkeley movement of 1964. The psychological types in history are universal; in diverse eras the same cast of characters acts out eternal human drives. Thus Victor Hugo describes the student revolutionary activists in their secret circle, the Friends of A.B.C. :

> It was a secret society, in a state of embryo, and we might almost call it a coterie, if coteries produced heroes . . . Most of the Friends of the A.B.C. were students who maintained a cordial understanding with a few workmen. . . . These young men formed a species of family through their friendship. . . .
>
> [Their leader, Enjolras, twenty-two years old, the scion of a wealthy family] was angelically beautiful, and looked like a stern Antinous. You might have fancied that he had gone through the revolutionary apocalypse in some previous existence. He knew the traditions of it like an eye-witness. . . . He was of a pontifical and warlike nature, strange in a young man; he was a churchman and a militant; from the immediate point of view a soldier of democracy, but, above the contemporary movement, a priest of the ideal . . . He was serious, and did not appear to know that there was on the earth a being called woman. He had only one passion, justice, and only one thought, overthrowing the obstacle. On the Mons Arentinus, he would have been Gracchus; in the Convention, he would have been Saint-Just . . . He was severe in his pleasures, and before all that was not the Republic he chastely lowered his eyes . . .

Saint-Just, the *enfant terrible* of the French Revolution, was indeed, as Victor Hugo perceived, the precursor of the revolutionary student leaders. Twenty-four years old in 1793, the youngest man in the Convention, he overawed it as "an idea energized by a passion," deporting himself as one above humanity. Only a short time earlier, he had run away to Paris with his mother's silver and written an epic of pornopolitics, the *Organt*, in twenty cantos, which interspersed its critique of kings and priests with long scenes of passion, "the raping of nuns, and discourses on the right to pleasure." The university students at Rheims, where he studied law, were drawn to the character and leadership of Saint-Just, and took him as their hero. He evidently had a passion for equality, the back-to-the-people spirit of the student activist, and was said to walk the roads in all weathers to bring help to needy families.

Young Saint-Just had the austerity of death-seeking. "I am going to get myself killed," he said as he left Paris for the armies, and he voiced his sense of alienation: "The man who is compelled to isolate himself from his fellow-beings, and even from his own thoughts, finds anchorage in time to be." A skeptic at twenty, an idealist at twenty-two, an executioner at twenty-five—and himself executed the next year—the student leader Saint-Just, who declared, "*Formons la cité*" ("Let us found the city"), became instead the symbol for inflexible terrorist dictatorship.

From the combination of youth, intellectuality, and altruistic emotion, arise certain further basic traits of student movements. In the first place, a student movement, unlike a labor movement, has at its inception only a vague sense of its immediate goals. It emerges from a diffused feeling of opposition to things as they are. It is revolutionary in emotion to begin with, and because its driving energy stems largely from unconscious sources, it has trouble defining what it wants. A Japanese student leader of many years' standing, Shigeo Shima, remarked: "One cannot understand the student movement if one tries

(*Continued on page* 66)

> "The unconscious ingredient of generational revolt in the students' idealism has tended to shape decisively their political expression. . . . Wherever a set of alternative routes toward a given end presents itself, a student movement will usually choose the one that involves a higher measure of violence or humiliation directed against the older generation."

Students demonstrating in St. Petersburg, 1905—"The Russian revolutionary student movement is the classic case of the historic workings of the ethical consciousness."

—Historical Pictures Service.

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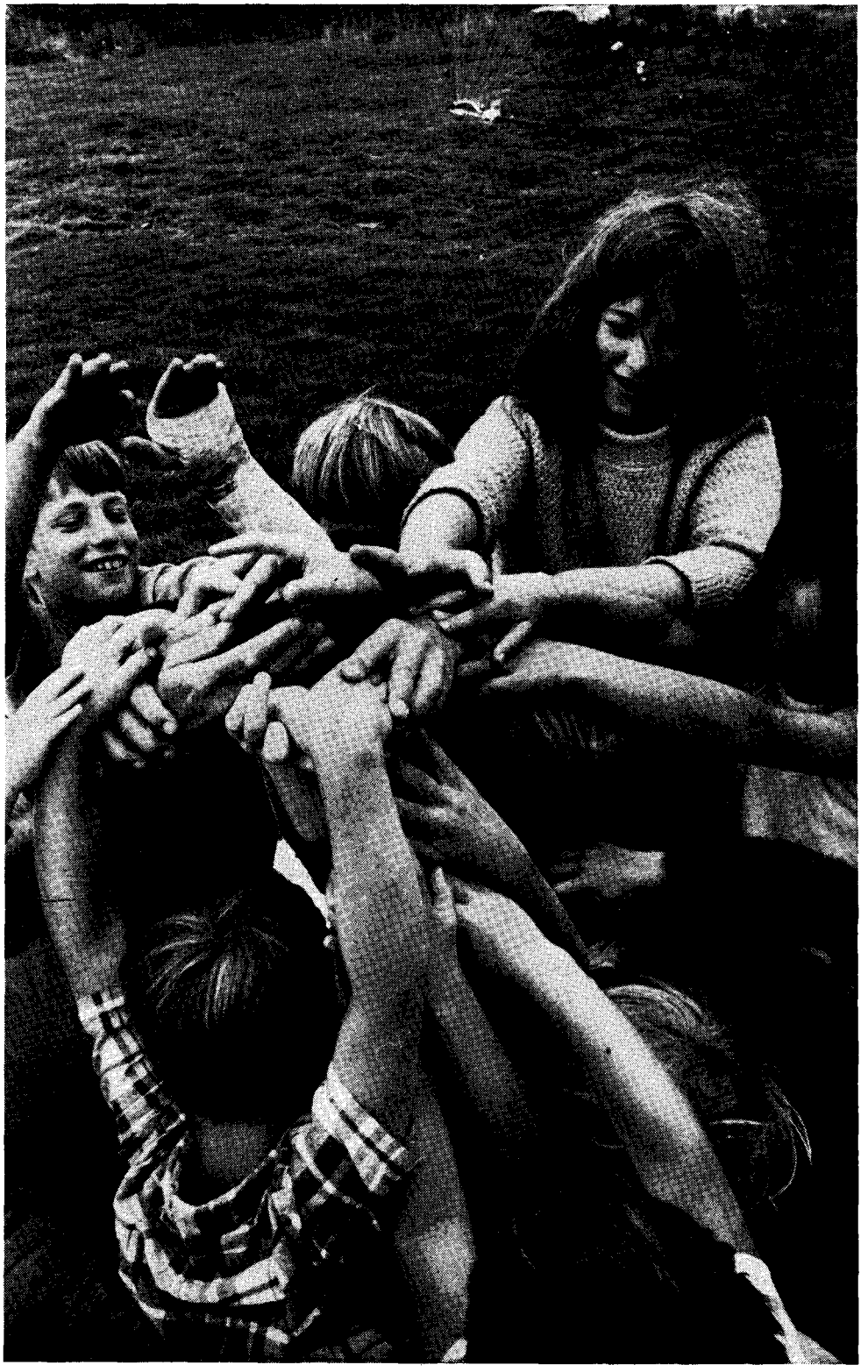
Reach, Touch, and Teach



—*Photos by Paul Fusco.*

"Education which deals with feelings is often facilitated by skipping over the verbal labels which have been learned relatively late in life, regaining the other senses, and then reintegrating them with verbal thought and new behaviors."

By TERRY BORTON

THERE are two sections to almost every school's statement of educational objectives—one for real, and one for show. The first, the real one, talks about academic excellence, subject mastery, and getting into college or a job. The other discusses the human purpose of school—values, feelings, personal growth, the full and happy life. It is included because everyone knows that it is important, and that it ought to be central to the life of every school. But it is only for show. Everyone knows how little schools have done about it.

In spite of this, the human objectives describe the things all of us cite when we try to remember what "made a difference" in our school careers: the teacher who touched us as persons, or the one who ground out our lives to polish our intellects; the class that moved with the strength and grace of an Olympic team, or the dozens of lessons when each of us slogged separately toward the freedom of 3 o'clock. What we learned, and what we became, depended to a significant degree on how we felt about ourselves, our classmates, and our teachers. The schools were right—the human purposes *were* important. But with the exception of those teachers who were so rare we never forgot them, the schools did little to put their philosophy into practice.

Recently, however, a variety of programs have begun to build curricula and teaching methodology that speak directly to the human objectives. These programs, stemming both from within the schools and from various branches of psychology, point the way to a school practice which not only recognizes the power of feelings, but also combines academic training with an education directly aimed at the student's most important concerns. Schools may soon be explicitly teaching students such things as how to sort out and guide their own psychological growth, or increase their desire to achieve, or handle their aggressive instincts in nonviolent forms.

The new impetus has a variety of names: "psychological education," "af-

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fective," "humanistic," "personological," "eupsychian," "synoetic." Some of these names are a bit bizarre, and none has yet gained wide acceptance. But taken together their presence indicates a growing recognition that in the world's present state of social and moral turmoil, the schools' traditional second objective can no longer be for show. Riots, poverty, war, student rebellion, swollen mental hospitals, and soaring crime rates have involved an enormous number of people. They have generated a broadening conviction that society is as responsible for the psychological well-being of each of its members as is each individual. And that conviction has created a receptive audience for new kinds of educational critics.

The new critics do not simply attack the schools for their academic incompetence, as did the Rickovers of a decade ago. They are equally concerned with the schools' basic lack of understanding that students are human beings with feelings as well as intellects. Jonathan Kozol has given a gripping sense of the "destruction of the hearts and minds of Negro children" in his *Death at an Early Age*. In *How Children Fail* John Holt has shown that even in the best "progressive" schools, children live in constant fear which inhibits their learning, and Paul Goodman's *Compulsory Mis-Education* has made a powerful case for his contention that "the present school system is leading straight to 1984." The intuitive warnings of these "romantic critics" have been backed up by statistical evidence from the largest survey of education ever conducted, James Coleman's *Equality of Educational Opportunity*. This survey correlates academic achievement with attitudes such as a student's self concept, sense of control over his fate, and interest in school. The study concludes that these attitudes and feelings are more highly correlated with how well a student achieves academically than a combination of many of the factors which educators have usually thought were crucial, such as class size, salary of teachers, facilities, curriculum.

THE pressure to deal more directly with student feelings (increasingly a pressure from students as well as critics) has given rise to dozens of different projects. None of the three examples which I will discuss here has yet reached the size or influence of the giant curriculum centers (such as the Educational Development Corporation) which grew up as a result of the post-Sputnik criticism. But in the long run they may be much more important. For the post-Sputnik curriculum reforms were essentially attempts to find better ways to teach the traditional disciplines of math, science, or social studies—often with the effect of moving the college curriculum into elementary and secondary schools. The programs I am describing not only operate with different techniques, but also begin to define and develop new curriculum subjects and a new school orientation toward practical and applied psychology. If expanded, they will make a profound change in American education—hopefully a change toward a more humane educational process, and a more human student.

The project which I co-directed with Norman Newberg, the Philadelphia School Board's specialist in "affective education," is an example of such a curriculum. It is being developed from within the schools—in this case by a group of urban teachers trying to find a philosophy and method which would work with the students they were asked to teach. The program is based on the assumption that every person handles massive amounts of information, and needs to be taught both logical and psychological processes for handling it. Two semester-long courses, one in communications, and one in urban affairs, isolate such processes as symbolization, simulation, dreaming, and de-escalating pressure, and teach them in an explicit fashion. At the same time the classes are designed to tie these processes to the amorphous undercurrent of student concerns for self-identity, power, and relationship.

I dropped into a high school communications class one hot day during last summer's field testing, when the teacher was working on "taxonomy of process," or a way of looking at what, why, and how behavior occurs and changes. The purpose of the class was to show the students a simple technique for analyzing their own habitual forms of processing the world around them, and then to show them how they could develop new responses if they wanted to. The class was working in groups of twos, filling in "What Wheels" for each other. One boy in the back was without a partner, so I joined him, and we agreed that I would make a What Wheel for him, and he would make one for me. I drew a circle, filled in the spokes, and wrote down my first impressions of him: "strong, quick, Afro, shy, bright."

The teacher asked us to read each other our What Wheels, select one adjective which interested us most, and ask our partner to draw a "Why Wheel" to explain *why* that adjective was meaningful to him.

Charlie read me his What Wheel—he was perceptive, as students usually are about teachers. Then I read him mine.

"A child's knowledge of love, rejection, anger, and need does not come through words, but through his physical senses—touch, a flushed face, a gnawing in his stomach."

"Why'd you write 'shy'? I ain't shy."

"Well, I just met you, so I can't fill out a whole Why Wheel about it. But when I first sat there, I noticed you looked down at your desk instead of up at me. So I just guessed you were shy with strangers—maybe just with strange teachers."

Charlie took his What Wheel from me and looked at it. "You know, that's the truth. I thought nobody, except maybe my mother, knew that about me, but well, it's the truth anyhow."

The murmur of the class's conversation quieted while the teacher told us how to make up "How Wheels" with our partners. We were supposed to write down the range of actions which would either increase or decrease the trait we had been discussing.

"Aw, man, it would be easy to increase being shy," laughed Charlie. "I just wouldn't look at nobody."

"And decreasing it?"

"I'd look at you like I'm looking at

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you right now," he said, looking me straight in the eye. "And more than that, I'd look at you like that when you first came in here. Teacher, or white man, I wasn't afraid of you; no reason why I should act like I was."

We talked for a while—about my wheels, about the effectiveness of the what, why, how process questions for

"The new programs . . . legitimize feelings, clarify them for the student, and suggest a variety of behaviors which he can use to express them."

looking at behavior, and about school. When the bell rang, we shook hands. "See ya around," he said.

"See ya around," I said.

While many teachers have been experimenting with techniques similar to ours, research psychologists usually have been rather disdainful of the messy problems in the schools. Increasingly, however, psychologists such as David McClelland of Harvard are beginning to work on problems of motivation and attitude in schools. The progression of McClelland's study is a good example of how basic research may be applied to problems in education. McClelland began working on problems of measuring the motivation of rats deprived of food, performed a series of experiments to measure hunger motivation in humans, and then devised a system for measuring "achievement motivation" in men by counting the frequency of its appearance in fantasy images. He defined the need for achievement (n-Ach) as a pattern of thought and fantasy about doing things well, and discovered that those people who had such a pattern were characterized by a preference for moderate risk goals, a desire for immediate feedback on their performance, and a liking for personal responsibility. McClelland reasoned that if a society had a great number of such individuals, the society itself should show outstanding achievement. Twenty years were spent in a mammoth research effort to substantiate his claim that achievement research provided a "factual basis for evaluating theories that explain the rise and fall of civilizations." The next step was to devise educational methods for increasing the achievement motive in people who did not have much of it, and to test out these methods in this country and abroad.

Dr. Alfred Alschuler, director of the Harvard Achievement Motivation Development Project, which is one result of McClelland's research, is in charge of a federally funded five-year research project to assess what factors lead to effective achievement training. The project has devised many classroom techniques for increasing achievement motivation in students, most of them involving experiential learning that takes place in a game situation. I visited one training program for teachers in a nearby city, and sat in on a session that used a contest in making paper airplanes to demonstrate to the teachers how achievement motivation affects their students.

THERE was a lot of joking around the table, as everyone was a little nervous.

"Now they're going to use the old carrot on us," cracked a little physics teacher sitting on my right.

The head of the math department, an enormous man, smiled broadly, first at the physics teacher, and then at me. "Feeling cut-throat?" he asked.

I didn't say so, but I was, and he knew it. My "n-Ach" was way up. We eyed each other while we set our own quotas for the number of planes we would make.

Dr. Alschuler gave us the start sign. I was making planes feverishly: out of the corner of my eye, I could see the math department head moving more slowly, but doing a better job— the quality control check at the end of the game might go in his favor. The physics teacher was using mass production techniques, making one fold at a time.

At the end of five minutes the game was up, and we were all laughing at the tension it had produced. The physics teacher had more planes than any of us, but his mass production assembly had failed—all the planes were missing one wing. I had the second largest number of planes, but several had sloppy folds and were disqualified.

"Nuts to this," said the physics teacher. "I'm not going to get another heart attack over a bunch of paper airplanes. Next time I'm dropping my quota in half. I'm only going to make six."

I was swearing at myself—I should have been more careful. Next time through the game I would set a slightly lower quota and do a better job.

The math teacher was smiling broadly. He had won.

Later we all talked about our experience in the game and how our own behavior did or did not reflect the characteristics of a high achiever. Did we set moderate risk goals? Did we utilize information on our success or failure? Then we began to dig into the more fundamental value issues that were involved. Suppose that we could use games like the paper plane construction to teach students the characteristics of a high achiever, and through a variety of such exercises could actually train him to think and act as one. Was that a good thing? Did we want to subject our students to the pressure that we had felt? Could we decide that achievement training was good for some students who were not achieving up to our standards, and bad for those who were too competitive? On what basis?

JUST as researchers are becoming involved in the practical questions of education, so clinical psychotherapy is getting up off its couch and finding ways to add its skill to solving school problems. Dr. Carl Rogers, founder of client-centered therapy, is presently working with Western Behavorial Sciences Institute and a group of Catholic schools to devise ways to use "sensitivity groups" in the schools. (A "sensitivity group" or "T-group" is composed of about a dozen people who meet for the purpose of giving feedback on how each person's behavior affects the other people in the group.) The National Training Laboratory, an associate of the National Education Association, is now running a year-round series of T-groups and related experiences for teachers and administrators. And in San Diego, child psychiatrist Dr. Harold Bissell and educator Dr. Uvalo Palomares have set up the Human Development Training Institute which has written a two-year sequence of lesson plans to improve a primary school child's self-confidence and awareness, and has trained 1,000 teachers to use it.

One of the most eclectic approaches in the clinical tradition is the project run by Dr. George Brown of the University of California at Santa Barbara. Brown's project, sponsored by the Ford Foundation through the ebullient Esalen Institute, utilizes many different approaches,

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—Fred Ward (Black Star)

"The black teacher has been deeply affected by the identity crisis the black power movement has posed for the entire Negro middle class. As a result, he identifies far more readily with black children in slum schools than did the Negro teachers of the past."

BLACK TEACHERS

NEW POWER IN THE SCHOOLS

By SUSAN JACOBY

BLACK teachers and administrators are beginning to emerge as a power in the nation's city school systems at a time when the bitterness of black parents toward these schools is overflowing. They are being hired and promoted in growing numbers everywhere, except in the oldest, most rigid bureaucracies such as Boston. Like their white counterparts, black teachers are a part of these systems and have an interest in their preservation. But they also have a stake in the black community that is not shared by most of the white teachers. The new black teacher is more militant in pursuing his interests than Negro teachers of the past, partly because of the revolution in "black consciousness" and partly because the teaching profession is no longer the only option, other than the clergy, for Negroes seeking to enter the white-collar world.

The opening of school this fall proved beyond doubt—if any further proof were needed after the last few years—that schools in the inner cities are focal points for some of the most bitter and potentially destructive racial tensions in our divided society. New York's school strike, which pitted the overwhelmingly white teachers' union and supervisors' association against black groups demanding power to hire and fire teachers and principals, was a disaster both for the schools and for the community as a whole. Whites came to use "mob rule" as a synonym for control of schools by local Negro governing boards. Many blacks regarded the union's rallying cry, "due process for teachers," as a simple expression of union determination not to give ghetto residents a say in what goes on in their schools. Between 90 and 95 per cent of New York's 57,000 teachers are white. Inevitably, the strike divided the teachers along racial lines. Although some Negro teachers supported the strike and some whites opposed it, sources in the schools said a large percentage of the several thousand teachers who reported for work despite the strike were Negro.

If New York had the most serious conflict surrounding the opening of school, its problems were far from unique. In Boston, police outside the Christopher Gibson Elementary School barred the entry of a black principal "elected" by neighborhood groups and guarded the school system's regularly appointed white principal. A Negro assistant principal—also regularly appointed by the school system—supported the community groups at considerable risk to his job. In Newark, ten white teachers filed suit to prevent the school system from appointing several new black principals, claiming regular promotion procedures had been bypassed.

AMID all of the racial conflict surrounding the schools, black teachers are in a peculiarly sensitive and sometimes painful position. They have "made it" into the middle class; their students, for the most part, come from families that have not made it. "You look at those black children in front of you and you know that this is where you come from," says one black teacher from Detroit. "Those kids are either what you used to be, or what you might have been."

The phenomenon of black self-hatred, documented most perceptively by black writers and social scientists, is still evident in some Negro teachers who express contempt for "lower class" slum children. But the black teacher has been deeply affected by the identity crisis the black power movement has posed for the entire Negro middle class. As a result, he identifies far more readily with black

Susan Jacoby is an education reporter for the Washington Post.

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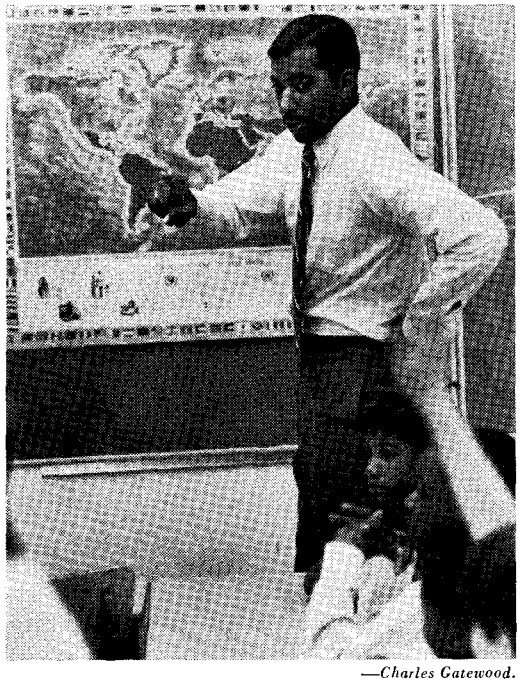
children in slum schools than did the Negro teachers of the past. That identification is one reason most black teachers work in urban school systems. "If the black teacher does not recognize a special responsibility for the progress and achievement of black children, who will?" asks Zeline Richard, a teacher from Detroit who campaigned unsuccessfully for the presidency of the AFL-CIO American Federation of Teachers (AFT) this year. "I think many black teachers are coming to realize we must be the guardians of the education of all the children in the inner city."

There are other less idealistic explanations for the concentration of black teachers in the city schools. Unlike their



—*Charles Gatewood.*

"The real importance of the black teacher may lie in his unique opportunity to bolster the image his students have of themselves."

white counterparts, most black teachers live in the cities—housing discrimination gives them little choice—and tend to work where they live. It is still difficult for a black teacher to get a job in a suburban school; racial discrimination in hiring is a common practice in many all-white suburban school systems. At the annual AFT convention in Cleveland, it was reported that fewer than fifty Negro teachers were employed by the predominantly white suburban school systems surrounding Cleveland.

Progressive city school officials across the country are aware that one of the main irritants, if not a causal factor, in the bitter New York situation is the fact that more than 90 per cent of the teachers are white, while more than half of the students are black or Puerto Rican. Officials are eager to hire more black teachers and administrators, hopeful that such action will help avert similar confrontations in their cities.

Detroit, which has a school system only one-fourth the size of New York's, has nearly three times as many Negro administrators. When Detroit's school superintendent, Norman Drachler, took over the job two years ago, he regarded the task of bringing more black (and young) administrators into the schools as "one of the really critical initial problems that had to be dealt with." In the past eighteen months the number of Negroes on one Detroit teaching staff has risen from 30 per cent to 40 per cent. More than a third of the teachers in Chicago, three-fourths in Washington, D.C., and half in Baltimore are black. Although the superintendent of schools in Washington is white, most of the other top-level administrators are black.

BLACK educators are just becoming aware of their growing numerical power and how it might be used to affect the policies of public school systems. On issues not related to race, most black teachers think and behave exactly like most white teachers. Even the most militant black teachers ruefully admit this. William H. Simons, president of the Washington Teachers Union, says, "The tendency to rely on doing things as they have been done in the past is a characteristic that has nothing to do with the color of one's skin. If all it took were black teachers and administrators to change a school system, we would obviously have the best school system in the world here in Washington. Which of course is not the case."

But many of the most important controversies swirling around the schools are related to race, and here the black teacher, joined by some of the younger white teachers, does depart from the average white teacher.

Community control of the schools, as demonstrated by the conflict in New York, is a major issue that tends to separate black and white teachers, although it would be an oversimplification to assert that all black teachers support community control and that whites automatically oppose it. Many black teachers are just as fearful of what they regard as "parent interference" in the classroom as the average white teacher, although younger teachers of both races tend to be less rigid on this issue. Nevertheless, the evidence from cities with large numbers of Negro teachers indicates that if black teachers are not wholeheartedly in favor of more community control, they are at least less hostile toward it than their white counterparts. Says Keith Baird, a curriculum consultant to the embattled Ocean Hill-Brownsville school district in New York: "Community control simply means that blacks and Puerto Ricans will have the same say in running their schools that whites have always had. Naturally, that prospect doesn't frighten black teachers."

In general, black teachers are not as fearful as white teachers that their hard-won due process rights will be destroyed if neighborhood school boards have some control over hiring and firing. Many of the white teachers automatically assume that their jobs will be in serious jeopardy if they are subject to the control of a black school board. All of the teachers fired by the governing board of the Ocean Hill-Brownsville district were white, but the fact that more than two-thirds of the new teachers hired by the board were also white was generally ignored. Says Mr. Simons: "I'm sure it's quite clear to everyone in Washington that we have no intention of letting any local governing board throw out our due process rights. But we see no reason why this should happen. At the heart of the really violent opposition to community control, there is the assumption that a black neighborhood governing board must be by nature irrational and extremist. If you start with this assumption, then naturally there is no potential for negotiation."

In New York, there are not enough black teachers to exert a countervailing influence to the strong anti-community control stand taken by Albert Shanker and his United Federation of Teachers. The picture is quite different in several other cities and within the teacher union movement.

Historically, Negro teachers in the North, fearful of being "the last hired and the first fired," have been strong union members. At least some of the security younger black teachers feel when they display their militancy is attributable to the protection provided by union contracts against being fired for expressing opinions on political and social issues. The AFT's record on race is a progressive one; the struggling union expelled Southern locals that refused to desegregate in 1956, while the powerful, firmly entrenched National Education Association shilly-shallied on the question well into the 1960s.

Understandably, many black delegates to the AFT convention in August were deeply disturbed by a strong statement from newly elected AFT President David Selden that he would push for a merger with the NEA. (The NEA has since rebuffed Selden's overtures regarding a merger.) But the most controversial issue at the union convention was school decentralization and increased involvement by representatives of ghetto neighborhoods in running their schools. "The labor movement has forgotten from whence it came," charged Mrs. Richard, referring to the UFT's position in New York. "The fight of black

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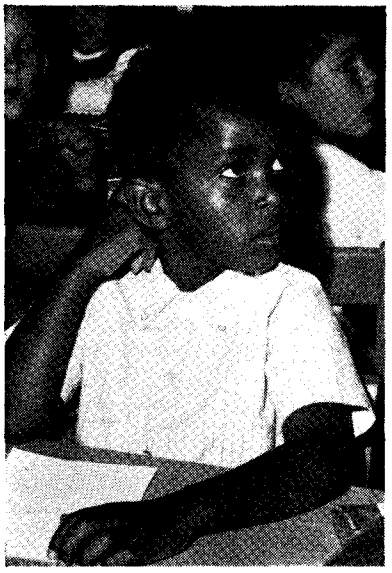
The World Through Mark's Eyes



Mark—". . . finding his way out."

By CYNTHIA N. SHEPARD

I WOULD like you to know my son Mark, who is now five years old. Although he has not yet attended kindergarten, he can both read and write, and can accurately identify colors and forms with an acuity beyond his years. He collects American flags, and pictures and ceramics of our national emblem, the eagle. He learned from somewhere on his own initiative the Pledge of Allegiance, which he recites with deep fervor. He only asked me the definitions of those difficult words: *indivisible, liberty, justice.* My precious, precocious Mark is very proud of his white, Anglo-Saxon heritage. But, he's black: a beautifully carved and polished piece of black American earth.

You may debate with me whether I should have taught him from birth that he is black. Instead, I invite you to see the world through Mark's eyes. Mark learned to read when he was three years old—books based on the white American style of life with pictures of blond, blue-eyed suburbia, with decent interspersing of browns and brunets—but no blacks. He watched the "educational" newsreels on television, which for him reinforced the rightness of whiteness. The man in the white hat—beating the black man with a billy club and then kicking him into insensibility—was the good guy. He was the protector of our individual rights. The books said so.

Black is the night which Mark fears, vanquished by the white of day. White is the knight on the white horse charging the black stains of daily living, and they all vanish. Black is unwanted; black is weak and easily defeated; black is bad.

I took Mark South with me and placed him in an all black nursery school while I taught during the day. The first evening, when I brought him home, he was in tears, writhing and retching in painful confusion. "Why did you make me go to school with all those Negroes?"

Then, just like NOW, I dig! Intellectuality had blocked my insight, creating of me a blind broad and of my black son a white racist. In his innocence—or highest sophistry, you see—he had intuitively perceived race not as a color, but as an attitude that he did not exemplify. My arguments to the contrary were completely hushed by his own words: "You said I could be anything I choose, and I choose to be white. I am white."

I returned North and searched both public and university libraries for literature with both pictures and narrative with which he might relate. *Little Black Sambo*? Oh no, dear God! Where are the black men of history, the Nat Turners, the Veseys, the Prossers? The uncompromising, unprecedented, unheralded warriors for true democracy?

I FOUND a book about John Henry, with all the usual legendary verbiage. But it had pictures—pictures of John Henry as a big, black and beautiful baby; pictures of a handsome, adventurous black youth; and then, a picture of a dynamic, virile, muscle-bound black man. John Henry, the steel-driving man: a beautiful portrayal of black maleness, bared to the waist, swinging that hammer with all his might. It is with *that* picture that my son finally identified: an uncompromising image of black masculinity. That's what it's all about, baby.

I doubled my search for books that pictured black and white children running and laughing together, while black and white mothers shopped and lunched together, while black and white fathers worked and played together. I found a few. Mark had no difficulty identifying me in the pictures, but only recently could he find himself. Eventually, I overheard him speak of himself as a little brown boy, and I rejoiced—deeply, I say—that he was finding his way out.

Now, I have brought him East and have enrolled him in a kindergarten where all the other children are white. But I have not yet been able to send him to that school, although soon legally I will have to send him. What can be done to save my child from a plunge into utter confusion? What can be done to help my little black boy?

WHAT can the world of education do to alleviate his pain—and mine? Must he grow like Topsy: confused, angry, alienated, lighting chaotic fires from the burning bitterness within? By America's guilt-ridden permissiveness, will he be ignored to become a black-helmeted, black-booted, black-bigoted replica of the swastika? Will my son see the necessity of asserting his blackness, his maleness, militantly and insensitively, riding roughshod over all who might in any manner oppose? Or, can the world of education, with all its demonstrated expertise, utilize the precociousness of my little black boy for the building of a better world for all people? How? When? *Now* is the answer.

Today Mark told me he is going to be an eagle and fly high above the earth where nobody will be able to stop him. That speaks to me. I gaze into Mark's face as he lies peacefully sleeping. With all the normal pains of growing, what utter, needless trauma I know he must also face tomorrow—unless change is *made* to happen.

Bitterness wells up within me, too, and I wretchedly whisper into his unheeding ear the words of a writer who must also have known deep human agony over the inhumanity of man to man:

> O pardon me, thou bleeding
> piece of earth,
> That I am meek and gentle
> with these butchers.

Cynthia N. Shepard is a special doctoral candidate at the School of Education, University of Massachusetts, and a former educational representative for IBM Corporation.

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A View from the Campus

Paul Woodring

The Struggle for Black Identity

THE DEMANDS of militant black students at San Francisco State, Reed, and many other colleges across the nation raise questions of utmost concern to faculty members who traditionally have been responsible for curriculum and standards. There can be no doubt that students of all races have the right to express their views on all matters concerning their education and to have their voices heard. But today the loudest voices are not merely making proposals or asking for participation in policymaking—they are issuing ultimatums and threatening to close the colleges by violence if the administration and faculty fail to capitulate. The fact that the strident voices reflect the views of only a minority of the students does not alter the effectiveness of the threat because it takes only a few individuals to disrupt a campus if they are willing to engage in violence.

Some of the complaints that give rise to the demands have a legitimate basis. Black students are quite right in protesting that many of the courses taught in school and college have been culturally and racially biased and have ignored the contributions of non-white Americans. The story of the role of Negroes in fighting the American Revolution, exploring the West, and building the nation has not been adequately told. Students are taught that Leif Ericsson or Christopher Columbus "discovered America" despite the obvious fact that non-white human beings had been here for centuries and, in Central and South America, had developed civilizations that rivaled those on other continents. General Custer has been made a hero while the Indians who fought against him in a good cause remain shadowy figures and are often presented as villains. Students go through school and college without learning that of the six men who "discovered" the North Pole on April 6, 1909, only one was a white man. The others were four Eskimos and an American Negro, who broke the trail and did the work and then stood aside while their commander planted the flag. The contribution of black Americans to our music, art, and literature has been seriously understated in most of the textbooks. Many dark-skinned children still learn to read from books in which all the children pictured are blonds.

A program of black studies, such as the students are demanding, would be one way of redressing the balance, but it is only one of several possible ways, and the choice should not be made by a faculty under duress. The defects in the present curriculum cannot be corrected merely by offering new courses which applaud the achievements of non-white Americans while ignoring the world around them. History is all of one piece; American history is the story of many people—black, white, yellow, brown, and all the shades in between. What is needed is not a fragmented curriculum of black studies, white studies, red studies, and yellow studies, but courses that present a better balance of the facts.

Curriculum-making is an enormously complicated process that requires great wisdom and long experience because it requires the balancing of a wide variety of subject matters and fitting them into limited resources of time, space, personnel, and budget. No curriculum can include everything that anyone wants taught. Selections must be made and they can be wisely made only by those who are aware of all the alternatives. If a special interest group succeeds in forcing a new subject into the curriculum without providing the additional resources necessary for teaching it, some other subject will have to give way.

While it is fair enough for students to make vigorous proposals for changes in the curriculum, the technique of making demands and issuing ultimatums is so greatly at variance with the academic tradition that the faculty inevitably responds with anger.

In the academic tradition in which proposals are made, issues are discussed, pressures are developed, eventually solutions are found, but no one makes demands or threats. By ignoring this tradition, and resorting to language and techniques more appropriate to political groups or labor unions, the students make their task much harder. Perhaps it is true that we are entering into a revolutionary period in which the calm voice of reason will be replaced by more violent approaches, but it will be a sad day for higher learning when the curriculum is constructed by giving way to the loudest voices, the most strident demands, or the most frightening threats. A degree based upon such a curriculum would have little meaning.

The demand at San Francisco State for unlimited admission of Negro students whether or not they meet the entrance requirements raises an equally perplexing series of questions. Shall the entrance standards be lower for students of some races than for those of other races? Shall grading standards be different for each group in order that those of lesser academic talent may graduate? If space is limited—as it is in many colleges today—shall preference be given to one racial group over another? Shall a college degree represent the attainment of one set of standards for white students and another for black students?

It is true that the present entrance standards, which in most colleges are based on a combination of high school grades and entrance test scores, are more easily met by students from upper-middle-class homes who have attended good high schools. A student whose background has been intellectually unstimulating finds it difficult to meet the standards even if his basic intelligence is high and his potential is great. But this problem will not be solved by establishing different standards for different races because a very large number of white students also come from disadvantaged homes, while a substantial number of Negro students now come from excellent homes and are well prepared for college. Race is not the real problem in entrance standards—the problem is one of differences in opportunity to gain the background necessary for college success. But many colleges now do admit potentially talented students from deprived backgrounds and offer them special tutoring to help them overcome their handicaps. This is a far better solution than admitting all the applicants of any one race without regard to academic potential.

The demand for more black faculty members is reasonable, but students' insistence that they be allowed to select the black professors and make the decisions regarding their tenure and promotions poses a serious threat to faculty autonomy. Nothing will be gained by employing and promoting individuals who are unqualified for teaching and other scholarly endeavors.

The major confrontation on the campus today is no longer between administrators and students; it is between faculty and students, even though the issue is confused by the fact that some faculty members support the demands of militant students while many students side with the faculty. Insofar as the issue is race, President S. I. Hayakawa of San Francisco State ought to be in a better position than most college presidents to reconcile the conflicts between students and faculty because, as he himself has pointed out, he is neither white nor black. As an American of Japanese ancestry he is not unaware of racial bias in the United States and as a noted scholar he is familiar with the academic process. We wish him well.

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Voices in the Classroom

Wallace Roberts

Clean Slate at UMass

THE NAME OF the student newspaper at the University of Massachusetts School of Education is the *Tabula Rasa,* and that probably best sums up what is happening there. When Dwight W. Allen arrived as the new dean a year ago, the School of Education was staffed by thirty-eight faculty members, enrolled about sixty resident, full-time graduate students, and offered to 1,000 undergraduates the usual education courses and programs.

Today, the school is in the middle of a freewheeling transitional year, tearing apart all course, degree, and certification requirements in a manner that raises some fundamental questions about the purposes of teacher-training institutions. Exactly how the components of teacher education should be reordered, or whether they should be supplanted with wholly new assumptions, is the occupation of some thirty planning committees composed of faculty members, graduate students, and undergraduates.

Each committee is expected to produce in the next few weeks a report describing the specifics of the program for its area of education. The reports will then be combined into one large package, and, if approved by the trustees, will go into effect on September 1.

"We see ourselves espousing not any one exclusive approach to education," a graduate student said, "but nurturing a dialogue of various philosophies and techniques, so long as each can justify its own position and activity. We see ourselves striving to institutionalize change—not for its own sake, but for the sake of freshness and perspective. We see the singleness of purpose in today's teacher-training institution diverging into pluralism, alternative entry and exit points, fluctuating roles and responsibilities, levels of involvement and activity and personal fulfillment that far exceed the current norm."

The planning committees cover most of the traditional areas, plus a few not frequently found at other institutions. Some groups appear to be working toward contradictory ends; for instance, one committee studying "student centered teaching" is "testing the assumption that effective learning occurs best in the context of a student exploring his own interests," while another is concentrating on means for evaluating teachers according to performance criteria. Both plans will probably be used next year since, one faculty member recently explained, "we really don't know what works. That's what this place is about."

Using new federal government and foundation grants, Allen has hired thirty-three new faculty members and has brought in eighty-five special doctoral candidates (about twenty are Negroes and about fifty are on fellowships) whose first year of study is devoted almost entirely to planning the new school of education. Rather than waste the year having all these strangers get to know each other gradually, the school closed down in late September, and 150 faculty members, doctoral candidates, and a few undergraduates flew by chartered jet to a week's retreat near Colorado Springs. One thing they quickly found out about one another is that many of them have come into education by the back door. Credentials at UMass don't count as much as Allen's perception of people with ideas, talents, or perspectives that could prove useful in shaping a new education school.

For instance, there is a full professor with no Ph.D. who is a nationally known consultant on urban education. One thirty-seven-year-old instructor was a mailman until he earned a B.A. a couple of years ago; he is also a founder and executive director of one of the few successful ghetto community centers in the country. Another instructor without any advanced degrees is a founder of Black Mountain College, an experimental "community of scholars" that flourished briefly several years ago. One associate professor who has a Ph.D. in history from Yale is a former campaign manager for a successful state assembly candidate. Another example of this new eclecticism is a full professor who is thirty-six years old, Phi Beta Kappa, a Rhodes Scholar with a B.A. and M.A. in music, and a Ph.D. in Jungian psychology and social anthropology from the University of Chicago (he wrote, choreographed, and produced a ballet for his dissertation).

This potpourri produces a dynamism and excitement that animates education both as an academic subject and an arena for action and social change. The problem, of course, is whether all this ferment, endless talk, and frenetic activity can produce a new set of assumptions and operating techniques for education that can be generalized and institutionalized.

One device that may be a useful starting point in this respect is the educational "marathon," during which classes are suspended for a day or two so that students, faculty members, and outsiders can attend a number of simultaneous events, ranging from lectures on such topics as "The Bomb, the Beatles, and the Second Coming—The Problem of Identity and the High School Student," displays of educational technology, "concerts" given by the Jungian musician in which musicial analogies are used in a lecture on "Becoming Your Real Self," to selections from more than 160 hours of films and video tapes on the New York teachers' strike.

The way these films were made is indicative of the unfettered spontaneity of the "planning year" at the school. On a Thursday in the middle of the strike last fall, a group of students and faculty members decided it was a good opportunity to gather a wide range of views on the problems of urban education. By Friday the decision had been made to take five camera crews to New York, and $5,000 had been raised from a foundation to support a week's expenses. The planning was done over the weekend, and by Monday morning the crews were spread out over the city, filming and interviewing.

The slate has been wiped clean at UMass, but that does not mean that some of the traditional assumptions won't be reaffirmed. It is just that nothing is being taken on faith and that everything is being re-examined from an empirical point of view in an attempt to find techniques and structures that speak to contemporary educational needs. Allen and his staff are gambling that they can come up with some relevant responses. They know these responses might not be answers, so they are hedging their bets and wagering on several different horses. None of them may end up in the money, but they wouldn't have been able to find that out unless they took the initial risks of action. As one staff member has remarked, "Education won't be changed by throwing books at it."

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What Outsiders Think

110 Livingston Street: Politics and Bureaucracy in the New York City School System, *by David Rogers (Random House, 584 pp., $8.95), examines the political and social forces affecting the schools through an analysis of the way the city's Board of Education has handled desegregation. Martin Mayer, author of "The Schools," was the chairman of one of New York City's thirty-three local school boards for five years.*

By MARTIN MAYER

ACTION sociology—the advocacy of public policy on arguments supposedly derived from an apparatus of scholarship—has a relatively short and almost entirely unhappy history. The books, because of their authors' desire to be effective, deal largely (and repetitively) with what the periodicals consider the big issues; but the gut is fickle, and by the time the books come out the big issues have changed. Meanwhile, sophistication of analysis and accuracy of information (especially historical information) have been sacrificed to "relevance," and the end products read like the work not of scientists but of journalists, and amateur journalists at that.

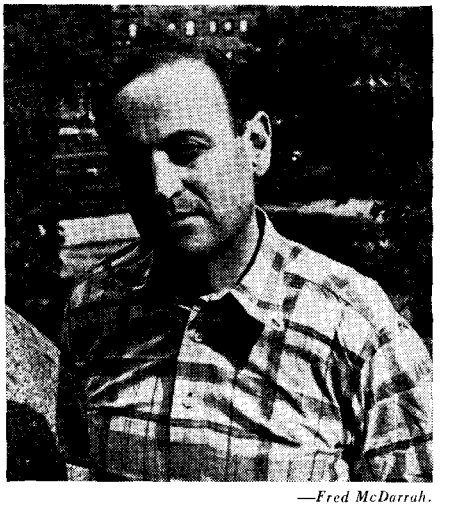
David Rogers's *110 Livingston Street* is genetically crippled by this insistence that a book must have a purpose other than itself. Although the book is described in a subtitle as "Politics and Bureaucracy in the New York City School System," Rogers does not in fact attempt to tell his readers who does what to whom within the system, the nature of the normal channels of information and control, the patterns of expenditure of money, the relationships of merit and nepotism in promotion policy, or the real sources of outside influence on the system. Nowhere is there any mention of a borough president or—in a city where the head of the Board of Education less than ten years ago testified that he did not want federal aid unless the parochial schools got money, too—any mention of the Catholic church.

A sociologist (of all people) should understand that a social system's reaction to crisis must be a function of its normal procedures; but Rogers is unwilling to waste space on anything the Board of Education does that is not directly related to the racial crisis. Thus, he cannot begin to explain how things happen: Developments occur because board members are listening to moderates or meliorists (the reader is here expected to hiss) or, very occasionally, to militants (the reader is here expected to cheer). In the end, *110 Livingston Street* is not a book about the New York school system but about what a collection of outsiders—parents, civil rights leaders, local school board members, university professors, textbook publishers, and newspapermen—think about the New York school system.

As such, it is accurate enough—this *is* in fact what outsiders say about the system. And being an outsider myself (and the source of some of the anonymous quotes), I agree with most of Rogers's conclusions. But the book is not informative. Many of its strongest assertions are backed by no evidence whatever (for example—in a footnote!—"Teachers and union officials readily admit that little actual teaching goes on in most ghetto school classrooms"). And a high proportion of what Rogers does say about the internal operation of the system is, simply, wrong.

How much blame attaches to the author for these errors is hard to say. He apparently received very little help from the professional staff, and the real workings of the hierarchies cannot be discovered by reading. Still, there are distressing examples of the most abysmal ignorance—among the more spectacular, a statement that Mayor Lindsay's partial return to a line-by-line budget would keep the board from transferring money "from staffing to construction," as though commingling of operating and capital budgets had ever been or could ever be permitted under the state constitution.

More often, the fact that Rogers does not know the story emerges more subtly. He describes, for example, the gerrymandered zone of Manhattan's rich-kids' PS 6, then adds: "The Board of Education did rezone PS 6 in 1964, under strong pressure from civil rights groups and the Commission on Human Rights, a city agency concerned with race problems." In fact, however, the Board of Education did not rezone PS 6; the local school board did it, in a scene which I described in an article about my five years as a local board chairman (which Rogers cites in his bibliography). The 1964 rezoning was the second for the school, which had undergone similar geographic surgery a few years before. Our rezoning was by no means forced by civil rights leaders or the commission; the board had announced PS 6 as half of one of the pairs in the big Princeton Plan fiasco—which is what the civil rights groups and the commission were backing—and the rezoning was part of an alternative plan which the commission on the whole opposed. Anyone who knows only Rogers's statement of the situation is going to be very far from knowing what really happened; and this is true for great stretches of the book. The result is that inside 110 Livingston Street, the scattered reform elements who did try to help Rogers feel (I think without exception) that the book is useless.



—Fred McDarrah.

David Rogers—sociologist *engagé*.

At bottom, I suspect, the difficulty is inherent in the attitudes of an academic sociologist who sees only masses of people moved by ideology, not individuals responding to their own situations. Thus we are told in four places that the principals of the sending schools "sabotaged" Open Enrollment by failing to encourage the parents to bus out their children. But a moment's thought should reveal that Open Enrollment gives a principal a terrible problem with both his teachers and his parents. How on earth is he to tell them that another school offers the local children a better education? Indeed, how is he to bring himself to believe it, and still devote himself to his own job?

My experience working on busing projects with such principals is that they cooperated gladly when their schools were overcrowded—when they could say that the children who were bused out would be benefiting themselves and those who stayed, by eliminating split sessions and overlarge classes. But when you asked them to say in effect that their schools were no good (because very few Negro and no Puerto Rican parents will take the nuisance of busing just for integration), they inevitably fought back. This did not mean they were racists, or even moderates. They simply had a stake—as did most of the neighborhood—in the morale of their own schools. Rogers's example of how Open Enrollment can move greater numbers if the staff pushes it—the special Free Choice Transfer Plan

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of 1964, which gave fifth-graders a choice of local remote junior highs for sixth grade—omits the fact that all these children had to go to new schools anyway, which makes the situation entirely different. The omission is hard to excuse, because both in his published report and in his interview with Rogers, Jack Landers, former assistant superintendent in charge of integration activities, stressed this difference.

MOST disturbing of all, perhaps, is the degree to which Rogers's insistent identification of groups as good guys or bad guys disrupts his ability to analyze intelligently or even perceive without bias. There is an astonishing observation that "fiscally conservative parent groups in small towns and suburbs . . . perennially vote down school bond issues and protest against higher taxes for public schools." (Who does Rogers think supports the taxes and bond issues in small towns and suburbs if not the parent groups?) More serious is the inability to see the contradiction between program budgeting (which must be good because Lindsay backs it) and the decentralization of decision-making—or to do more than note in passing the obvious conflict between opposition to the neighborhood school policy and support of demonstration projects like IS 201 and Ocean Hill, which are neighborhood schools writ large. It is not Rogers's fault that militant groups have been condemned by educational history in New York to advocate contradictory policies from year to year—but if he wishes to claim respect as a scholar he cannot simply give emotional support to each of their positions *seriatim*.

Everywhere through the book one hears the pitter-patter of the little feet of the New Left, inventing words on paper about words on paper, as though people and institutions were nothing more than academic abstractions. During the teacher strikes, which were in large part the necessary (and one hopes sufficient) result of taking academic theorizing seriously, I had occasion to talk to a group of architects who had gone gung-ho about the higher wisdom of the poor, confused "community." All I could think of as an introduction to my speech was Auden's comment on the end of the Spanish Civil War: "History to the defeated may say Alas!, but cannot help or pardon." But one gets a little tired of saying Alas! about books like *110 Livingston Street*, which have so little literary, intellectual, or analytical quality, and which by their belligerent inconsequence contribute so dully to the defeat of the causes they promote.

Letters to the Education Editor

The Berkeley Model

IN REGARD TO Ray Halpern's article, "Tactics for Integration" [*SR*, Dec. 21], it was inevitable that sooner or later a situation would arise where a viable school integration system could be instituted. Berkeley in the West with its citizen participation, concentrated training, and two-way, crosstown busing appears to have hit upon a markedly successful formula. This should be recognized as one of the greatest steps toward quality education in American history and should be publicized as such, but can this example be followed by other cities?

In Berkeley, whites and blacks engage in direct cooperation, yet in large Northern and Southern cities, there is so much bigotry and racism that much more effort and money would be needed to institute this plan. I am in full agreement that the only way to remedy this situation is through quality education and integration, but is Berkeley's solution applicable to the racial situation of the United States as a whole?

MICHAEL MCCOMMAS,
Baltimore, Md.

Too Young to Go

I WOULD LIKE to take issue with Samuel C. Sava's article, "When Learning Comes Easy" [*SR*, Nov. 16]. It suggests that a child's formal education should start at age two or three. What's the rush?

Mr. Sava assumes, wrongly I believe, that if a child is not taught "at this ideal time, he will not only never learn the skill as *readily* at a later age, but may never learn it as *well*." This was disproved by A. S. Neill at his Summerhill school in England. At this experimental "free school" it was found children could neglect studies up till the age of puberty and still be able to pass college entrance exams when the time came.

A young child does not have to be in a school—even a school disguised by a play atmosphere—in order to learn and to experience during his first few years of life.

Mr. Sava closes by saying, "We should realize that a massive investment in early childhood education today may be our best buy for a more intelligent citizenry tomorrow." This sounds to me little more than a master plan to exploit persons from the cradle onward for the benefit of indoctrinating them and feeding them into our warped society.

SHARYN WISNIEWSKI,
Madison, Wis.

School or Machine?

THE ARTICLE "Is This What Schools Are For?", by Kathryn Johnston Noyes and Gordon L. McAndrew [*SR*, Dec. 21], seemed to say that the system and machine were at fault, but failed to say what the system and machine were.

To me they mean four things, and all but one are in the answers given by the students interviewed: 1) memorize; 2) "I am trying"; 3) work books with "fill in" the blank spaces (not mentioned in the article), which train students for: 4) multiple choices. Never once is heard—nor do students think to ask—has the teacher taught and is the teacher trying?

Education—the system and the machine—is teaching by repetition and learning by osmosis.

CLAIRE E. CHRISTENSEN,
Albuquerque, N.M.

I HAVE JUST finished reading the Noyes and McAndrew article which cites a young man as saying, "We go to school because it's the law." Youth today is quoted as if everything they say is new—it isn't. Edna St. Vincent Millay once said she was going to college because it was a good place to spend her adolescent years. People my age who were then in their late teens agreed. How does the situation differ now?

As for the necessity of memorizing, we had a lot of teachers in college who said don't bother to memorize, but we found it was easier to memorize certain parts as points of reference. Not memorizing basic material is like not learning the alphabet and thinking you'd look up something—try finding a telephone number! The more you know, the wider your frame of reference, and each time material is used its significance becomes clearer.

MRS. R. C. LABEN,
Davis, Calif.

Letter from a Liberal

I MUST protest SCHOOLS MAKE NEWS in the November 16 issue. To write about Eldridge Cleaver and ignore all his deliberate use of dirty speech and his criminal record (he just lost his appeal) is to leave out most of what started the fuss. To set him up for ten lectures was silly when he clearly doesn't have that much to say. I think myself quite liberal, but I was disgusted with a faculty group that let the university in for all this trouble over something that should never have been an issue.

Also Bonnie Stretch's review of the Cox Commission Report [*SR*, Nov. 16] calls it a "measured . . . indictment," yet thoughtful people can point out that a wider spectrum of experience and attitude should have been considered. The basic facts of the administration's disregard for signs of student needs and disenchantment are true, of course. So is the need for change, and changes are being made. That the leader of the student revolt stated publicly, "We manufactured the issue," puts the controversy over the gym in a different perspective; so also does the fact that some of the Harlem leaders—most bitter last spring about the proposed gym—are now taking a second look and think it might be pretty nice for the community.

I teach young children in a ghetto school, working at least three times as hard as I did in an affluent New York suburb. When and if our children drop out of school, they have already gone many years beyond what their parents did. I get tired of ivory tower criticism.

MRS. ELIZABETH R. DAVISON,
Los Angeles, Calif.

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Generation Conflict

Continued from page 55

to understand it in terms of the labor movement. The strength of the student movement lies in its energy of consciousness trying to determine existence, instead of the other way around." An intellectual has been defined as a person whose consciousness determines his existence; in the case of the young intellectuals of a student movement, we might add that their ideological consciousness is founded on the emotional unconscious of generational revolt.

To the young student of a backward country whose mind is filled with the most advanced ideas, there is a heightened sense of the contradictions, the unfitness of things. In the stagnant world of Russia after the Decembrist defeat of 1825, Alexander Herzen wrote, "children were the first to raise their heads." Around them was a people, "frightened, weak, distracted" with its bureaucracy of "cringing officials." Not so the children. What impressed them was the complete *contradiction* of the words they were taught with the facts of life around them. Their teachers, their books, their *university* spoke one language and that language was intelligible to heart and mind. Their father and mother, their relations and all their surroundings spoke another with which neither mind nor heart was in agreement—but with which the dominant authorities and financial interests were in accord.

This contradiction between education and ordinary life nowhere reached such proportions as among the nobility of Russia. It is important to bear in mind that the culture of the student movements, of the intellectual elite, is the one genuinely international culture. Students at any given time throughout the world tend to read the same books. We might call this the law of the universality of ideas, or the law of universal intellectual fashions, or the maximum rate of diffusion for intellectual culture. At any rate, the Chinese students of 1917, like their counterparts in America and Britain, were reading Bertrand Russell, John Dewey, and later Lenin and Marx; earlier they had read Ibsen, Tolstoy, and Spencer. Kwame Nkrumah as a university student in America and Britain studied Marx and logical positivism; Jomo Kenyatta sank himself in the writings of Marx and Malinowski. Today in Africa the young students, like their fellows in France, the United States, and Japan, read Marx, Camus, and the existentialist writers. In the Soviet Union, young university students try to find copies of Camus and Freud, and, overcoming the obstacles imposed by the Government against the free flow of books and ideas, have succeeded in maintaining a bond with the world intellectual community.

In this sphere of the intellect, historical materialism is clearly invalid, for the mode of production of the given society does not determine its mode of reading. Whatever the economic conditions, no matter how they vary from country to country, intellectuals tend to adopt the same ideas everywhere. In this sense, ideas resemble fashions: like the dress designs set in Paris, they diffuse rapidly throughout the rest of the world. Thus, an international intellectual culture arises, and a world-wide community of intellectuals. The aftermath of World War I set Japanese students reading the socialistic works of Bernard Shaw and Henri Barbusse. The Thirties brought Eliot, Hemingway, and Steinbeck; and after the Second World War, Camus, Sartre, Beauvoir, Arthur Miller, Norman Mailer, and Graham Greene. The intellectual is what he reads, and in all societies his world of books, with its moral imperatives, has seemed more real to him than the world of men.

Every student movement, however, also has a populist ingredient. A student movement always looks for some lowly oppressed class with which to identify psychologically. Whether it be to the peasantry, the proletariat, or the Negro, the students have a tremendous need to offer themselves in a self-sacrificial way, to seek out an exploited group on whose

behalf their sacrifices will be made. Conceiving of themselves as deceived, exploited sons, they feel a kinship with the deceived and exploited of society as a whole.

The Russian revolutionary student movement—the classical case—was periodically returning to the people, first the peasantry, later the proletariat, beginning in the 1860s with Herzen's cry, "*V narod!*" ("To the people!"). This Populist stage answers that vague emotional need for identification which is felt in advance of any political ideology. The identification with the people assuages the students' own sense of guilt. For theirs is then not simply a generational uprising, a rebellion against the fathers, but a movement on behalf of the people sanctified by the very ethic which the fathers themselves have professed but betrayed. The people, the proletariat, the peasantry, become a kind of projective alternative conscience which supersedes the fathers. Moreover, they are a source of untold physical strength still untapped, and they give to the young student intellectuals a feeling of being close to the physical sources of life. The students by themselves feel too weak to alter the structure of a society ruled by the older generation. Perhaps, in the psychoanalytical metaphor, this identification with a lower class assuages the castrational fears aroused by the students' revolt against their fathers.

THE populist and elitist moods in student movements can merge into a morbid self-destructive masochism, as they did, for instance, among the Russian students. The burden of guilt which a generation in revolt takes upon itself is immense, and it issues in perverse and grotesque ways. Nevertheless, something would be lost in our understanding of student movements if we were to see in them solely a chapter of history written on an abnormal theme. For student movements, let us remember, are the most sincerely selfless and altruistic which the world has seen. A student is a person who, midway between childhood and maturity, is imbibing the highest ideals and hopes of the human cultural heritage; moreover, he lives in comradeship with his fellow-students, usually the last communal fellowship he will experience. The student feels that he will then enter into a maelstrom of competitive and bureaucratic pseudo-existence; he has a foreboding that he will become alienated from the self he now is. Articulate by education, he voices his protest. No edict in the world can control a classroom. It is everywhere the last free forum of mankind. Students meet together necessarily, think together, laugh together, and share a common animus against the authorities.

Curiously, generational consciousness was not clearly recognized as a mainspring of social change in modern times until the first stirrings of the Russian student movement. It was in Russia that men became dated by their generations; one was a man of the "Forties," the "Sixties," the "Eighties." Rudin, in Turgenev's novel of that name, as Kropotkin says "was a man of the 'forties,' nurtured upon Hegel's philosophy, and developed under the conditions which prevailed under Nicholas I, when there was no possibility whatever for a thinking man to apply his energy, unless he chose to become an obedient functionary of an autocratic, slave-owning state."

Often a generation's consciousness is shaped by the experience of what we might call the "generational event." To the Chinese Communist students of the early Thirties, for instance, the "Long March" with Mao Tse-tung was what one writer called their "unifying event." More than class origin, such a historical experience impresses itself on the con-

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sciousness of a student movement. The Depression, the struggle against fascism, the ordeals of the civil rights agitation—all these were generational events, they marked a generation in its coming of age.

But the character of the historical experience was most important. What keeps generational consciousness most intense is the sense of generational martyrdom, the experience of seeing one's fellow-students assaulted, killed, imprisoned, by armed deputies of the elder generation. Whether in Russian, Chinese, or Latin American universities, or at Berkeley, the actual physical clash made students frenzied with indignation. The youthful adolescent resents the elders' violence, especially for its assault upon his new manhood. Student movements make of their martyrs the high symbols of a common identity. The Iranian Students' Association, for example, published a leaflet in their exile to commemorate "Student Day" for three of their comrades. Its language was that of the martyrology of generational consciousness:

> The three students died but their memory and their heroic sacrifice will forever remain with us to guide the student movement of Iran. To honor their memories and to rededicate ourselves to the cause for which they gave their lives, this day will always be honored. . . .

Every student movement has cherished similar memories of brothers whom their fathers destroyed.

The generational struggle in politics, as a universal theme in human history, was naturally recorded by the earliest masters of political science, Plato and Aristotle, both of whom recognized its primacy as an independent factor in political change. To Plato, generational struggle constituted virtually the basic mechanism in political change, the always disequilibrating factor in systems of government, the prime agent in the alternation of political forms. To Aristotle, the psychological sources of generational conflict made for its universality. Generational conflict, in Aristotle's view, basically stemmed from the structure of the generations. The young, he wrote, love honor and victory "more than they love money, which indeed they love very little, not having yet learnt what it means to be without it. . . ." Political revolutions, according to Aristotle, were caused not only by the conflict of rich and poor but by the struggle between fathers and sons. He documented the embittered strain between the generations as revealed in their proverbs and maxims: "Nothing is more foolish than to be the parent of children"; "Never show an old man kindness."

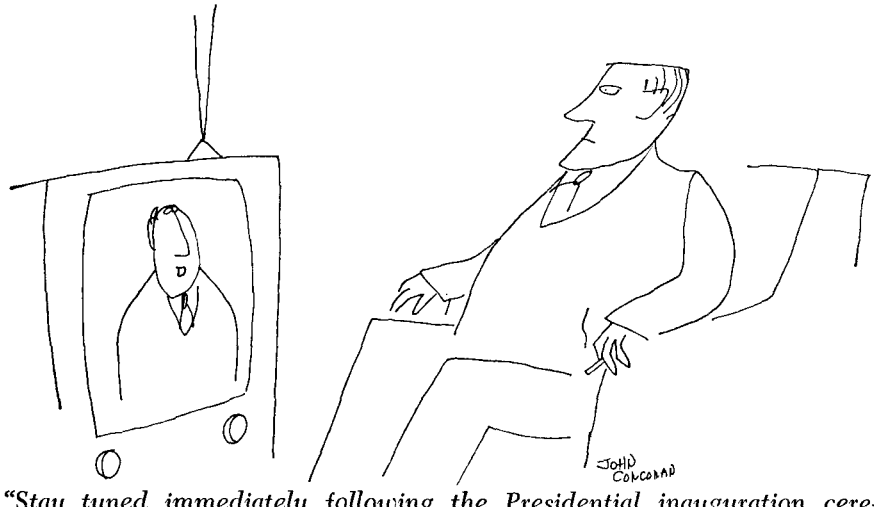
Indeed, the concept of wisdom as it was first formulated in antiquity by the Egyptian and Hebrew sages, was precisely cross-generational in purpose. Wisdom was a warning against generational pride and rebellion; the son was to be his father's good pupil. Thus, history's first document on the principles of right conduct, the Maxims of Ptahhotep, were already concerned with the conflict of generations. As Ptahhotep, a man of the Establishment, evidently Grand Vizier to the Pharoah Isesi of the Fifth Dynasty in the twenty-seventh century B.C., set down the wisdom of a lifetime, he bade youth listen to their fathers: "How worthy it is when a son hearkens to his father! If the son of a man receives what his father says, none of his projects will miscarry. . . ." The Hebrew Proverbs echoed Ptahhotep's wisdom, yet wisdom proved feeble against the forces of generational uprising. As David wept for Absalom, many later generations were to weep for their sons. If the fathers were forbidden to send their children into the fires of Moloch, the children sometimes seemed to seek the flames themselves in obedience to a demon within.

ONE can have generational equilibrium as well as a generational struggle; we must ask, therefore, what accounts for the breakdown of generational equilibrium and the emergence of overt struggle. Age differences in and of themselves do not necessitate the outbreak of generational conflict and the heightening of generational consciousness.

There can be little doubt that the French Revolution and its Napoleonic aftermath were the prime factors in the disruption of the generational equilibrium in Europe. In their wake came not only the German movement of Karl Follen but also the Young Italy of Giuseppe Mazzini. No previous age in European history would have so honored the word "young"; youth, with its romantic enthusiasm, displaced the old with its conceived mission to rule. Secret societies of the young appeared; they brooded on death and suicide. Mazzini's work and its movement showed indeed all the traits which later student movements more fully exhibited. At the Royal College of Genoa which he attended, the students "were principally preoccupied with the problem of how to overthrow authority." They learned they could do so "if only they were bold enough." A day before he was sixteen years old, in 1820, at the University of Geneva, Giuseppe helped organize a disturbance in the University Church over some trivial question of seating arrangements; he enjoyed his first arrest. The next year, in a more back-to-the-people spirit, he and his fellow-students demonstrated on behalf of the Carbonari revolt in Piedmont.

Mazzini and his fellow-students read Byron and Rousseau; he wept at the sorrows of Goethe's suicidal hero Werther. But self-destruction was more than romantic fantasy for the young student activists. Mazzini's close friend, the student Jacopo Ruffini, killed himself in disillusionment over the betrayal of comrades in Young Italy; his eldest brother too committed suicide as a student at Geneva. Young Italy drew its barrier between the generations; it excluded those over forty from its ranks and avowed that its sense of mission was not only to liberate the Italian people from foreign oppression but to liberate themselves from the old. They took to conspiracy and terrorism. Mazzini told Charles Albert of Sardinia: "Blood calls for blood, and the dagger of the conspirator is never so terrible as when sharpened upon the touchstone of a martyr." Thus the student movement was impelled to superimpose the irrational patterns of its general revolt on the movement for an independent Italian nation.

It was during the political reaction after the French Revolution that generational consciousness first became pronounced. The chronicles of the Old Testament had made use of the concept "generation," but theirs was primarily a



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static usage: "And so-and-so begat so-and-so. . . ." The "generation of 1830," wrote George Brandes, "had heard in their childhood of the great events of the Revolution, had known the Empire, and were sons of heroes or victims." Now they saw the new order, bourgeois, timid, colorless, middle-class. An earlier youth had gone through Europe creating with its armies a new Europe and a new dream of freedom. Now the bourgeoisie ruled, with its omnipotence of economic interests, the pursuit of money. The romantic "school" emerged, and it was indeed a school, for it issued out of the feelings of protest on the part of students against the social environment. The young found themselves speaking a common language "unknown to the rest of their contemporaries." They lived with enthusiasm, and with an awe and reverence for each other, unlike their bourgeois elders. "These young Romanticists," says Brandes, "felt like brothers, like fellow-conspirators; they felt that they were the sharers in a sweet and invigorating secret. . . ." They were generation-conscious; their aim was to overturn tradition, conformity, order, formalism; they wanted passion, life, blood.

The conflict of generations is a universal theme in history; it is founded on the most primordial facts of human nature, and it is a driving force of history, perhaps even more ultimate than that of class struggle. Yet its intensity fluctuates. Under fortunate circumstances, it may be resolved within a generational equilibrium. Under less happy circumstances, it becomes bitter, unyielding, angry, violent; this is what takes place when the elder generation, through some presumable historical failure, has become de-authoritized in the eyes of the young.

Thus student movements have been the chief expression of generational conflict in modern history. As intellectual elites of the younger generation, they have had their special ethic of redemption, self-sacrifice, and identification. They have attained the greatest heights of idealistic emotion even as they have been enthralled by compulsions to destruction.

These student movements are more than an episode in the "modernization" of developing nations, for they can affect advanced industrial societies as well as traditional or transitional ones. They arise wherever social and historical circumstances combine to cause a crisis in loss of generational confidence, impelling the young to resentment and uprising. The unconscious ingredient of generational revolt in the students' idealism has tended to shape decisively their political expression. The will to revolt against the de-authoritized father has evolved into a variety of patterns of political action. This hegemony of the unconscious has differentiated student movements from the more familiar ones of class and interest groups. The latter are usually conscious of their psychological sources and aims, whether they be material economic interests or enhanced prestige and power. Student movements, on the other hand, resist the psychological analysis of their emotional mainspring; they wish to keep unconscious the origins of their generational revolt. A politics of the unconscious carries with it untold dangers for the future of civilization.

WHEN generational struggle grows most intense, it gives rise to generational theories of truth. Protagorean relativism is translated into generational terms; only youth, uncorrupted, is held to perceive the truth, and the generation becomes the measure of all things. This generational relativism in the Sixties is the counterpart of the class relativism which flourished in the Thirties; where once it was said that only the proletariat had an instinctive grasp of sociological truth, now it is said that only those under thirty, or twenty-five, or twenty, are thus privileged. It would be pointless to repeat the philosophical criticisms of relativist ideology. This generational doctrine is an ideology insofar as it expresses a "false consciousness;" it issues from unconscious motives of generational uprising, projects its youthful longings onto the nature of the cosmos, sociological reality, and sociological knowledge, but represses precisely those facts of self-destruction and self-defeat which we have documented.

The reactionary is also a generational relativist, for he believes that the old have a privileged perspective upon reality, that only the old have learned through experience the recalcitrance of facts to human desire. But the philosophical truth is that no generation has a privileged access to reality; each has its projective unconscious, its inner resentments, its repressions and exaggerations. Each generation will have to learn to look at itself with the same sincerity it demands of the other. The alternative is generational conflict, with its searing, sick emotions, and an unconscious which is a subterranean house of hatred.

The substance of history is psychological—the way human beings have felt, thought, and acted in varying circumstances—and the concept of generational struggle which we have used is a psychological one. There are those who see the dangers of "reductionism" in our psycho-historical method; they feel that the genesis of student movements in generational conflict has no bearing on the validity of their programs, goals, objectives. Of what import, they ask, is the psychology of student movements so long as they work for freedom, liberating workers and peasants and colored races, university reform, and the end of alienation? To such critics we reply that the psychological origin of student movements puts its impress on both their choice of political means and underlying ends. Wherever a set of alternative possible routes toward achieving a given end presents itself, a student movement will usually tend to choose the one which involves a higher measure of violence or humiliation directed against the older generation. The latent aim of generational revolt never surrenders it paramountness to the avowed patent aims. The assassination of an archduke, for instance, may be justified by an appeal to nationalistic ideals which are said to have a sanctity overriding all other consequences; actually the sacred cause, the nationalistic ideal, becomes too easily a pseudo-end, a rationalization, a "cause" which affords the chance to express in a more socially admired way one's desire to murder an authority figure.

When all our analysis is done, however, what endures is the promise and hope of a purified idealism. I recall one evening in 1963 when I met with a secret circle of Russian students at Moscow University. There were twelve or thirteen of them drawn from various fields but moved by a common aspiration toward freedom. Among them were young physicists, philosophers, economists, students of languages. Their teachers had been apologists for the Stalinist repression, and the students were groping for truthful ideas, for an honest philosophy rather than an official ideology. Clandestine papers and books circulated among them—a copy of Boris Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago*, George Orwell's *1984*, reprints of Western articles on Soviet literature, a revelation of the fate of the poet Osip Mandelstamm. The social system had failed to "socialize" them, had failed to stifle their longing for freedom. The elder generation was de-authoritized in their eyes for its pusillanimous involvement in the "cult of personality." Here on a cold March night in a Moscow academic office I was encountering what gave hope to the future of the Soviet Union. The conflict of generations, disenthralled of its demonry, becomes a drama of sustenance and renewal which remains the historical bearer of humanity's highest hopes.

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Reach, Touch, Teach

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but particularly the theories of Gestalt therapy which attempt to get youth in touch with how they are feeling in the "here and now." With such theoretical orientations in their background, the teachers in Brown's project are encouraged to devise their own techniques to integrate academic with affective or emotional learning in order to achieve a more "humanistic education."

I joined the teachers at one of the monthly meetings where they learn about new ideas, and share with each other the techniques they have developed. Gloria Siemons, a pretty first-grade teacher, was describing an exercise that she had first conducted with the entire class, and then used when one child became angry at another. She lined the class up in two rows on the playground, had them find a partner, put their hands up facing each other, and push.

Push they did, laughing all over the field, especially at their teacher, who was being pushed around in a circle by several of the bigger kids.

Later, when two kids got into an argument at recess, Mrs. Siemons simply asked them: "Are you angry now? Would you like to push?"

"Yes, I'm angry. I'm angry at him."

Both agreed to the contest, pushed for a minute as hard as they could, and then collapsed into each other's arms giggling. Their anger was worked out, but without hurting each other.

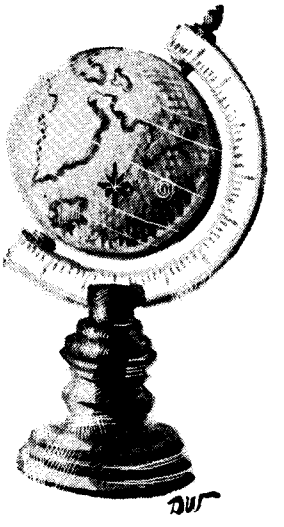
"What would happen," I asked Mrs. Siemons, "if one kid pushed another hard enough to hurt him?"

"We have a rule about that. 'It's OK to be angry with someone, and it's OK to push, but it's *not* OK to push him into the rosebush.' "

Good teachers, particularly good first-grade teachers such as Mrs. Siemons, have always responded to the emotional side of their students' lives, and it is precisely this intuitive gift which Dr. Brown is capitalizing on. By systematizing such techniques and relating them to a general theoretical framework, he and the teachers of his staff have begun to generate hundreds of ways to integrate the feelings of students with the regular curriculum taught from kindergarten to high school.

The techniques being developed, the dozens of programs, and the various theories differ in many respects, but they have several features in common. First, and most important, all of them deal in a very explicit and direct way with the student's feelings, interpersonal relations, or values. It is the fact that they are so explicit and direct which sets them apart from the vague protestations that schools have usually made about this area. While schools were concentrating on math, science, or English, they often ignored or actively suppressed feelings. The new programs make what was covert behavior the subject of overt discussion; they make the implicit explicit. They legitimize feelings, clarify them for the student, and suggest a variety of behaviors which he can use to express them. They do so on the assumption that these feelings exert a powerful effect on a student's behavior, both in the present and in the future. If schools want to influence behavior, then it makes sense to deal directly with its major sources, not just with the binomial theorem, the gerund, or the Seventeenth Amendment.

A FACTOR in the new field which often causes misunderstanding is that most of the programs use non-verbal experiences, either through physical expression and involvement, or through art, sculpture, or music. For the most part, this involvement with the *non*-verbal is not *anti*-verbal or *anti*-intellectual. Non-verbal educational techniques are based on the obvious but little-utilized fact that a child learns most of his emotional response patterns at a very young age—before he can talk. His knowledge of love, rejection, anger, and need does not come through words, but through his physical senses—touch, a flushed face, a gnawing in his stomach. Even later, when he begins to talk, the words he learns are "Mama," "doggie," "see"—words for things and actions, not feelings. Indeed, many children seem entirely unable to give a name to their current feelings—they have been taught how to say "I am bad," but not "I feel bad." Education that deals with feelings is often facilitated by skipping over the verbal labels which have been learned relatively late in life, regaining the other senses, and then reintegrating them with verbal thought and new behaviors.



Another common technique which causes confusion is the reliance of many of the programs on games, dramatic improvisations, and role-playing. Again, though those utilizing the techniques believe in fun and use games, few of them are simply advocating "fun and games." Their interest stems from an insight into the learning process of small children. By playing games—house, fireman, office, war—little children learn what it will be like to be an adult, and begin to develop their own style in that role. But our culture provides few such opportunities for older children or adolescents, even though the society is changing so fast that many of the response patterns they learned as a three-year-old may be no longer relevant, or even dangerous. Games and improvisation allow a simulation of the self. While they are real and produce real emotions, their tightly defined limits provide a way to try out new behavior without taking the full consequences which might occur if the same action were performed in ordinary relationships.

There are answers for questions about non-verbal and gaming emphasis, but there are many other questions which the programs raise for which there are no answers. At best, solutions will come slowly, and that is bound to produce tremendous strain in a time when events wait for no one. Many of these problems are already developing. Though Dr. Alschuler at Harvard and Dr. Willis Harmon at the Stanford Research Institute are both engaged in large surveys to find out what techniques and philosophies are presently being employed in the field, there is still no common theoretical base for the programs, and very little research on their effectiveness. The Achievement Motivation Development Project has by far the most extensive research program, and Dr. Alschuler's experience with it has made him feel strongly about the need for additional evidence before program expansion:

> We have very little hard evidence that programs in this new field accomplish much more than natural maturation. We have claims, promises, and fascinating anecdotes. But we should not institute these programs without first using the most sophisticated research techniques we have to improve them and explore their consequences.

In addition to unanswered questions about effectiveness, there are practical limitations to all of the programs. Few have done an adequate job of integrating their material with the usual skills and knowledge that everyone recognizes the schools must continue to teach. No attempt has yet been made to work together with the free-flowing academic programs (such as the Leicestershire movement) which seem natural com-

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plements. Though all of the projects I have discussed here stress their responsiveness to student concerns, it is not yet clear how they can do that and yet not be heavily dependent on the skills and personalities of a few teachers like Mrs. Siemons who can both legitimize anger and make the rosebush out of bounds.

Politically, programs with both the potential and the liabilities of these are obvious hot potatoes. It is unclear as yet how projects designed by psychologists will fit in with current efforts toward more community control and what seems to be the resulting concentration on "teaching the basics." Even a mode of politics that is in consonance with the ideals and methods of the new programs is unknown, for the vision they present is often as utopian as that in George Leonard's exciting new book, *Education and Ecstasy*. How to get from here to there without waiting until 2001 is a complex political problem. Suppose, for instance, that a school district decided to adopt an entirely new curriculum and school organization based on the concepts I have been discussing. Would the teachers be able to change? Great care would have to be taken with their feelings and concerns, for not only are they as human as the children, but —as recent events in New York have indicated—they will strike if they feel they are being treated unfairly.

THE most fundamental problem, and the one which is likely to get people the most upset, is the ethical question caused by changing the expectations of what schools are for. At present, students go to school to "learn stuff," and though they may expect schools to provide information, they do not expect schools to change them in any fundamental way, or even to offer that opportunity. As long as schools continue to have relatively little explicitly acknowledged impact on the students' values, attitudes, and behaviors, no one is likely to worry much about ethical issues. If schools consciously begin to make important changes in students' lives, people will suddenly become very concerned about what is happening to immature minds that are forced to accept this kind of education for twelve years. They will begin to ask whether there should be compulsory education, or whether students should be free to accept or reject schooling. And they will begin to ask hard questions about what should be taught, and how it should be presented.

If, for instance, all children should be motivated, should they also be "achievement motivated"? At what age? Who decides? And who teaches? What is to stop teachers from working out of their own needs rather than for those of their pupils? Should teachers who share an important confidence have the same legal privilege which a lawyer or a minister has? How can parents and children be assured of the privacy which is their right?

THE ethical problems are likely to be compounded by the reporting of the mass media. The new field is peculiarly open to parody ("HARVARD PROF TEACHES PAPER AIRPLANE CONSTRUCTION") and to easy association with the exotic and erotic. (*Life* recently stuck a single misleading paragraph on Brown's project into a long article on Esalen Institute. By far the most arresting thing in the article was a two-page picture spread on a nude sensitivity group that had nothing to do with either Brown's project or Esalen.) Sensational publicity is not what the new field needs. It does need the time, the careful research and planning, and the critical reporting which will allow it to grow or decline on its merits. The alternative is a series of fads, created by ignorance and publicity, and death—after a short and enthusiastic life—in disillusionment.

The new programs are too important to allow that to happen. They are delicate, and they are moving into an area which is fundamentally new, so they can be expected to suffer from the attention they attract, to make mistakes, and to run into blind alleys. If it takes the big curriculum development corporations a million dollars and three years to build a single course in science or social studies, it will be even more difficult to build a fully developed curriculum in a new field. But the effort should be encouraged. For while it may not be novel to assert that a man's feelings are a crucial determinant of his public behavior and private well-being, there is no question about the novelty and significance of school programs that explicitly educate both the feelings and the intellect. Such programs raise many of society's basic questions about purpose and meaning—tough questions which will not be easy to answer. But they also offer a possibility for building a saner world—a world where people are more open about their feelings, careful in their thinking, and responsible in their actions.

Black Teachers

Continued from page 60

people today is the fight of the labor movement of yesteryear."

The New Caucus, a dissident group of black and young white teachers within the union, had sought to gain a strong endorsement of community control. New York's UFT, anticipating a strike over the Ocean Hill-Brownsville situation when school opened, succeeded in having the words "community control" stricken from the New Caucus resolution. Said Roy Stell, a delegate from Chicago: "As a black union teacher, you have asked me in voting against this [the New Caucus resolution] to vote against myself. I don't ever want to see the day when my union asks me to go on the picket lines in a strike against my community."

The dispute was papered over by a compromise resolution putting the union on record as recognizing the need for "effective community responsibility and involvement through elected representation in the black, Puerto Rican, and other minority communities of America." The community control issue is a threat to the solidarity of the union, and neither the union leaders nor the dissidents want to see an outright split between black and white union teachers.

The Detroit Federation of Teachers has carefully avoided taking a hard-line stand against community control as the UFT has done. Black teachers account for a third of the Detroit union's membership, and the power of the union—unlike the UFT's position in New York —would be substantially weakened if blacks broke away.

Significantly, the Washington Teachers Union is the only AFT local in the nation that has taken a forthright position in favor of community school boards having a share of power over hiring and firing teachers. Washington and Baltimore are the only large cities in the North where black teachers are in a majority or near-majority. "We teachers have put ourselves on the defensive instead of taking the initiative in regard to community control," says WTU President Simons. "Decentralization and community control could improve education in the large cities, and anything that has even the seeds of improving schooling for children should have the support of teachers. We can protect the rights of teachers through contractual agreements with local boards. And we can work with people if we are only willing to treat them as human beings, regardless of how much formal education they have."

The Washington union supported the city school system's first experiment in community control in an area known as

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Adams-Morgan, about a mile north of the White House. The Morgan Community School, despite sharp controversy over the project, was one of the few schools in Washington last year where reading scores on standardized tests improved significantly, despite a general decline throughout the system. This fall, the central Board of Education agreed that Morgan's elected neighborhood school board should have expanded powers over staffing, and the union is beginning work on the plan with neighborhood representatives.

Curriculum is another area where the black teacher is beginning to exert an influence in the city school systems. The willingness of large school systems to deal with black history and culture in their curricula seems, regrettably, to have far more to do with the number of black teachers and administrators in the system than with the number of black students. Washington's public school enrollment—now more than 90 per cent black—has been more than three-quarters Negro for the past decade. Yet the history of the black man in Africa and America did not receive any particular emphasis and, in some instances, was actively de-emphasized, until the emergence of a strong, militant teachers' union two years ago coupled with a sharp increase in the number of high-level black administrators.

Despite the fact that school appropriations in the nation's capital are controlled by Southern-dominated Congressional committees, some remarkably candid discussions about racial matters are going on in Washington classrooms. The most skilled teachers use the children's interest in racial topics to spur their interest in the conventional subjects the school attempts to teach.

The weekend after the riots triggered by the Rev. Martin Luther King's death, Washington teachers encouraged the youngsters to express their feelings about the riots in compositions and class discussions, and they did not attempt to elicit the moralistic responses schools usually press their students for. "How did you feel about the looting and the burning?" one teacher asked her sixth-grade class.

"I thought it was all right to loot the white people's stores but not to burn them," replied one girl emphatically.

"Why do you think that?" asked the teacher.

"Because colored people lived over the stores and they got burnt out too."

Another sixth-grader disagreed sharply. "The good stores got looted and burned just like the bad ones," he said. "You can't say that all of the storeowners cheated people. A man on the corner who was always fair to everybody got burned out just like the guys who trick you. It's not right."

The compositions and art work of the children were eventually compiled into a book titled *Tell It Like It Is,* which has been widely quoted and reproduced. "You just don't know," one teacher commented, "how proud these kids were that something they wrote was considered good enough to be printed in a book. Since then we've noticed a greatly increased interest in writing and reading in many of the children, which is an example of how you can take advantage of a pressing current topic to spark their interest in learning. We wouldn't have been allowed to do it ten years ago."

THE more conservative teachers in the system are aghast that such activities should be allowed in the classroom. The fact that they are allowed is an indication of a significant change in the school system in recent years—a change that is allowing many teachers to use experiences that are meaningful to the children as a way of interesting them in schoolwork. Black teachers are not responsible for all of the curriculum changes in Washington; some white teachers have been most active in working for curriculum reform that stresses black history and culture as well as the life of the inner-city child. Rather, the presence and pressure of black teachers and administrators have created a climate where such changes are possible. A teaching staff that is 95 per cent white is simply not likely to be excited by the absence of Frederick Douglass from an American history book.

In the long run, the most important impact of the black teacher in the classroom may not be in promoting community control or specific curriculum changes, but simply in serving as an

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(*Answers on page 72*)

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image of success for black students in ghetto schools. The same is true for black administrators, especially black male administrators.

The fact that many black youngsters of elementary school age never come in contact with black adults in positions of power and authority is a genuine tragedy in terms of the child's self-esteem—one that few whites can even comprehend. Assume, for a moment, that Scarsdale, New York, were a community of destitute whites and not a wealthy suburb. Suppose the white Scarsdale child saw only three kinds of black people in his neighborhood—welfare workers—who doled out the family's livelihood—policemen, and teachers. Assume that the white Scarsdale child went to school every day and was taught by black teachers and black principals, with never a white face in sight except among the youngsters. It is not difficult to figure out what conclusions the child would reach about which skin color was the source of knowledge and money and power in his world. This is precisely the situation that confronts many black children in the teeming city slums, with only the colors reversed. The question of whether a school that perpetuates such a system can effectively teach black children is an inherently valid one.

Detroit's Superintendent Drachler is deeply concerned about the need to place qualified blacks in positions of authority in the ghetto schools. "If I have a qualified black principal and two openings—one in a white school and one in a Negro school, I'd probably assign the man to the predominantly Negro school," Drachler says. "I think it's absolutely vital that a child in the ghetto see people of his own race who have achieved, and not think that everyone in authority is white. This is not to say that it isn't important to have Negro administrators in white schools, but that, with a limited number of such people, I think they should be used first where the need is greatest."

The idea that only black teachers can effectively teach black children is nonsense. But the chief characteristic of inner-city schools across the nation is they tend to make deprived youngsters feel like failures at the age of six or seven. The real importance of the black teacher may lie in his unique opportunity to bolster his students' self-image. One first-grader in a Washington school informed his teacher, as she passed out reading readiness workbooks, "Reading is hard. My brother can't read nuthin'. And he's ten." The teacher looked at the boy and said, "I learned to read when I was your age, and I grew up just a block from your house."

Answer to Wit Twister, page 71: recants, canters, trances.

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 73)

PLAY ALONG RECORDS! Classical/Jazz. Famous Music Minus One LPs. Free 32 page catalogue. Write MMO, Dept. SR-5, 43 West 61st Street, NYC 10023.

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CAMPS

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STUDIES ABROAD

(Continued from page 75)

SCHOOLBOYS ABROAD. Barcelona, Spain; Rennes, France. A project of Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts; The Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N.H., St. Paul's School, Concord, N.H. Fully accredited junior year programs in Spain or France. For boys who completed 10th grade and equivalent of 2 years Spanish or French. Balanced curriculum. Intensive study of country's language and culture. Boys return fully prepared for senior year. Qualified native instructors augment American faculty. Students live with families, travel during vacations. Scholarships. Write specifying country. Schoolboys Abroad, Dept. R, Andover, Massachusetts 01810.

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An Indian reservation.

Appalachia.

An urban ghetto.

If you tried to guess how many Americans live in poverty, you'd guess low.

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Just think about your worst fears, frustrations and indignities. Multiply them by a thousand. Then maybe you get a fleeting sense of what it feels like to be poor.

VISTA, Volunteers in Service to America, was created to let Americans do something about poverty in America.

VISTA volunteers agree to work for 12 months, at low pay, at one of the toughest jobs in the world: doing something about human suffering.

At the end of their year, most of them say they got more out of it than they put in.

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A big $1 worth, especially as it can open the way to more travel than you ever thought possible. For your copy, simply fill out coupon.

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WHERE EVERYTHING COSTS LESS

The land of retirement and vacation bargains—that's Mexico

Where you can build a modern home for $4500 and an American retirement *income looks like a fortune. It's the land where your vacation money can buy* double or more what it might back home provided you know where to go for Mexico's best values.

Norman Ford's big book *Fabulous Mexico- Where Everything Costs Less* tells you exactly where to get all of this country's best vacation and retirement values, where you can live like a prince on what you might just get along on in the U.S.A.

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—and get paid for it

There's a job waiting for you somewhere: on a ship, with an airline, in overseas branches of American firms, in foreign firms overseas—even exploring if you're adventurous.

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You learn about jobs in travel agencies (and as tour-conductors), in importing and exporting concerns, with mining and construction companies. Here's the story of jobs in the Red Cross and the UN organizations, how doctors get jobs on ships, the way for a young girl to land a job as airline hostess, the wonderful travel opportunities if you will teach English to foreigners, and the fabulous travel possibilities for those who know stenography.

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WHERE TO RETIRE OR VACATION

at what look like prewar prices—and where no one ever heard of nerves or worries

These Are America's Own Bargain Paradises

Norman Ford's best-selling book **Off-the-Beaten Path** names the really low cost Florida retirement and vacationing towns, the best values in Texas, the Southwest, California, the South and East, Canada—and a dozen other areas which the crowds have not yet discovered.

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- **Resort villages where visitors come by the score, so you always meet new people . . . (but they never come by the thousands to raise prices or crowd you out).**
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You read of island paradises aplenty in the United States and Canada, of art colonies (artists search for picturesque locations where costs are low!), of areas with almost a perfect climate or with flowers on every side. Here are the real U.S.A.-brand Shangri-Las made for the man or woman who's had enough of crowds. Here, too, are unspoiled seashore villages, tropics-like islands, and dozens of other spots just about perfect for your retirement or vacation at some of the lowest prices you've heard of since the gone-forever prewar days. They're all in the United States and Canada, and for good measure you also read about the low-cost paradises in Hawaii, the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico.

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- ☐ HOW TO TRAVEL—AND GET PAID FOR IT. $1.50.
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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1815

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Abjure.	7 12 40 44 49 74
B. Former name of Central African Republic (comp.)	97 135 148 171 4 30 36 75 64 142 41
C. Reduce the size or quantity of.	61 108 84 91 99
D. Maurice ——— (1890-1963): Leading actor of the Yiddish Art Theatre, New York.	111 117 132 62 80 183 190 153
E. Milky liquid.	173 34 106 137 147 5 9 20
F. Softly bright.	37 46 95 158 179 3 23
G. Baseball's Grove and Gomez, for instance.	60 63 78 86 94 123 160
H. Philosopher (1694-1746), author of *System of Moral Philosophy*.	191 35 42 76 104 130 164 170 8
I. Shelley's *king of kings*.	22 154 187 15 27 67 128 58 109 165
J. ——— Islands, southern group of the Lesser Antilles.	93 102 113 134 10 77 11 50
K. Ready acceptance, as of an idea.	52 115 161 186 2 31 68 121 139 149 178
L. Object of superstitious fear or reverence (2 wds.)	39 110 122 181 188 151 175 129 16 105
M. Leeway, often malicious (2 wds.)	146 33 120 116 172 24 45 133 83 88
N. They sound like something you might see on a beach—as, indeed, they are.	157 144 13 119 138 182 82
O. Favorite occupation of the drugstore cowboy.	163 57 70 98 124 114
P. Treat with moist heat.	28 143 167 185 72 79
Q. Broken fragments.	26 189 51 47 162 69
R. Governor of Ahab's house (I Kings 18:3).	156 54 32 174 38 126 118
S. Great French impressionist (1840-1926).	169 21 81 14 103
T. Lovers' meetings.	1 53 43 96 140 87
U. Mogul emperor of India from 1556-1605.	168 66 184 48 29
V. Irritates.	85 55 141 131 17 90 92
W. Cavernlike recesses.	73 56 159 107 125 166 6 100
X. Drug obtained from the dried roots of a creeping Brazilian shrub.	112 145 18 155 152 176
Y. American theologian and meta-physician (1703-58), author of *The Freedom of the Will*.	71 150 101 177 59 180 19
Z. Devour greedily.	65 136 89 25 127

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

						1 T	2 K	3 F	4 B	5 E	6 W	7 A		8 H	9 E	10 J			
	11 J	12 A	13 N	14 S	15 I	16 L	17 V	18 X	19 Y		20 E	21 S		22 I	23 F	24 M			
25 Z	26 Q		27 I	28 P	29 U	30 B	31 K	32 R	33 M		34 E	35 H	36 B	37 F	38 R	39 L			
	40 A	41 B	42 H	43 T		44 A	45 M	46 F	47 Q		48 U	49 A	50 J		51 Q	52 K			
53 T	54 R	55 V	56 W		57 O	58 I	59 Y	60 G	61 C		62 D	63 G	64 B	65 Z		66 U			
67 I	68 K	69 Q	—	70 O	71 Y	72 P	73 W	74 A	75 B		76 H	77 J	78 G	79 P	80 D	81 S			
82 N		83 M	84 C	85 V	86 G	87 T		88 M	89 Z	90 V	91 C		92 V	93 J	94 G	95 F			
96 T	97 B	98 O	99 C	100 W		101 Y	102 J	103 S	104 H	105 L	106 E	107 W		108 C	109 I	110 L			
111 D	112 X	113 J	114 O		115 K	116 M	117 D	118 R		119 N	120 M	121 K	122 L	123 G	124 O	125 W			
	126 R	127 Z	128 I		129 L	130 H	131 V	132 D	133 M	134 J		135 B	136 Z	137 E	138 N	139 K			
140 T		141 V	142 B	143 P	144 N	145 X	146 M	147 E		148 B	149 K	150 Y		151 L	152 X	153 D			
154 I		155 X	156 R	157 N	158 F	159 W	160 G		161 K	162 Q	163 O	164 H	165 I	166 W	167 P				
168 U	169 S	170 H	171 B	172 M		173 E	174 R	175 L	176 X	177 Y	178 K	179 F	180 Y		181 L	182 N			
183 D	184 U	185 P	186 K		187 I	188 L	189 Q	190 D	191 H										

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 15 of this issue.

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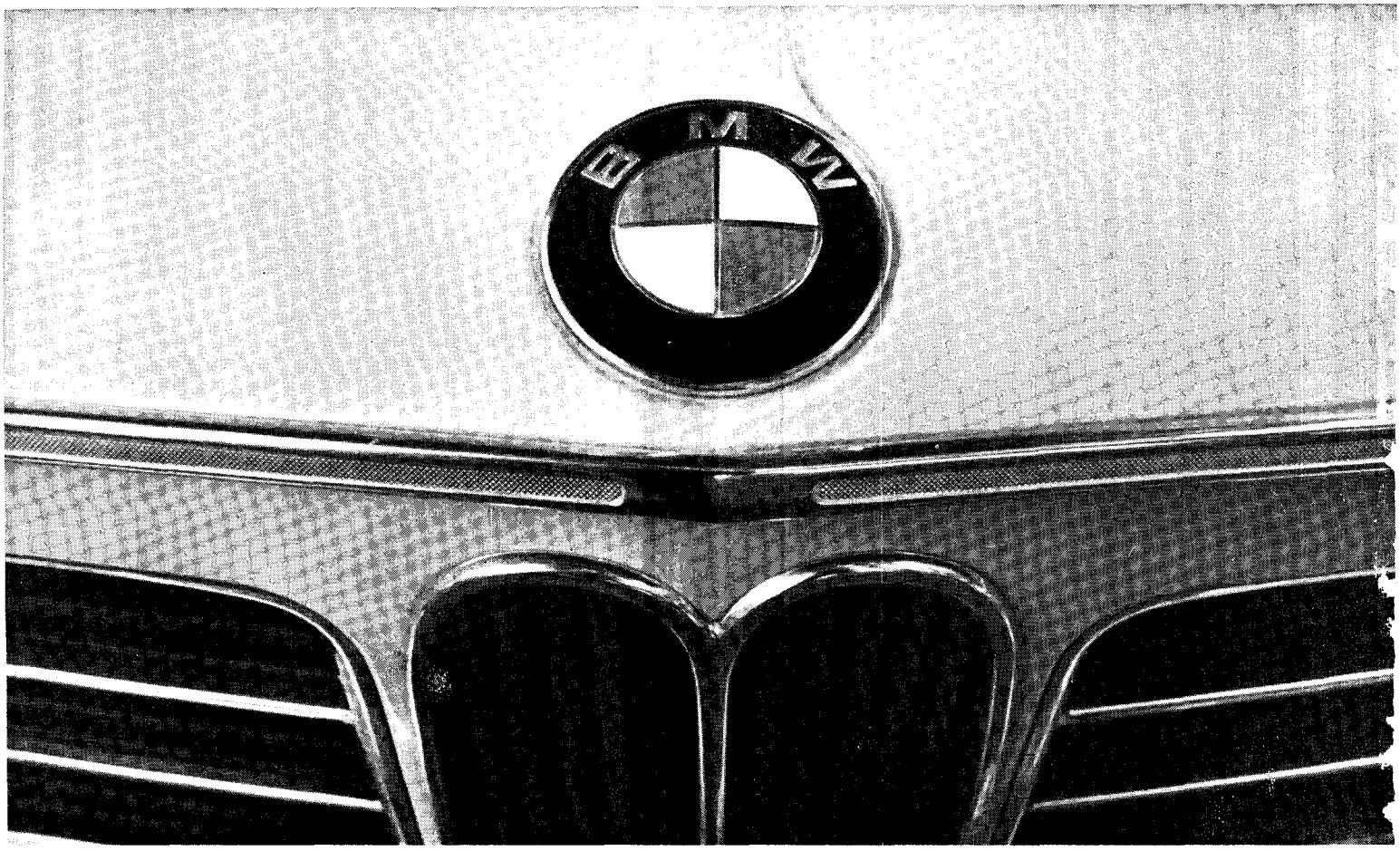

In Germany they say Bey Em Vey. And they get out of the way.

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Bavarian Motor Works

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